

The Memoirs of
The Rt. Hon. Sir George Foster
P.C., G.C.M.G.

W. Stewart Wallace

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THE MEMOIRS OF
THE RT. HON. SIR GEORGE FOSTER
P.C., G.C.M.G.



SIR GEORGE FOSTER

From a photograph taken at Gaspé,
September, 1928.

THE MEMOIRS OF THE RT. HON.
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BY
W. STEWART WALLACE, M.A. (Oxon.)



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PREFACE

WHEN Lady Foster did me the honour of inviting me to write the authorized biography of Sir George Foster, she placed at my disposal without reserve all Sir George's papers and diaries, as well as the unrevised manuscript of a half-finished autobiography. In one sense, this wealth of material has simplified my task, since it has enabled me, in some measure, to tell the story of Sir George Foster's life in his own words. In another sense, however, it has introduced into my task an element of difficulty. In the private papers and diaries of anyone, there is bound to be a good deal which is not meant for publication; and this is peculiarly true in the case of one who has occupied high office in the state. Yet what is not intended for publication is, as a rule, what is most likely to be interesting; and the biographer who has unreserved access to private papers is constantly torn between the desire to interest his readers and the desire to be discreet. The great latitude which, within recent years, writers of both biographies and autobiographies have allowed themselves in revealing the *arcana* of statesmanship has perhaps placed the virtue of discretion somewhat in the shade; and the temptation to be indiscreet is sometimes very strong. But, after all, there are rules to be observed. It is no doubt a sound principle that one should not drag into the limelight those things which, if published, would do more harm than good, or which, when reference is made to persons still living, would cause needless pain. The only exception to this rule would appear to be in those cases where justice to the memory of the dead

demands that the truth should be revealed. Such, at any rate, is the rule which the present writer has tried to follow in writing this book.

W. S. W.

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I. INTRODUCTION

"I have done the state some service, and they know it."

—*William Shakespeare*

THERE are at least two good reasons why the story of the life of Sir George Foster should be recorded in print.

The first is the fact that his career was warp and woof of the history of his native land. When the Dominion of Canada came into existence in 1867, he was an undergraduate at the University of New Brunswick, just about to launch himself in the great world; and though he did not enter political life until 1882, he continued from that date, with one brief intermission, to be a member either of the Canadian House of Commons or of the Canadian Senate until his death on the last day of 1931, nearly fifty years later. During this period, he was a minister of the Crown for over twenty-one years—a longer period of office than has been enjoyed since 1867 by any other Canadian statesman, even by Sir John Macdonald or Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Though he never became prime minister of Canada, he served under no fewer than seven prime ministers, Sir John Macdonald, Sir John Abbott, Sir John Thompson, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Robert Borden, and Mr. Arthur Meighen; and he was himself on several occasions acting prime minister. Even after his retirement to the Senate in 1921, he continued, though well past the Psalmist's three score years and ten, to play

a prominent part in affairs. He repeatedly represented Canada at the League of Nations in Geneva; and in 1931, only a few months before his death, he delivered in the Senate of Canada one of the most effective and influential speeches of his career. A life which spanned such long stretches of Canadian politics could not fail to be of vital interest to the student of Canadian history.

The second reason is that the life of Sir George Foster had an interest inherent in itself. It was a shining illustration of the great heights to which, in Canada, the sons of poor parents may rise by reason of excellent brains, hard work, and high ambition. Not even Abraham Lincoln began life with fewer social and material advantages than Sir George Foster. His life was also an illustration of the fact that high ideals are not always a handicap even in the politics of the New World. Though he was a keen practical politician, he was at the same time to his last hours an incorrigible idealist. He might almost be described as a crusader for lost causes. He began public life as a temperance reformer and an advocate of the prohibition of spirituous liquors; and he espoused successively the ideals of an imperial customs-union, civil service reform, Canadian naval defence, and the League of Nations. He lived long enough to see "prohibition", though temporarily successful, discarded in virtually every province in Canada; he saw the cause of an imperial customs-union pass into the limbo of lost dreams; he saw civil service reform undermined by political perverseness; he saw the Canadian navy whittled almost out of existence; and when he died, the League of Nations was very far from realizing the hopes which he had for it. This, however, is the common lot of idealists; and it is merely a measure of the

height of his ideals that so many of the ideas he fought for have failed of final and complete fruition.

There has been no Canadian statesman who has been actuated by a higher standard of public service or by a stricter sense of integrity than Sir George Foster. He administered the department of finance from 1887 to 1896, and the department of trade and commerce from 1911 to 1921, without the suspicion of scandal being breathed against his name; and it may be doubted whether Canada has ever had a better minister of finance or a better minister of trade and commerce than he was. Yet it is the irony of fate that there have been in Canada few politicians maligned more malignantly or persecuted more persistently. A single episode in 1896 gave his enemies the excuse for describing him as a "traitor", and another episode in 1906 was seized upon by them as a pretext for describing him as a "manipulator of trust funds". That charges of this description should have been levelled against a man of Sir George Foster's high character is a sorry commentary on party politics in Canada; but it renders the task of writing his life the more attractive, since it is always pleasant to be able to dispel a cloud of obloquy resting on the name of a great public servant, and to set forth the facts of his life in a true light.

Among his contemporaries, Sir George Foster was best known as a master of the spoken word. He did not have, perhaps, the *perfervidum ingenium* of Joseph Howe, or the picturesque rhetoric of D'Arcy McGee, or the forensic power of Edward Blake, or the urbane grace of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. But it may be doubted whether, as a debater, he has had a peer in Canadian parliamentary history. No one who saw him on the platform or in his place in parliament, with his

long bearded face and gleaming glasses, driving home, with outstretched finger, point after point in his argument—now humorous, now logical, now indignant—could forget the impression he made. He was called, not without justice, “the Demosthenes of Canada”; and not even that “Rupert of debate”, Sir Richard Cartwright, excelled him in the cool and lucid analysis of facts, or in the chaste and economical use of the English language. It was not for nothing that he had studied English at Edinburgh under David Masson, the biographer of John Milton. But history will not remember him only as an orator. He was also, as I hope to be able to show, a great administrator, and one of the very few professional politicians in Canada who have devoted their lives to the public service without the idea of private gain.

II. EARLY DAYS

"Life ought to resemble a well-ordered poem; of which one rule generally received is that the exordium should be simple, and should promise little."

—*Samuel Johnson*

GEORGE EULAS FOSTER was born on the banks of the St. John River, in the fertile and pleasant parish of Wakefield, in Carleton County, New Brunswick, on the third day of September, 1847. His father, John Foster, had been born in the same parish on June 29, 1805, and belonged to the second generation of that United Empire Loyalist immigration which had poured into the maritime provinces of British North America at the close of the American Revolution. His mother, whose maiden name was Margaret Heine, came of Pennsylvania Dutch descent, and was a native of the valley of the Millstream, in the parish of Studholm, King's County, New Brunswick. The two were married in the parish of Studholm on November 20, 1829; and George Eulas was the seventh child and second son of the union.

His paternal grandfather, who died in 1830, at the age of sixty-five, was a native of New England, and was probably a descendant of one Reginald Foster, who came to America from Northumberland in 1683, and from whom are sprung many of the numerous Fosters in the United States to-day. Reginald Foster appears to have been connected with the

Forsters or Fosters of Bamborough Castle, whose lineage can be traced back to the Norman Conquest, and whose motto was *Si fractus fortis*—a motto not without applicability to the life of the subject of this book. In any case, Sir George Foster's paternal ancestors appear to have come originally from Northumberland; and it was a curious circumstance that when he was taken by his parents, at the age of three months, to the valley of the Millstream in the parish of Studholm, the Foster family found itself near families of Fenwicks and Musgraves, descendants of those Northumberland ancestors of whom the poet wrote in recounting the adventures of Young Lóchinvar:

There was mounting 'mong the Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran.

John Foster, like his distinguished son, lived to an advanced age. He lived to see that son finance minister of the Dominion of Canada, and died on November 29, 1889, at the age of eighty-two. Sir George Foster's mother, however, died at Studholm on June 15, 1850, at the early age of forty-two, when he was less than three years old; and in the autobiographical fragment which he left behind him there is a touching reference to her. "I vividly remember," he wrote, "the last long, loving gaze of a mother taken from me when I was three years old, the fond faces of the dear, kind friends that then and thereafter took care of me, the touching incidents of early childhood as life's mysteries and enchantments developed one by one, the colour and contour of the landscape, the scent of flowers, the song of purling streamlets, the companionship of animal pets and childhood acquaintances, the intriguing personality of Santa Claus, the superstitions and traditions

and dialects of neighbours—traces of which are everywhere visible in the tendencies, character, and work of all the after years.”

Sir George Foster’s memories of his early childhood on the New Brunswick farm were extraordinarily vivid, and are worth preserving intact:

Listening to the talk of the neighbours who dropped in for an evening chat, what tales I heard of witches and ghosts and supernatural appearances in which the Devil, with chains clanking and pitchfork in hand, was a common actor, until, filled with mingled mystification and fear, I faced the dreaded hour for retirement to the loneliness of my bedchamber, when I should become a possible prey to various hobgoblins and even Old Nick himself. More pleasant, but none the less intriguing were the Christmas Eves, when stockings were hung beside the wide, open fireplace, where the piled logs glowed upon the gridirons and shed their one-sided but comforting heat to the surrounding circle, and down whose stone chimneys old Santa was to drive his fairy steeds and the present-laden sledge, and distribute his precious gifts to all and sundry. How I used to plead to be allowed to “stay up” till he came! but was always rendered docile by the statement that in no case would he appear until sleep rendered his coming safe. How often, after early rising on Christmas morning, and after exploring the well-filled stockings, I circled round and round outside the house, searching for the prints of the reindeers’ hoofs or the tracks left by the runners of the sledge which had brought and borne away again the ubiquitous Father Christmas. Fourscore years later, when rude and stubborn facts had chased away all these early fancies, I can shut my eyes and live over again those early occurrences and incidents of happy child life, praying that the growing obsessions of realism will still leave for all coming generations of children this one happy and harmless period of unalloyed happiness.

How simple and how satisfying were the associations of that day less than a century remote! Instead of the costly and intricate mechanical toys which Santa now distributes to be rudely dissected and destroyed by curious childhood, there figured the simple, rough sled, the home-made skates, the comfortable home-made muffler or mittens, the cap with warm ear-tabs, the jack-knife, and individual drinking mug with name thereon, some homely article of wear, and maybe a picture-book of illustrated stories; and for little people, dolls, whistles, and indescribable whatnots of home production.

Then the Christmas turkey, mince and pumpkin pies, the family gatherings, the tinkling sledge bells and the comfortable buffalo robes, and the smooth gliding of runners over the smooth snow roads. This was in the days before paraffin oil, gas, and electricity were common, or even known; and home-made candles had begun to replace the open fire-light, or the wick in a saucer of sperm oil. I can see the process now. The ten- or twelve-inch-long, slender, porous wicks, strung a dozen each at two-inch spaces on slender, horizontal rods, which were suspended in rows of four dozen or more, side by side, points downwards in a tub or box of sufficient depth on the sides of which rested the ends of the series of rods. In the corner on the spacious hearth of the big chimney was a large pot of hot melted mutton tallow, into which each rod of wicks was successively dipped and then hung in the hollow box to drip and cool and incidentally to deposit its carefully garnered drippings upon the bottom. Each dipping added a thin layer of melted fat, and after cooling, the process was repeated again and again, until the requisite size of half or three-quarters of an inch diameter was attained. It was in itself an art to fashion the wick end thickest at the bottom and tapering to the top, and so manage the ultimate dippings and coolings as to bring out in the end a smooth and shapely product. The dipping pot had to be kept at a stated and uniform heat, and the cooling box in as cool a patch of the room as possible, compatible with being within easy reach of the former. It was a childish delight to watch the gradual and artistic growth from the spineless wick to the finished production, which resulted after the requisite number of afternoons and evenings in the creation of a sufficient supply of candles to satisfy the economical lighting of the long winter and short summer evening working hours. The crowning interest was when my mother would fashion the Christmas candelabra. This consisted of twelve wicks branching out from a round base and rising in a circle around a central stem to the height of sixteen or twenty inches. Halfway up the stem a minute sac of powder would be attached. When the dipping process was finished, you had a majestic candelabra which was trimmed with ribbons and set alight on Christmas night. When in the process of burning the flame approached the centre, all was excitement till the powder point was reached, when suddenly twelve miniature powder magazines exploded, amid excited cries and sudden darkness.

At a very early age, the young George Eulas was pressed into service on the farm. When he was only about eight years of age, his father bought a small farm of virgin woodland, and the son was initiated

into "the whole entrancing mystery of farm life." He shared, he says, in "all the interest and excitement of the gradual clearing of the farm, the building of a new house, the transformation of the sturdy acres of beech, birch, and maple into fallow land, and its gradual adaptation to the cultivation of roots, grains, and grass, the raising of poultry, sheep, and cattle, though on a small scale, and mainly by our own labour." To his father he paid, seventy-five years later, a grateful tribute. He says:

My father was wise and sympathetic in his methods, and never overworked me. He gave me small but real responsibilities in management and personal interest in production; saw to my recreations and sober amusements; granted me hours for fishing, hunting and trapping wild game, skating, coasting and visits with my relations and jaunts with my young companions; so that I contracted no distaste, but rather a prideful interest in the whole work and progress of our modest ménage. Never will I cease to thankful that my early days were thus spent. The stock of health laid up, the practical knowledge acquired, the simple tastes acquired, the opening mysteries of life and production, the clean homely and frugal habits and simple homely virtues of life in the country, have been of incalculable advantage to me in every phase of my varied after years.

John Foster had enjoyed a very limited education, like most of those who had been engaged in carving homes out of the wilderness. He had apparently, however, literary tastes; and his son has preserved some verses that he wrote:

I sing a song which doth belong
To all the human race
Concerning death which takes the breath
And blasts the comely face.
Come, listen all unto my call
Which I do make to-day,
For you must die as well as I
And pass from hence away.

He was anxious that his son should enjoy as good an education as he could afford; and there was never a school in the settlement, says his son, "when I wasn't a full scholar, i.e., signed on for the teaching term summer and winter." If there was a vacant term in his own district, he was sent to a neighbouring settlement and "boarded out", if the distance from home was too great for him to travel. "One long, cold winter," he says, "I remember with a solitary schoolmate tramping four miles to and from a neighbouring school to undergo the tuition of Patrick McBriarty, as choleric a product as the Green Isle ever brought forth." But his picture of the type of tuition he received is dark indeed:

The school standards were lamentably low, and the system poorly organized and haphazard. One learned by rote almost exclusively, studied certain lessons aloud in school hours with competition and intolerable din and noise. One's observing and reasoning powers were seldom, if ever, appealed to; there was little or no stimulus to the imagination or widening of the mental horizon. I can count at least twelve different teachers whose tutelage I underwent, not more than half of whom could take one further than the compound rules of arithmetic and reduction—to whom fractions were a *terra ignota*. History was epitomized by a list of English crowned heads and notes of battles with dates attached. Geography consisted in a list of continents and principal countries and seas with their boundaries and the chief cities and islands respectively in each. Grammar consisted in memorizing the definitions and lists of adverbs, prepositions, conjunctions, the conjugation of verbs and the voluminous rules of Lennie's *Grammar*. One made little real headway under these, and had it not been for the half-dozen really efficient and conscientious teachers interspersed among this dozen pedagogues, the conditions would have been parlous indeed. Subsidiary aid there was little. Libraries there were none; books were a rare commodity; there was only an occasional weekly paper, and now and then a stray lecture, with the Sunday school and church service intermittent. Under such circumstances, from seven years of age to fifteen, my educational privileges were scanty, and the fruitage not abundant.

The only book in the Foster household was apparently the Bible; and books of any sort were at a premium in the valley of the Millstream. But good fortune placed in the hands of the youthful George Eulas two books which enabled him to widen his horizon. Near the Foster farm there was a small country shop kept by an old lady, who had a luxuriant moustache, which greatly intrigued her small neighbour, and who in turn took an interest in her small neighbour's progress at school. One day she surprised and delighted him by producing an old and capacious volume labelled the *Works of Josephus*; and she lent it to him on condition that he would be very careful of it. He carried it home, and night after night he perused it with delight by the open firelight of the chimney corner. "It opened up," he wrote many years later, "a new world peopled with different beings, and big with events and situations hitherto undreamed of." Soon afterwards a friend from a neighbouring settlement, where he was spending a Saturday holiday, lent him a copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost*; and this introduced him into yet another world, a world of august English and high imagination. These two books, with the Bible, provided him at the age of ten or eleven years, with the beginnings of his literary education. "The Bible," he afterwards testified, "I read through—the Old Testament historical portions especially—two or three score times; always charmed and intrigued with its dramatic story, its vivid imagery, its commingling of the mortal and the immortal." The Bible, *Paradise Lost*, and the *Works of Josephus* were tough pabulum for a small boy; but it was Sir George Foster's opinion that the early reading of these three books had profoundly influenced his later life.

Another influence which came into his life at this time was the religious. A hundred years ago there swept over the United Empire Loyalist settlements in the maritime provinces a religious revival. The character and methods of this revival are strikingly depicted, in the autobiographical fragment which Sir George Foster left behind him, in the following paragraphs:

These were the days of militant pioneer church life and effort in the itinerant revivalist effort which invaded all our settlements and powerfully affected and influenced social life. The preacher on horseback visited every home when admittance was granted, and it was seldom refused. The family was summoned; a few moments of kindly talk dispersed; and a chapter from the Bible was read and briefly commented on, followed by a prayer, often most fervent and effective. Churches were few in those days, but in default, a schoolroom or a cleanly swept barn floor served for an evening or Sunday service, which everybody attended. These sermons were distinctly Evangelical, and sought the repentance and conversion of the individual from the state of original sin, and his enrolment in the list of the regenerate and saved. The public confession of sin and the profession of faith, and the relation of individual experience in the new life, were strictly enjoined, and there were evolved the prayer and experience meeting and the organized working church. Once the preliminary visitation work had been done, two or three itinerant ministers would join in holding a week or more of revival meetings in the community, when hymn-singing, sermons, and exhortations to forsake sin and acknowledge God and become Christians in word and deed were nightly listened to, and participated in by crowded audiences.

Preaching was much more realistic then than now. The condition of the sinner here and his life hereafter was vividly depicted; the contrast in the lot of the converted and redeemed was painted in glowing words; the appeals to forsake the evil and cleave to Christ were direct and wonderfully effective. As one after another yielded to the "Power of the Spirit", and "embraced" religion, interest deepened, the circle widened, and conversions multiplied. Then followed the impressive solemnities of Baptism, and reception into the Church; scores and hundreds professed conversion, and set out seriously upon the new life; and whole settlements were informed with a new life.

A season of such revival meetings took place in our settlement, and resulted in nearly four score conversions, and at these I was

a fairly constant attendant. At the impressionable age of eleven years, I was deeply influenced, and a sense of original sin, and the infinite pathos of the wondrous sacrifice of the Son of Man therefor wrought powerfully within me; and though at this time it left me undecided, it created a subsoil of spiritual culture that in essence persists to this day. How subtle and mysterious and varied are the influences that go to the upbuilding of the human unit physically, mentally, and spiritually; how imperceptible in detail, and how powerful in the mass are the reactions of environment!

These revivalists were Baptists, a fact which accounts for the strength of the Baptist denomination to-day among the people of the maritime provinces; and the particular sect to which the father of Sir George Foster adhered was that known as "Free Christian Baptists". This was a small sect which had originated in the north-eastern states of the American union, and had thence spread to New Brunswick. It later lost its identity in the union of the various Baptist sects; but such was Sir George Foster's loyalty to the little church in which he first worshipped that almost to the end of his days he described himself as a "Free Christian Baptist".

Closely connected with the religious revival was the temperance movement which at the same time spread over the north-eastern states and the maritime provinces. The Sons of Temperance, a secret society which required from its members total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, had spread from the United States to the British North American provinces; and in New England a campaign in favour of "prohibition" had been launched by an eloquent social reformer named Neal Dow. The young George Eulas Foster came under the influence of this movement:

When about thirteen years of age, I listened to an address by the then celebrated John B. Gough, was greatly moved by it, and decided there and then to sign the pledge and continue, in fact as I

had always been, a total abstainer. For no intoxicating liquor was ever permitted in our home, nor, in fact, in the majority of the houses in our settlement. Not long after, I became the "baby" member of Collina Division, which met monthly, first in the old schoolhouse, and later in a modest hall erected by its members. There I began to take part in its private programmes of entertainment, first in recitations, and later in short speeches, which gradually developed into more ambitious appearances at their private meeting and inter-divisional reunions.

Thus early interested and encouraged, I became a thorough believer in the virtue of total abstinence for the individual, and prohibition for the community and the state, principles which my experience and observation of eighty-three years have only tended to confirm and strengthen. To the practice of these principles I have steadfastly adhered, and to their advocacy by pen and tongue I have cheerfully devoted a large portion of my time and effort. To few non-professionals have been given a wider area or more numerous and varied auditory in the British Dominions and the United States than it has been my privilege to have come in contact with. Whatever of effect and influence these efforts have achieved can all be traced back to those early years of boyish broodings amid the quiet environment of an unpretending rural home.

Just as deep, however, as the impressions made by reading and religious revivals and temperance meetings were those made by the wholesome life of the New Brunswick farm on which the whole of Sir George Foster's early life was spent. One cannot conclude this brief account of his early days without quoting his description of the making of maple syrup on his father's farm in the spring-time of the year:

A large portion of our new farm was covered with hard maple, the tree that produces the sap out of which maple sugar and syrup are made. I shall never forget the enchantment of that spring when my father gave me permission to "make sugar". I was to conduct the whole operation and to own the proceeds. First came the excitement of preparation. White birch-bark was to be peeled and made in cunning *coshes*, in which to catch the running sap. In this I enlisted the services of an Indian camp near by. My order was for one hundred *coshes*, which meant that I was to tap a hundred trees—quite an operation in itself. To accompany the *coshes* were a hundred *spiles*, made of thin pine or spruce, each

about ten inches long and three wide, slightly hollowed on the upper side and slightly concave at the upper end, so as to fit into the concave incision made in the tree by the tapping chisel. Then I had to procure a flat, light neck-yoke, which fitted on the back of my neck and shoulders, and whose horizontal arms projected a foot on each side. From the end of each arm hung a wooden bucket large enough to hold four to six gallons of sap. With this apparatus I was to make the rounds of the tapped trees and deliver it into the large barrels at the central boiling camp. This spot for the camp was to be carefully selected, so situated as to be equidistant from the outer rim of the tapped trees and to give the advantage of down grade therefrom, instead of ascent. A rough camp was built open in front where the log fire was to be established, over which were to be suspended large iron pots for boiling the sap. The floor, roof, and sides of the camp were made of spruce boughs, thickly plated to keep out snow and wind, and to make a soft, warm flooring on the corners of which blankets were spread for resting in the day or sleeping at nights.

In early April, when the sap begins to rise, operations began. I was glad enough to avail myself of the assistance so generously proffered by my father, who had all along silently determined to help me out, and the tree-tapping was speedily carried out. Armed with a concave chisel and a wooden mallet, one made a half-inch incision through the bark into the sunny side of the tree about four feet from the root, into which one drove the spile and under the spile firmly set the *cosh*. Soon the hundred trees were tapped, and into the clean birch-bark receptacles the sweet sap began to trickle. The run would continue through the day and stop during the night, to resume when the sun returned. In due time the tree had to be visited, the contents of the *coshes* to be collected in the pails attached to the neck-yoke, and thence carried to the sap barrels. When sufficient sap was collected, the process of "boiling down" commenced. The log fire was lighted, the overhanging pots were filled, and the water contents evaporated gradually, reducing the sap to the consistency required for sugaring off. The boiling liquid was prevented from "boiling over" by keeping the inside upper rim of the pots greased with a small swab of fat pork attached to the end of a rod.

When the right consistency was reached, the liquid was grained by stirring it briskly with a wooden rod, and was then run in the proper moulds. Sugaring off was generally fixed for the late afternoon or evening, and made the occasion for inviting a party to celebrate the event. A collection supper was provided, and syrup or candy was had in abundance. A delicious candy was made by pouring the de-watered syrup a little before it reached the

consistency for sugar, on a smooth snow surface in thin layers, which quickly hardened. And so in the moonlight of an April night under the tall and graceful shadows of the leafless maples, with a great gleaming log-fire throwing its reflection on the sparkling snow and its genial heat into the comfortable camp, we enjoyed a feast fit for gods, and later in merry mood bore our sweet gains and tired bodies homeward. Never will the memories of that gleaming, glorious April campaign in the maple woods of the old farm fade from memory!

III. STUDENT AND TEACHER

“Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.”

—*Alexander Pope*

IN the primitive communities of the New World a century ago, children developed much earlier than they do to-day. George Eulas Foster was only fifteen years of age when he found that the settlement in which he lived was to be deprived of a schoolmaster. Circumstances forbade his going to the nearest available school in the adjoining settlement; and thrown back on his own resources, he conceived the ambitious idea of taking the local school himself. He had no teacher's certificate; but it was possible for the ratepayers of a settlement, after calling together a meeting of the householders, to engage an unlicensed teacher for a term of six months, each agreeing to pay a stated amount to the teacher for each pupil. John Foster rather scouted the idea that the householders would take kindly to a teacher of fifteen years of age, who had been in addition a pupil with many of the boys and girls he would be called upon to teach. The would-be teacher, however, obtained some encouragement from his neighbours; and he embarked on the task of securing a sufficient number of signatures to enable him to open the school.

How he succeeded in the task he explained as follows:

I well remember with what varied feelings I set out on a bright May morning on my round, armed with the ruled sheets of foolscap, to solicit signers at the rate of “\$4.00 per scholar”. Any

subscription from a quarter of a scholar upwards was in order. As my first, and one whom I considered my least favourable victim, I tackled Squire Holmes, whom I found following his ox team, absorbed in his spring ploughing. At my timid salutation he shouted a stentorian "Whoa!" to his team, which obediently came to a halt, pleased no doubt at the prospect of an extended rest, and the Squire came from between the plow handles and seated himself on the beam. Well enough I knew that he quite understood my mission, and being somewhat of a character was prepared to give me a rather unpleasant quarter of an hour, which he at once proceeded to do. I was rather a slender lad to undertake to run a school, in which many of the lads would be older and much stronger than myself. His own boy, for instance, was nearly six feet tall, and could easily pick me up by the collar and carry me out of the school without letting my feet touch the floor. There was another boy who was a fighter and a bully feared in the whole neighbourhood. How did I think I would manage him? Very likely I knew enough more than any of the others to put them through their lessons, but in plain truth they would run away with me. And so on and so forth.

I plucked up enough courage to tell him that I was sure no boy of his would cut up rough, that I understood the young pugilist was out of the settlement for the summer, and in any case, I was confident I could keep order and make the school a success. A kindly glint in the old man's eye reassured me, and in the end my plea succeeded. The Squire headed my list with three scholars at \$12.00, and with this I sped on my way, and before nightfall I had secured more than the required number of signers. Not until it came my turn to "board out" my quota at the Squire's home, did I find out that before he had gone out that morning, he had been specially cautioned by Mrs. Holmes, who was my warm advocate, to deal kindly with me when I came for his signature.

In due course, the school was opened, with some twenty-five or thirty pupils, who taxed to the full the accommodation of the school building. The teacher was called upon to instruct children who were learning the alphabet and those who were taking vulgar fractions. One bright lad of thirteen years he was called upon to initiate into the mysteries of algebra and trigonometry. But neither with the six-foot son of Squire Holmes, nor with any others, did he have any trouble. Incidentally, his experience was destined to

be of value to him when he later entered political life, and sought the suffrages of those amongst whom he had spent his early days. It was the custom at that time for the school teacher to "board around" among the parents of his pupils; and in this way he gained an entrée to the hearts of his future constituents. The practice had its disadvantages, but on the whole was not unpleasant. From some of the less desirable homes the teacher was spared by the offer of a more affluent neighbour to have him spend a week or so in his more comfortable abode; and wherever he stayed, it was possible to make enduring friendships. If he gained the confidence and goodwill of the children's parents, this goodwill reacted upon the children; and if he was able to help the children in their "home work", and guide them in their perplexities, this reacted upon the parents. In this way, the teacher who "boarded out" became often a trusted and intimate member of the family. When Sir George Foster came to ask for the votes of those amongst whom he had lived as a pupil-teacher of fifteen years of age, it was a tribute to him that he was returned by a substantial majority.

So far his horoscope had been exceedingly modest. His ambition at this time was to become a certificated school-teacher; and his hope of achieving this ambition depended upon his obtaining employment in the local village shop, until the exiguous remuneration derived therefrom should suffice to put him through the term of the provincial normal school. Suddenly, however, opportunity knocked at his door; and he found himself confronted with the possibility of enrolling himself as an undergraduate in the University of New Brunswick. The circumstances of this turning-point in his career are best told in his own words:

In the forenoon of a bright summer day a knock on the school-room door summoned me to reconnoitre, and I found standing there one of the principal school trustees of the adjoining settlement, who asked for a few minutes' conversation on a matter of some importance to his settlement, and incidentally, to myself. I invited him in, and gave the pupils a half-hour recess. The fairy tale was then unfolded. A young man from that community had just graduated from the University of New Brunswick, and the provincial education authorities had about the same time decided to open up a Superior School in the County, which would be open to the competition of the parishes and be located in that parish which could show the best equipment in school-room accommodation and eligible pupils for classics and mathematics.

The trustees had decided to compete for this school, had commenced the construction of a commodious school house, and had instituted a canvass throughout the adjoining settlements for high-class pupils. Their most formidable competitor was the adjoining parish of Sussex, which possessed a flourishing first-class school taught by a very capable teacher, and had in its higher classes a goodly number of advanced pupils in both Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. The trustees had engaged the newly-graduated Bachelor of Arts, had secured proper accommodations for the school during the construction of the new building, and proposed to open the classes in a fortnight's time. This was wonderful news for me, but how I was to be affected was a mystery. It was explained thus: the Sussex School had in it a boy of exceptional capacity, and already well advanced, and his leadership of the school was depended upon to secure the Superior Grant for Sussex in the coming competition; and the trustees of the Studholm School were of opinion that my accession to its list of pupils was vital to its success. And so he had undertaken the mission.

To say that I was excited by all this was putting it mildly. So I dismissed the children for the dinner hour and continued the conversation. How was I to avail myself of such an unexpected opportunity? The School was too far away to allow of my attendance from the home centre, and my father was scarcely in a position to pay my board for the two years' preparatory course, and at the end of that time could not certainly find funds to put me through the Provincial Normal School. For me the way was blocked, and I would have to eat my heart out in bitter disappointment, while the golden opportunity glided past me. Then the visitor opened his bag of tricks. That, he said, had been canvassed by the trustees. The representative in the Provincial Legislature and a maternal uncle of my own had offered me a home during the preparatory period, and was prepared at the end

to assist in financing my way through the University course. There was a two years' scholarship open to the county, which, if I was successful in the competition, would materially help. And so on and so on.

The golden gates to a new and unexpected future were suddenly opened, and my eager feet strained for entry. Subject to my father's consent and my release from the remaining months of my school contract I gave my promise to the beneficent visitor, and a fortnight later, in the autumn of 1863, at the age of sixteen, I became a member of the new school—head pupil of some forty youths, nearly half of whom were the proud possessors of Greek and Latin grammar, and were keenly in quest of the knowledge which lay hidden in the literature and history of the ancients, and in the mastery of higher mathematics. Incidentally, all were out to beat the Sussex School.

There succeeded two years of hard work, not without vicissitudes. In the first place, an epidemic of typhoid fever ravaged the settlement in which the school was situated, and carried off the maternal uncle who had pledged his support to the young George Eulas. Fortunately, the eldest son of this uncle was quixotic enough to carry out his father's promise. By borrowing on an insurance policy, he raised the funds necessary to enable his cousin to continue his education, with a superb confidence (which was not disappointed) that that cousin would later be able to repay the money advanced. Later, an epidemic of measles swept over the community; and George Eulas Foster fell a victim to this malady. But the epidemic resulted also in the closing of several schools in the county; and among these was the Sussex school, which was the chief rival of the Studholm school, at which the young Foster was the star pupil. The upshot of the two years of competition between the rival schools was that George Eulas Foster won the King's County scholarship; and the white hope of the Sussex school came second. It is not without interest to notice that the boy on whom the Sussex school pinned its hope was

named William Pugsley; and that between him and George Eulas Foster there existed a life-long rivalry. If Foster beat Pugsley in the competition for the King's County scholarship, Pugsley was first and Foster second when they graduated later from the University of New Brunswick; and while Pugsley rose to become successively prime minister of New Brunswick, a member of the Laurier cabinet at Ottawa, and lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick, Foster was a member of seven cabinets at Ottawa, and on several occasions acting prime minister of Canada. Nothing could disprove more conclusively the hoary myth that academic prowess bears no relation to practical life.

The University of New Brunswick, when Foster entered it in 1865, was a small institution with only four professors and less than forty undergraduates. Only six years had elapsed since King's College at Fredericton, a desperately unpopular state college under Church of England auspices, had been secularized and transformed into the non-denominational University of New Brunswick; and the new university had not yet recovered from the legacy of unpopularity it had inherited from the past. The president of the University was William Brydone-Jack, a graduate of St. Andrew's University in Scotland, who had been appointed professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in King's College in 1840; and the other professors were George Montgomery-Campbell, professor of classics, who had won a fellowship at a Cambridge College, Loring W. Bailey, professor of natural science, who had studied under Agassiz at Harvard, and "Joseph Marshall de Brett, Maréchal, Baron d'Avray, Chevalier de St. Louis, Professor of Modern Languages"—a Jerseyman of French descent who combined a mastery of English literature with a perfect



GEORGE E. FOSTER

From a photograph
taken in 1871.

knowledge of French. To this rather interesting group of instructors there was added in 1867 Robert Jardine, who was appointed to the newly-created chair of philosophy.

In Foster's time, most of the undergraduates of the University of New Brunswick lived at home or in boarding-houses in Fredericton; but about a third enjoyed "commons" in the University itself, and among these was Foster. Residence he later regarded as having had an advantage over "outside" quarters; though he thought the small number of those in residence a disadvantage. It enabled him at any rate to take an active part in college life. Athletics had not then assumed the somewhat dubious position which it has come to occupy in the modern university; but Foster was able to find invigorating sport for his leisure hours in "cricket, a homely gymnasium, summer boating on the broad St. John, and snow in winter." A lively debating society was in existence; and in this society Foster essayed his first flights in public speaking. Amongst those against whom he pitted himself were two future prime ministers of New Brunswick, James Mitchell and William Pugsley, and one who, like himself, was destined to become a missionary of Empire and to receive from the Crown the honour of knighthood—George R. Parkin, for many years the secretary of the Rhodes Trust.¹ Parkin was afterwards Foster's colleague in a school in Fredericton, and between them there existed a friendship which lasted unbroken for over half-a-century. It was not only, however, in debate against such doughty, if youthful, antagonists that Foster obtained at the University of New Brunswick his first training in those fields in which he was destined later to excel.

¹ See Sir John Willison, *Sir George Parkin, a biography* (London, 1929).

Here, too, he received his baptism of printer's ink. While he was an undergraduate, a monthly magazine was established at the University; and of this magazine he was appointed editor.

In later life, Sir George Foster acknowledged in the following touching terms, the debt of gratitude which he owed to the University of New Brunswick:

On the whole, I incline to the opinion that the course of training received was quite as beneficial to the undergraduates as would have been possible at one of the larger universities. Under its ministry I pursued my way from the preliminary instruction of the school to a wider and ever widening field of knowledge in Classics and Mathematics, of both of which I was fond, and of Natural Science, a hitherto unknown field in which I found especial attractions. Barring a severe illness in the closing month of my first year's course, I had a pleasant and fruitful course, entering at the head of my class, earning the scholarship for my county, the Douglas Gold Medal in my Freshman year and the Natural Science First in my second, and graduating second in my class. The grounding and stimulus received at my *Alma Mater* I can trace through my whole life as a resourceful and sustaining foundation.

Memories cluster around the old pile, memories sad and yet cherished. Not one member of the three classes with which I companioned now lives. All that young life, buoyant and ambitious, generous and abundantly endowed with gifts and graces, has budded, bloomed and seeded in various measure and passed to rest with its innumerable predecessors, but its strangely tenuous and enduring tendrils still twine about my being and tug at my heart strings. God rest your souls, my loyal comrades of the long past years!

The undergraduates of the University of New Brunswick were all sons of poor men, with their way to make in the world. "So far as I can remember," wrote Foster, "not one member of our three classes was in a position of even fair affluence, and most had to face the acquirement of an occupation or profession on which to base his future, and some like myself were weighed besides with financial obligations incurred in

putting themselves through the university course." Fortunately, shortly before his graduation in 1868, Foster had been approached by the trustees of the Victoria County Grammar School at Grand Falls, New Brunswick, with the offer of a position as its teacher. The emoluments in all amounted only to the modest sum of \$600 a year; but this was better than nothing, and the offer was accepted. "Thus early," wrote Foster, in a revealing sentence, "had I evolved the practical philosophy of making the most of opportunity that offered while looking out and preparing for something better."

Grand Falls is situated on the St. John River, two hundred and twenty-five miles from its mouth; and was then reached by a journey of one hundred and fifty miles from Fredericton by stage-coach. Foster made the journey "on the top seat of the coach beside Bill Michaud, its French-Canadian driver", and he arrived at Grand Falls together with "the advent of a glorious sunrise on the picturesque village." He put up in the hotel, "in a room looking over the Grand Falls and the winding gorge down which rushed and roared the waters of the mighty St. John"; and then followed an interview with the school trustees, headed by John Costigan, the local member of parliament. Little did John Costigan dream that the slender and youthful school-teacher on whom he was then casting a critical eye was to become, seventeen years later, his colleague in the cabinet of Sir John Macdonald.

At Grand Falls Foster spent a pleasant and interesting year. The community was simple and hospitable; and Foster took an active part in the life of the village, while he found leisure at the same time to continue his studies and enlarge his reading. It was here that he first made the acquaintance of the mono-cycle,

the forerunner of the bicycle, of which he was long a devotee. In Grand Falls, as elsewhere, travelling exhibitors of this "uncanny contrivance" hired a hall in which to demonstrate their machines, and to teach ambitious pupils. Foster was one of the aspirants in Grand Falls for the mastery of the mono-cycle; and he recalled long afterwards that he paid for his temerity "by a particularly rapid descent which involved a ghastly rent in a brand new reefer I had intended for my winter wear." The field in Grand Falls, however, was too narrow for a young man of ambitions. The school was composed of about forty boys and girls—English and French, Protestant and Roman Catholic—none of whom was farther advanced than simple arithmetic, the elements of English and ancient history, and the rudiments of grammar and geography.

The following year, consequently, found Foster in charge of the Superior School at Fredericton Junction; and the year after he became classical master at the Baptist Academy in Fredericton. In 1871 he undertook the principalship of the new Girls' High School in Fredericton, "with a clientele of forty young ladies between the ages of sixteen and twenty"; and it was his considered opinion that he had never taught "a more receptive, hard-working and progressive collection of young people" than at this school. It is clear that during these four years after graduation from the university he had acquired in Fredericton a high reputation as a teacher; for in the latter part of 1871 he was offered by the Senate of the University of New Brunswick the chair of classical language and literature in that institution, vacant through the death of his old teacher, George Montgomery-Campbell. This offer he accepted, but only on the condition that he was to be allowed a year in the Old World to brush up his

knowledge of the classics, and to fit himself for university work.

The condition was agreed upon; and Foster spent the academic year of 1872-73 at Edinburgh University, studying Latin under Sellar, Greek under John Stuart Blackie, and English under Masson. In the autobiographical fragment which he left behind him, he is strangely silent about this experience, which must have been a great boon to a raw lad from New Brunswick. All he says is that he "received marked assistance from Sellar and Masson, but Blackie's eccentricities negatived his acknowledged ability in the class room, and reduced his possible service to the students to a minimum." At Edinburgh Foster won a much-coveted prize in English literature, a proof of the fact that his early training at the University of New Brunswick had been sound and thorough; and after the academic year at Edinburgh was over, he was still so avid for new worlds to conquer that he went to Heidelberg in Germany, and spent a semester there. Both at Edinburgh and at Heidelberg he contributed to a New Brunswick paper articles describing his European experiences; and these articles, carefully preserved in one of his scrap-books, give a good idea of the zest with which he plunged into this his first experience of the Old World. "Edinburgh," he wrote, "has more beauties, more virtues perhaps than most cities, and maybe not greater faults Certain it is that one who has lived in her midst for a time has wound about him associations that will never leave him; he has passed from her far different from when he entered The chaste, subtle, penetrating influences which creep from her halls of art and learning, and distil forth from column and monument and edifice, form themselves into a fine garment which the soul

wears always." Of Heidelberg he did not think so highly. "To the thirsty man, who loves beer, and to the smoky man, who loves smoke," he confessed, "Heidelberg ought to be a perfect paradise"; and he added that "in this old university, founded in 1386, have taught some of the foremost men in Germany, in Law, in Medicine, and in History"; but he found that "at present it boasts no names of super-excellent fame", and among its undergraduates he averred that the larger number paid "their assiduous attentions to the goddesses of beer and tobacco."

In September, 1873, Foster returned to Fredericton, and embarked on his duties as professor of classics in the University of New Brunswick. Of his former teachers, there remained on the staff of the University only Brydone-Jack as president and professor of mathematics and Loring W. Bailey as professor of natural science. Marshall d'Avray had been succeeded, on his death in 1871, by Francis Rivet as professor of modern languages (though Foster, in his autobiographical notes, calls him "Professor Rivard", thus illustrating the treacherous character of the human memory); and Jardine had left the University in 1870, to be succeeded by Thomas Harrison as professor of philosophy, though Foster makes no mention of the latter. Of the six years that Foster spent as professor of classics in New Brunswick he gives in his autobiography no description, except to say that during these years he "pursued the even tenor of his way." We know, however, that he delivered, on June 25, 1874, the encœnial oration in the University Hall before the lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick and a distinguished assemblage; and this oration, in which he expressed "some thoughts in reference to the Higher Education", and a report of which has been preserved

in his scrap-books, was, for a young man, a most remarkable performance. "There are but two things in the universe," he said, "thought, and its expression: God's thought, and its inimitable expression in this round earth, the circling stars, the billowing seas, the green glades, and the violet's perfume; Man's thought, and its expression in swift machinery, stately building, graceful art, and noble lives." This thesis he proceeded to develop in an address which is reminiscent alternately of Emerson and of Carlyle.

One gathers, however, that Foster did not look back upon these years with particular pleasure. For this there were perhaps substantial reasons. The University of New Brunswick at that time had not shaken itself entirely free from the traditions of King's College; and Foster, though he was a graduate of the University, may not have found its atmosphere wholly congenial when he became a professor. Brydone-Jack had been for nearly twenty years a professor in King's College, and it was his custom to invite the members of the faculty, after a faculty meeting, to adjourn to his study for "whiskey and crackers". Bailey, moreover, was a son-in-law of Marshall d'Avray, who had been appointed to the staff of King's College in 1848; and though he regretted that society had not "invented some other form of entertainment" than whiskey and crackers, he records the fact that he was wont also to "adjourn to the Doctor's study, where decanters and glasses were found awaiting us, and where many jokes and stories were indulged in."¹ It may easily be imagined that Foster, with his Free Christian Baptist upbringing and his strict temperance principles, was not entirely happy in this *milieu*.

¹ J. W. Bailey, *Loring Woart Bailey* (St. John, N.B., 1925), p. 46.

Even before he went to the University of New Brunswick, Foster had become a member of one of the temperance organizations in the province; and in this organization he rose while a professor at the University of New Brunswick to high rank. In 1874, he was Grand Templar of the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick. An able and fluent speaker, he became, even during his academic career, a popular and much-sought-after temperance orator. One gets the impression that gradually his interest in scholarship and teaching was replaced by a more active interest in temperance and oratory. In 1879 he took the extreme step of resigning his chair in classics, the emoluments of which had never been large, and embarking on the career of a public lecturer, especially in the cause of temperance and "prohibition". "The long persistent call to a wider life prevailed," he says; "and I severed my pleasant connection with university life, with some regrets, but with a firm conviction that my life-work lay in a less restrained sphere of action."

The fact that he had been a "professor" dogged Foster through the rest of his life. Many years later, when E. F. B. Johnston, one of the greatest of Canadian criminal lawyers, was subjecting him in the witness-box to a cross-examination, Johnston asked him:

"Mr. Foster, were you not at one time a professor?"

"Yes," said Foster, with obvious dread of what was to follow.

"What were the subjects you taught? Was English one of them?"

"Yes," said Foster.

"Then," thundered Johnston, "you mean to tell me that you, who have been a professor of English, do not

understand the plain meaning of the English language?"

Repeatedly, his opponents were able, by the mere device of prefixing to his name the title of "Professor", to suggest that he was impractical and visionary; and that he knew little of the world. But, if the truth were sifted, it would probably be found that Foster's years at the University of New Brunswick had a good deal to do with his future success. They gave him a command of the English language and a scientific outlook which later marked him out from his colleagues in the Dominion House of Commons; and if he came later to be known as "the Demosthenes of Canada", it was no doubt in part because he had studied and taught Demosthenes.

IV. ON THE THRESHOLD OF PUBLIC LIFE

"All speaking is not oratory; most even of what men call fine speaking has little akin to it. The form of expression may be of the nicest, the flow of words of the smoothest, and even the thought of the highest order, and yet it may not be oratory. On the other hand it is possible for the sacred fire to flash forth from rude and unlettered people and with strange and moving force.

"Real oratory is a child of truth and ardour. Falsehood is fatal to its birth, and coldness clips its wings and hinders all effective flight. The soul must be at white heat and cry to be delivered of its message, and the message must proceed from the very throne of truth, and appeal for response to the deepest feeling of the auditors. . . .

"Neither painting nor music, nor sculpture, nor poetry, nor any other form of expression, can ever replace the living prophet, called of God, on fire with truth and impelled by the relentless fiat, 'Go forth and speak to my people'."

—*Sir George Foster*

IN rural North America, fifty years ago, the means both of self-improvement and of amusement were limited. On one hand, the public library movement had hardly begun, and books were scarce; and on the other hand, there were then no moving-picture theatres, nor were there indeed theatres of any sort, except in the largest centres. It was in these circumstances that the public lecturer gained his foothold among the rural and small-town communities of the New World. He offered his audiences combined instruction and entertainment which they could obtain nowhere else. There is in truth something pathetic

in the eagerness with which in those days the horny-handed sons of toil flocked to hear the public lecturer, whether he lectured on religion like Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll, or on temperance like John B. Gough, or on literature like Matthew Arnold, and in the willingness with which they contributed their mites to the exchequer of the lecturer, either in the purchase of a ticket of admission or in a voluntary offering on the collection plate.

While discharging the duties attached to the chair of classics in the University of New Brunswick, Professor Foster had already attained a considerable reputation as a public lecturer. It seems to have been as a temperance orator that he first made his appearance on the platform. "I had revolted," he says, "at the frequent sight of men drinking and brawling about the village dram shop, and the privations resulting to their families therefrom, and had been stirred by the appeals of such celebrated speakers as John B. Gough and the Hon. Neal Dow; and at the age of thirteen had made up my mind to take the old Total Abstinence pledge and steer entirely free from all connection with intoxicating liquor; in fact, to become an avowed opponent of the practices and the traffic." As an important officer in the Sons of Temperance and the British Templars, he found himself called upon to take a part in the advocacy of temperance on the platform, as well as in the organization of these bodies, which were increasing rapidly at this time; and he was thus brought into touch with a growing circle of acquaintances in Canada and the United States, while he acquired at the same time an active interest in social and political problems, which were remote from the academic interests of a teacher of the classics. Temperance, however, was not the only subject on which he lectured.

There is preserved in his scrap-books the newspaper report of a lecture which he delivered at Acadia College in Wolfville, Nova Scotia, on "Patriotism". "Professor Foster's lecture on patriotism last evening," runs the report, "was a 'pay lecture'; but the college hall was all the same as full as it could hold [*sic*] Professor Foster spoke for an hour and a half, and was heard with undivided attention. It is contrary to the custom at Acadia College gatherings to interrupt the speaker with applause; but after the first half hour, the audience last night broke the rule, and from that time out the lecturer was enthusiastically cheered. The peroration is pronounced to be one of the finest pieces of oratory ever heard here."

These lectures he delivered, in the neighbourhood of Fredericton, during term; but during the long academic holidays he took advantage of the opportunity to give them in widely separated places, not only in the maritime provinces, but also in Ontario, Quebec, and the New England states. He thus acquired a public beyond the borders of his native province; and when in the year 1878 he decided to cut himself adrift from academic life, and to launch himself forth as an itinerant public lecturer, he had already a fairly wide audience to which to appeal. He did not, of course, intend to devote his life to public lecturing; but he thought, it would appear, that two or three years spent as a travelling lecturer would widen his horizon, and give him an insight into the social and political conditions of Canada and the United States. Incidentally, experience had shown him that by platform oratory, combined with occasional literary work, he could make a living not inferior to, and probably better than, that which he had earned as a professor of the classics.

For over three years after his resignation of his

chair in the University of New Brunswick, Foster was a wanderer on the face of the continent. In 1879, for example, he left Fredericton on January 2 "with regrets and tears", and made his way to Boston. After several months lecturing in many places in the Eastern States, he went west in May to Chicago, and spent two months lecturing in the Middle West. From Chicago he returned to Fredericton by way of the Great Lakes, stopping at Wellesley Island Park in the St. Lawrence to attend an International Temperance Meeting, of which he was elected president. From Fredericton he set out again on September 2, and after a few weeks in the maritime provinces made a second lecture tour in the Eastern States, which ended on December 29 at Brooklyn, New York. In his diary he summed up his year's experience as follows: "Travelled 10,600 miles. Delivered 162 addresses (H. W. Beecher's church one) —made multitudes of friends and acquaintances. Net saving—\$1,550."

In 1880 and 1881 he extended the radius of his lecture tours to Kentucky and Tennessee in the south, to Kansas in the south-west, and to Wisconsin in the north-west. During these tours he became acquainted as he says, "with individuals of every station in life and every line of activity, moral, religious, philanthropical, economic, and political; and gained a repleteness of information and insight into motives and methods of action, tendencies and cultures, which implemented my narrow and basic scholastic development, and furnished me with resources which have contributed wonderfully to any effectiveness I have shown in my after public life." On one occasion during these years he was offered the presidency of an American college, Adrian College in Michigan; but he declined the rather tempting offer. "Impelled thereto

by the call of the old loyalist blood and the ties of boyhood years," he says, "I could not forego my citizenship." "Nor," he added, "have I ever been sorry."

April of 1882 found him in Chicago. He was at this time thirty-four years of age, and had become tired of travelling. The *Wanderlust* had died down. Even before this, moreover, he had noted in his diary that lecture-work was "slow." He was anxious to hit upon his life-work, but was undecided as to what this should be. The balances were tipping in favour of his trying his fortune "in the field of literary endeavour", when one morning he found in his mail a letter from a friend in St. John, New Brunswick, which solved the problem with which he was wrestling. His friend informed him that the Canadian House of Commons had been dissolved, that the elections would probably take place in June, and said, "Why not come home and try your luck in your old county of King's, where you spent your early days and your later school-days, and where you have a goodly number of acquaintances and friends?"

Hitherto Foster had shown no decided inclination toward political life. And yet, perhaps almost subconsciously, his mind had been turning in that direction. "The vision of coming nationality which had shown itself above the horizon for a brief moment in my early student days," he says, "had lain dormant, but not extinguished." He had enjoyed the friendship of Sir Leonard Tilley, during the years 1875-8, while that veteran of New Brunswick politics was lieutenant-governor of the province; and Tilley had encouraged him to look toward political life. But Foster had at that time neither fortune nor political friends on his side, and the difficulty of finding a constituency seemed insuperable. Now, however, the letter from

his friend in St. John caught him when he was at the cross-roads, and seemed to give him a lead. "In less than a week," he says, "I had recalled all my engagements in Chicago and the West, and telegraphed my answer, and was on my way to New Brunswick. The die was cast. The practical situation remained now to be faced; and I had abundant leisure to think it over on my three days' journey down to St. John."

The government in power in Canada in 1882 was that of Sir John Macdonald, who had carried the country by an overwhelming majority in 1878 (after his temporary eclipse in 1873 over the so-called "Pacific Scandal") on the "National Policy" of protecting Canadian industries. The "N.P.", as it was popularly known, had been in force for three years; and the Macdonald government was now appealing to the electors for their endorsation. In King's County, New Brunswick, the sitting member was Lieut.-Colonel James Domville, who was one of Sir John Macdonald's "Old Guard", having been elected for King's County in 1872, in 1874, and again in 1878. He was the son of a lieutenant-general in the British Army, and had been educated in England; but he had rendered himself obnoxious to some members of the government, and, as Foster delicately put it, "his habits did not commend themselves to the Temperance wing of the electorate." There was in the riding a considerable Liberal element which was opposed to Colonel Domville, as much perhaps on personal as on political grounds; but this opposition was without any organization or effective leadership. The Liberal party had called no convention and nominated no candidate. It seemed, therefore, folly for Foster to attempt to run as a Liberal or opposition candidate, apart altogether from the fact that his own sympathies were with the

“National Policy” of Sir John Macdonald, and contrary to the avowed platform of the Liberal party. He therefore decided to appeal to the electors as an independent Liberal-Conservative supporter of the government, laying stress on the fact that he was a native of the county, that he was a total abstainer and prohibitionist, and that he had prepared himself by education and training for political life.

Seldom has a political canvass been begun under less hopeful conditions. The young independent candidate arrived in St. John on May 16, and polling took place on June 22, so that he had barely a month in which to conduct his campaign. Though he was a native of the county, he had left it seventeen years before, in 1865, and since then had returned to it only for brief intervals in his career as student, teacher, and lecturer. He had no organization on which to rely; whereas his opponent had the official support of the Liberal-Conservative party, with committees busy in all the polling subdivisions, and with meetings advertised all over the county. Foster himself was by no means hopeful of success; but he felt that, even if he were defeated, his candidature would serve as an introduction to the electors, and that perhaps a second and later attempt might be successful. He therefore threw himself into the contest with every ounce of energy he possessed; and his account of his election campaign is so entertaining that it deserves quotation in full:

I mailed a circular letter of notification and appeal to the electors, wrote to a number of my old friends in various parishes, informing them of my candidature, and invoking their good offices to spread the news and work up a public meeting for a date which I would forward later, and then presented myself at the first meeting called by Col. Domville, and requested the privilege of speaking for such time as he might allot.

He gave me half an hour, in which I sandwiched myself be-

tween his opening and closing speeches, and announced my intention of contesting the election and gave my reasons therefor. At the close of my remarks I requested any of the electors present who favoured my candidacy, and were willing to work for me, to remain at the end of the meeting, and we would form a committee. Exactly five electors remained, but we formed the committee and gave it power to add to its numbers.

As this was the most populous and influential parish in the county, the initiation of my campaign was not particularly encouraging. The next evening I turned up at my opponent's meeting in an adjoining parish, and was again accorded a half hour. Here, however, I was among the people where I had passed my boyhood days and found the atmosphere friendly to a degree, and at the close of the meeting formed a large and influential committee of workers.

The two succeeding evenings found me at my opponent's meetings in two other parishes, and with fairly good receptions at each. So much so that the Colonel, who had boisterously welcomed me at first as a useful mark for his oratory, declined to admit me to any further joint meetings. By this time, however, I had notices out for meetings of my own, and thereafter pursued my own course, canvassing from house to house during the day, and speaking to crowded meetings each evening, and organizing a working committee thereafter. In this way I carried on, until I had visited and held a meeting and organized a committee in each of the fifteen parishes.

Midway came nomination day, when, before the sheriff at the county town, the official nomination of the candidates took place in the presence of electors from all parts of the county gathered to cheer their nominees and listen to the speeches. By this time my canvass had taken hold, and excitement ran high. The Colonel had found his canvass no run-over, and his friends became a bit anxious. My friends had become encouraged, and felt there was a chance to win. My opponent in his speech was bitter and abusive, and naturally I did not spare him. Our committee men, representing all the parishes, reported their canvass as giving fair hopes of success at the approaching poll, and we separated with hopeful determination for the succeeding week's canvass. The result on election day gave me a majority of seventy-two. We had won.

To Colonel Domville defeat was a bitter surprise, and he set about trying to upset the election, alleging bribery and undue influence. "Never probably in the history of political contests," says Foster,

“had an election been more free from objectionable influences. I had no money to spend, and spent none. My opponent was so sure of winning that he had spent little.” In the end, however, it was proved that a friend of Foster’s had paid a French-Canadian elector—the only one in the entire constituency—to stay at home and not vote; and on this ground the election was voided, and a new election ordered. In this new election, however, the county, now thoroughly aroused, returned Foster by an increased majority; and he was duly gazetted member of parliament for King’s County in the fourth parliament of the Dominion of Canada.

“So pleasantly and swiftly,” wrote Foster in his autobiographical fragment, “began my parliamentary career. The soil was virgin. I had no political sins to answer for. I called in no outside help, but trusted myself entirely to the good will and services of the friends of my boyhood, and right generously and loyally they rallied round me, staunch and true. Alas, all have passed. Peace to their ashes and never-dying tribute to their memories.”

V. EARLY PARLIAMENTARY LIFE

Zeal and duty are not slow;
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.

—*John Milton*

THE general elections of 1882 not only gave Sir John Macdonald's government a good working majority of seventy members, but introduced into the Canadian House of Commons a large accession of young blood and new talent. Among the new Liberal-Conservatives in the House there were, besides Foster, Josiah Wood, who, after serving in the House of Commons and the Senate, became lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick; Charles Hibbert (later Sir Charles Hibbert) Tupper, who became Foster's colleague in successive administrations; Donald McMaster, a brilliant young lawyer of Montreal, who became ultimately a member of the House of Commons at Westminster; and John Joseph Curran, who became Foster's colleague as solicitor-general in the cabinets of Sir John Abbott, Sir John Thompson, and Sir Mackenzie Bowell. Among the Liberals were Louis (later Sir Louis) Davies, who became a member of the Laurier government, and subsequently chief justice of the Supreme Court of Canada; William (later Sir William) Mulock, a Toronto barrister who became postmaster-general in the Laurier government, and is (at this time of writing) chief justice of Ontario; and Sydney Fisher, who became minister of agriculture in the Laurier government. Older members of the House included, on the

government side, Sir John Macdonald, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Leonard Tilley, J. J. C. Abbott, Mackenzie Bowell, John Henry Pope, Thomas White, and D'Alton McCarthy; and, in opposition, Alexander Mackenzie, Edward Blake, Wilfrid Laurier, and George W. Ross.

"It was a House," wrote Foster, "of noble history." In this House he was introduced, on February 8, 1883, "a complete novice in political experience." It was his purpose, however, "by hard work and careful observation to lay my best contribution on the altar of the country I loved and in whose future I was a firm believer." Of his ambitions, on entering the House of Commons, it is perhaps best to quote the description he has left us in his own words:

My first task was to become acquainted with my fellow-workers—of all professions, from all provinces, of two distinct races and languages and of various religions and cultures. Though I was practised in public speaking, I quite realized that here were elements which I had not met in public audiences—critical, cosmopolitan, technically equipped and practical—ranging through all grades of experience and training, before which one must step warily. I perceived, too, that the traditions and customs of centuries of parliamentary history lay in its background, permeated its methods, and moulded its action; and that this atmosphere I must inspire, and this spirit imbibe. I was to take cognizance of the general and wider interests of my province and county, nor withal to be unmindful of my duty to a personal success of the great undertaking to which I had set my hand. Looking back from this distance, I think I can truly say that to me the first of these aims seemed that which loomed far above the other two. I did have an honest, personal pride to acquit myself creditably, and also to conserve and advance the interests of my constituency and province, but I never lost sight of the higher and more precious duty of service to the country and the Empire to which it was attached.

I was troubled with no desire to climb the steep ascent of honours or emoluments, and set myself with all my powers to become grounded and efficient in my parliamentary area of work. One thing I had determined, and that was to make public life my calling, and pursue it for its own ends, and not be diverted therefrom by the temptations of office and positions in the service. If

in its course I could prove worthy of participating in the higher administration of government and was selected therefor, that was for the future to determine. I was entirely free from such ambitions at the present time.

I diligently followed the work of the House and noted its moods and methods, but was wary and a little nervous of plunging into its discussions, preferring to watch the entry and varied reception of other new members.

His maiden speech was a brief and modest contribution to a debate which took place on February 22, 1883, with regard to immigration into British Columbia. One of the members from British Columbia had complained that British Columbia did not receive its fair share either of the money voted by the House for the promotion of immigration, or of the publicity which the government gave to the various provinces of Canada as fields for immigration. The member for King's County rose merely to express sympathy with the complaints of British Columbia, and to point out that New Brunswick had similar complaints to make. "I went to the Department of Agriculture the other day," he said (and the remark illustrated his studious and inquiring nature), "and asked for their pamphlets. I received about nine different leaflets. I took them to my room and diligently went over them. One was printed in French, one in German, and several in English; but if I had been an immigrant asking for information in regard to Canada—a country extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and having in it more square miles than the United States—I should have received from reading those pamphlets the idea that there were only two places that were specially cared for, and those were Manitoba and the North-West, and the Eastern Townships. For all the pamphlets which I read contained not a word of information for immigrants except with regard to those two great

places." He welcomed the immigration to the North West; but he thought that some attention should be devoted to filling up the older provinces, which were themselves at that time contributing heavily to the peopling of the North West.

The next occasion on which he rose to address the House was in a debate on a bill to amend the Act respecting Offences against the Person; but the speech which established, at one bound, his reputation as a debater in the House was a brief and impromptu contribution on March 13, to the discussion of a bill introduced by W. A. Charlton, which included a clause making the seduction of a woman under promise of marriage a misdemeanour, subject to the penalties appertaining thereto. Sir John Macdonald had opposed the bill, on the ground that it afforded to women of easy virtue a means of blackmail; but the member for King's had the courage to enter the lists against his leader, and succeeded in carrying the House against him. The concluding sentences of his speech will perhaps explain its effect:

I read, the other day, of an actual occurrence in one of our Provinces within the last two months, which will serve as an illustration of the evil sought to be guarded against. A father has brought up his child, a young girl, who knows very little of the world, who was innocent. Some "oiled and curl'd Assyrian bull, smelling of musk and of insolence," comes down into the rural neighbourhood, and by chance shines on the horizon of the innocent and guileless girl. He pays her attention, gets into her good graces, makes her believe he loves her, promises marriage, and under that promise robs her of her virtue. A few months pass. There is the dreary tale of abortion. A coffin is sent with the remains. Do you mean to tell me that that father ought not to have some weapon placed in his hand by which he could place such a villain as that into a felon's cell? I have one other simple consideration to adduce, and that is if we refuse to pass this clause we will put a premium on lawless acts in such a case as I have spoken of, because the sentiment of justice is in every man's heart; and the father or the brother who loves a daughter or a sister in

that way feel that punishment should be given and justice should be done. He turns to the Statute book and finds nothing there. He then takes the revolver, and the bullet does its deadly work. We ought not to give a man any excuse for that; but the public laws of the country should give him an instrument by which he could protect the ones dear to him when they are threatened in this way.

Sir John Macdonald afterwards told a friend of Foster's that this was "one of the few cases he had known in Parliament where a prospective adverse vote had been changed to a favourable majority by a speech in Parliament." "Needless to say," wrote Foster, "the news heartened me greatly"; and it is probable that it was this speech which first drew Foster to Sir John Macdonald's attention, and paved the way for his inclusion in the Macdonald cabinet only two years later. Faced with an opposition which numbered among its members such speakers as Edward Blake, Wilfrid Laurier, and G. W. Ross, Macdonald was in dire need of lieutenants who had the gift of public speech; and orators who could alter parliamentary votes were scarce enough, in any case.

Later in the session, on April 5, Foster made "a set contribution" to the debate on the budget. Many were the occasions on which he was destined in the future to take part in the budget debates, whether as finance minister or as financial critic of the Opposition; and he acquired in time the reputation of being, like Gladstone, a speaker who could clothe figures with a vitality and significance which held his hearers spell-bound. But never perhaps did he actually excel his first effort. As an exposition of the "National Policy" of protection, it could hardly have been improved upon; before he was through, the speaker had some of the leading members on the opposition side jumping up every few minutes with agitated interjections; and as he sat

down, Sir John Macdonald rose and referred to "my honourable friend who has made that able and magnificent speech"—strong and unusual language when applied by the leader of the government to a new and youthful member of the House.

With this success, the member for King's rested on his sword. He had given the House a foretaste of his metal, both as an impromptu speaker and as a master of formal oratory; and, except in the committees, he attempted during the session no further excursions into the general field of debate. "I had broken the ice," he says, "and gained confidence for future activities."

When the House rose, the member for King's returned to his native constituency; and there he made it a point to visit every parish in the county, renewing his acquaintance with individual voters, and addressing public meetings, at which he gave his audiences intimate pictures of the work of the House of Commons, and discussed the various questions which had been before the House, as well as the general progress and development of the country. These meetings, which were somewhat of an innovation immediately after a general election, proved very popular; and Foster continued them as an annual feature during the early years of his representation of King's County.

The second session of the fifth parliament of the Dominion of Canada began in January, 1884, and found Foster, as usual, in his seat. The outstanding feature of this session was the debate on the proposal of the government to lend to the Canadian Pacific Railway the sum of \$22,500,000 to enable it to complete the road from coast to coast by 1886. In the uncompleted state of the road, the company had found it impossible to market its stock on its lands; and its

principal directors had mortgaged their personal resources in the attempt to finance the undertaking, and faced ruin unless the government came to their relief. The Opposition, led by Edward Blake, who believed that the Canadian Pacific Railway would not "pay for its axle-grease", made a determined attempt to defeat the resolution; and a long, bitter, and exhaustive debate was the result. To this debate Foster contributed a full-length speech, in which he dealt particularly with the economic and national issues involved. He was still an independent member of the House; and in after life it was a great satisfaction to him that he had voted, with the majority of the House, in favour of the government's policy. There is reason to believe, moreover, that Foster's independent support was peculiarly grateful to the government, in a crisis in which the government's regular supporters were wavering, and that his speech was not without influence in enabling the government to carry through its proposals. "It is instructive," Foster wrote, not long before his death, "to re-read this debate in the light of now nearly fifty years' history, and note how thoroughly results have shattered the arguments and predictions of the Liberal leaders of that day, and how fortunate for Canada it was that other policies and counsels prevailed." It is a matter of record that the loan advanced by the Canadian government to the Canadian Pacific Railway company in 1884 was repaid before it became due, that the road was completed early in 1886, five years before its completion had been promised, and that the Canadian Pacific Railway, instead of causing the financial and economic ruin of the country, has been one of Canada's most valuable assets, from the standpoint both of business and of nationality.

Foster's only other contribution to the debates of this session was a resolution affirming the principle of prohibition as applied to the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Foster had not been elected, as was often said erroneously in later years, as a temperance candidate; but he had appealed to the temperance people for support, and it was well known that the temperance cause was one to which he was pledged, and in which he believed. The introduction of this resolution was, therefore, a matter of course with him. Had he not been a convinced believer in the virtues of prohibition, he would probably have allowed the resolution to be voted down, and thereafter abstained from re-opening the question. But, when an amendment was offered to the effect that the House would be prepared to apply the principle when public opinion was favourable to it, he promptly accepted the amendment; and the amended resolution was passed by a three-to-one majority. His acceptance of the amendment was freely criticized, chiefly by his political opponents, but also by the extremists among the temperance element; but Foster himself was always satisfied that he had taken the right course. "I considered it," he said, "better to get the endorsation of the House for the principle even so modified, than to court a rejection. The affirmation by so large a majority laid a firm foundation for succeeding efforts to ascertain facts and gauge public opinion, which led to the later appointment of a commission to examine into the traffic, and thereafter the taking of the Dominion plebiscite on prohibition."

The session of 1885 was one of the longest and stormiest in the history of the Canadian parliament. The chief measure promised in the speech from the throne was a bill introducing a uniform franchise for

the Dominion, in place of the provincial franchises, on which elections to the Dominion House of Commons had hitherto taken place. This measure, which had been for many years a favourite project of Sir John Macdonald, had much to be said for it. It seemed reasonable that the Dominion parliament should control the franchise by which its members were elected. But the proposal encountered the bitter hostility of the Liberal opposition. There was no doubt some justice in the view that the hostility of the opposition was dictated by the fact that Liberal governments were at that moment in power in most of the provinces of Canada, and that the voting lists would be prepared under their auspices, whereas, if the bill passed, the voting lists would be drawn up by officials appointed by the Dominion government. The Liberal opposition would unquestionably have preferred voting lists prepared by their friends, rather than by their opponents. But there was more in their opposition than this. They regarded the Canadian Confederation as a union of self-governing provinces rather than as a legislative union; and they argued that the proposal to establish a Dominion franchise was an infringement of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the British North America Act. It was a proposal that seemed to threaten provincial rights, of which the Liberal party had already constituted itself the champion, and to be a further step in the direction of that centralized government of which Sir John Macdonald had always been a proponent. Both on the grounds of expediency and of principle, the Liberals opposed the bill tooth and nail. They entered on a deliberate policy of obstruction, in which they made seven-hour speeches, kept the House sitting for several consecutive days and nights, forced ninety-three divisions, and prolonged the session

from January 29 to July 20—a policy of obstruction which was met by Sir John Macdonald with one of the happiest of those anecdotes for which he was famous:

There was an Indian in the county of Prince Edward, who had murdered a farmer and his wife. He was caught in the act; there was no hope for him; he was certain to be convicted and to suffer the extreme penalty of the law; and as he was an Indian—perhaps not enfranchised, and not able to vote against the hon. member for Bothwell—of course all the clergy, both Catholic and Protestant, were anxious to bring him to a sense of his state, and they went to see him. One day he said to the gaoler—the gaoler was my informant—said he, “Mr. McGuire, what kind of a place is hell?” “Well, John,” said he, “it is a place of torment where bad people go to.” “Has it been long there?” asked the Indian. “Oh, yes; before the world was created.” “Many people there?” “Oh, yes; all the bad people go there.” “Who was the first man there?” “Why,” said the gaoler, “the devil.” “Is he there yet?” “Yes, he is there yet.” “Well,” said the Indian, “*if he can stand it, I can.*”

But this was not the only contentious measure of the session. It became necessary for the government to ask parliament for a further and final loan of \$5,000,000 to the Canadian Pacific Railway; and this request was bitterly opposed by the Opposition, as had been the loan of the previous session. There were several debates on the troublesome temperance question—on a bill introduced by the government, but not carried through, for the licensing of the sale of intoxicating liquors, on a resolution affirming the principle of compensation to brewers and distillers in the event of the adoption of prohibitory legislation, and on various amendments to the Canada Temperance Act. There were also important debates on the Tariff and the Civil Service Act. Finally, in the midst of the session, the North West Rebellion of 1885 broke out; and this naturally afforded the Opposition an opportunity for waging a sort of guerilla war on the government.

In all these debates Foster took an active and increasingly prominent part. He welcomed the resolution, moved by Kranz of North Waterloo, affirming the principle of compensation to brewers and distillers in the event of the adoption of a prohibitory law, as an admission of the progress made by the prohibitionist movement, and he argued that discussion of the motion was desirable; but he held that it was not proper for Parliament to bind itself, and when an amendment was introduced to the effect that the proper time for the principle to be decided was when prohibitory legislation was adopted, he voted for the amendment. He made a longish speech on the tariff, in the Committee on Ways and Means, in which he crossed swords with that veteran of debate, Sir Richard Cartwright; and in the debate on the Franchise Bill he spoke in reply to Louis H. (afterwards Sir Louis) Davies, one of the Liberal members from Prince Edward Island. He supported the government in its determination to grant another loan to the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in its conduct of affairs in the North West. He intervened also in the debate on Civil Service Reform, a project of which he was destined to become a life-long champion.

Foster had entered the House in 1883, as an independent Conservative; and during his first two sessions he demonstrated his independence on several occasions. As we have seen, he succeeded on one occasion in carrying the House against the prime minister. But in the session of 1885 he gave the government an almost unqualified support. For this, there were at least two reasons. One was that he was in sympathy with the government in regard to the tariff, the Canadian Pacific Railway loan, the Franchise Act, and the troubles in the North West, if not in regard

to their attitude in regard to "temperance legislation." The other was that, in the debate on the address, Sir Richard Cartwright had made on Sir John Macdonald what Foster in his notes describes as "a particularly venomous attack." Though Macdonald was neither in principle nor in practice an exponent of Foster's temperance principles, Foster had fallen a victim to the charm of that practical and picturesque politician, with his gay and debonair manners, his blunt and halting speech, his superb knowledge of the management of men. On the other hand, Macdonald had been attracted to the comparatively youthful back-bencher, with his serious mien, his flow of rhetoric, his command of logic, his academic and scientific outlook. To a large extent, it was the attraction of opposites; but each recognized in the other the quality of sincerity.

VI. A COLLEAGUE OF THE CHIEFTAIN

"I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,
Complete and whole and perfect, the service of my love."

—*Sir Cecil Spring Rice*

FOR some time before 1885 Macdonald had had in mind the reconstruction of his cabinet, and the introduction into it of new blood. Sir Charles Tupper had gone to London as high commissioner in 1883, leaving vacant the portfolio of railways and canals. Sir David Macpherson was in failing health; and the attacks made on his administration of the department of the Interior, especially in connection with the events leading up to the North West Rebellion, had put an end to his usefulness. Sir Leonard Tilley, who was also in poor health, was anxious to be relieved of his heavy burdens as minister of finance; and Sir Alexander Campbell, the minister of justice, was looking forward to retirement. As soon as the session of 1885 was over, Macdonald therefore addressed himself to the task of reorganizing the cabinet. Sir David Macpherson was permitted to resign, and retired to private life; Sir Leonard Tilley was appointed lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick; and Sir Alexander Campbell, though he did not resign, was persuaded to take the portfolio of postmaster-general, instead of the more onerous post of minister of justice, until the way was open for his appointment as lieutenant-governor of Ontario.

This left to be filled, in the autumn of 1885, three

portfolios. Now it is a long-established convention of the Canadian constitution that the cabinet shall be representative, not only of different provinces in the Dominion, but also of different races, creeds, and groups; and the formation or re-organization of a cabinet was therefore, and still is, in Canada, a sort of Chinese puzzle. When Sir John Macdonald once in a visitors' book described his occupation as that of "cabinet-maker", he was indulging in no empty witicism. The place of Sir David Macpherson was filled by the appointment of Thomas White, another Ontario man, as minister of the Interior. But the filling of the other portfolios was a more difficult matter. The members of the cabinet were compelled to indulge in a game of musical chairs. John Henry Pope shifted from agriculture to railways and canals; John (afterwards Sir John) Carling from the post-office to agriculture; Sir Alexander Campbell from justice to the post-office; and A. W. McLelan from marine and fisheries to finance. This rearrangement left still to be filled the portfolios of justice and of marine and fisheries; but it left unfilled also the vacancies in the representation of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in the cabinet created by the retirement of Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Leonard Tilley. The problem was solved by the appointment as minister of justice of John S. D. (later Sir John) Thompson, a Nova Scotian judge who had been for a brief period in 1882 prime minister of Nova Scotia, and by the appointment as minister of marine and fisheries of George Eulas Foster, the member for King's County, New Brunswick.

As we have seen, Foster had already attracted the attention of Sir John Macdonald; but it would appear that he owed his appointment primarily to Sir Leonard Tilley. "Sir Leonard," he says in his notes, "was good

enough to recommend my appointment." Foster had first made the acquaintance of Tilley ten years before, when he was professor of classics at the University of New Brunswick, and Tilley was enjoying his first term as lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick. They had this in common that they were both ardent advocates of prohibition; and this fact no doubt had weight with Macdonald when he invited Foster to join his cabinet. Foster was not only, like Tilley, a representative of New Brunswick, but he represented the same element in the community as Tilley did. If we are to rely on Foster's notes, he received the offer of the portfolio of marine and fisheries in the latter part of August, 1885; but, probably because of the difficulties encountered by Macdonald in the reconstruction of his cabinet, he was not sworn in until December 10. Then, at the early age of thirty-eight years, after only three sessions of parliamentary life, the quondam professor of classics and temperance orator became a colleague of Sir John Macdonald in the government of Canada. There have been few more spectacular ascents of the ladder of politics.

On December 31, 1885, Foster went back to his constituency to obtain (as was required then, and is still required, by the constitutional law of Canada) the approval of the electors on his acceptance of office under the Crown; and the approval was duly forthcoming. Thereupon he settled down to master the details of his department; and one may easily imagine the zeal and thoroughness with which he did this. Foster's great reputation as a debater, both in parliament and on the hustings, has somewhat obscured his equally great reputation, among those who knew, as an administrator. There has probably never been in Canadian history a minister of the Crown who took

his departmental duties more seriously. He was often at his desk both earlier and later than anyone else in the department; and there was no phase of the work of the department with which he did not make himself familiar. He did not, like Sir John Macdonald, allow his department to run itself; but rather ran the department himself, ever on the alert to initiate reforms or to strike out on new lines, while at the same time willing to listen with fairness and patience to the representations of his departmental officers. It is one of the tragedies of democratic government that a minister of the Crown who administers his department with conscientious efficiency reaps little credit for his work, except from those who work with him. It was Foster's nature to do the job that lay before him to the best of his ability; and he probably never expected, in the administration of the departments over which he presided, to obtain anything but the approval of his own conscience. But it is, so far as one can discover, the unanimous opinion of those who worked under him, that he was one of the best departmental heads who have ever taken the oath of office. It must be added that, whatever other charges may have been levelled against him, there was never, during his twenty-one years of office, the breath of criticism either of the honesty or of the efficiency of his discharge of his executive functions.

His appointment to the department of marine and fisheries coincided with the culmination of the age-long dispute between Great Britain and the United States over fishery rights on the shores of Canada and Newfoundland, and in particular over the fishery rights on the Pacific coast, with especial reference to the seal fisheries in Behring's Sea. His first task, therefore, was the settlement of this dispute with the

United States; and his story of the negotiations is best told in his own words:

The Treaty of 1873 negotiated at Washington, with Sir John A. Macdonald representing Canada, had provided for an arbitration as to the value of the uses of Canadian rights conceded to U.S. fishermen, but had been terminated by the United States; and Canada had been thrown back upon the necessity of enforcing compliance with the rights guaranteed by the Treaty of 1818, and the whole question of shore and bay limits, and drying and bait and port privileges, was again raised, and warmly disputed. A Fisheries protection service had therefore to be equipped, and operated with the utmost carefulness and tact, while, at the same time, the diplomatic and state correspondence had to be carried on with promptitude and accuracy both as to the principles involved and their reasonable and firm application in detail. In this the Canadian government, and especially myself as Head of the Department involved, were extremely fortunate in having the advice and co-operation of Lord Lansdowne, the newly-arrived Governor-General. It is not too much to say that Lord Lansdowne landed in Canada rather imbued with the idea that Canadians were inclined to be over-exigent in their demands and unduly troublesome to British diplomacy in pressing them. He at once plunged into the study of the whole question with that thoroughness in examination and clear, keen judgment which characterized him, and ended by becoming a convinced and powerful adherent to the justice and reasonableness of the Canadian contention.

Added to this conduct of negotiations and supervision of the fishery protection vessels was the constant criticism of the Party press and the Party Opposition in the House of Commons, which, naturally, was tinged, sometimes deeply, with the desire to make things warm for the Government in general or myself in particular; and characterized either by a not too nice carefulness or a studied misrepresentation of the facts in the case.

However, matters were so carried on, with the constant objective of a moderate but firm enforcement of our rights and the achievement of an ultimate conference between the two countries for settlement of all disputes and a six months' *modus vivendi* for U.S. fishermen, that President Cleveland ultimately agreed to submit the controversy to a conference which met at Washington on November 30, 1887, and adjourned to meet again on January 1, 1888. Great Britain was represented by the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Charles Tupper, Newfoundland by Sir James Winter, and the United States by Secretary Bayard and John W. Foster, all aided by their respective staffs of officials and experts.

The Canadian case, of course, had to be prepared by my Department, in conjunction with the Justice Department, and Sir John Thompson and myself attended the Conference in person. The presentation and discussion was carried on by Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Chamberlain. Everything proceeded in an amicable but often spirited manner, and we found Mr. Secretary Bayard disposed to be fair and personally delightfully friendly, and Mr. Chamberlain very effective and firm in argument and defence of Canada's position. Over and over again Mr. Chamberlain had sharply to remind the U.S. plenipotentiaries that if they persisted in unreasonable demands the British delegation would have no recourse but to pack up their trunks for home. This invariably brought modifications.

The Conference resulted in a Treaty agreement on February 10, in which both sides made material concessions upon the various points in dispute. These were mainly in the definition of bays, commercial privileges for U.S. fishermen, and transport facilities for their catch.

This Treaty was severely criticized in the Canadian House—was even characterized as a base and beggarly surrender—but eventually passed by a substantial vote.

President Cleveland on December 4 transmitted the Treaty to the U.S. Senate with his recommendation as a settlement "fair and just" to both countries. The Senate, however, rejected it by a partisan vote of thirty to fifteen. President Cleveland then sent a message to the Senate recommending non-intercourse by refusal to Canada of transshipment in bond facilities through U.S. ports and by land, which, however, was not acted upon by the Senate.

So the whole controversy was renewed, involving the renewed protection of our Fisheries.

To a privileged few the Conference had a delightfully personal and romantic touch added to it in that it became the occasion for the commencement and progressive development of an attachment between the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and Miss Endicott, daughter of the U.S. Secretary of the Navy, which later ended in his happy marriage to that most estimable and charming lady, whose devotion and tender care were so signally shown in his later years. In 1912 I was a guest in his London home where he was stricken with paralysis, which affected his organs of speech, but left him in full possession of his mental vigour. It was then that, with singular perception of what he struggled to say, she became the virtual interpreter between her husband and the few personal friends he found it possible to see.

The actual progress of the negotiations was described by Foster thus:

The situation we encountered at Washington in November 30, 1887, December 3, 7, and 10, and January and February of 1888 was a mixed one. The attitude of the U.S. plenipotentiaries showed irritation and annoyance, and a disposition to intransigence as much as to say, "What do you little fellows to the North mean by backing up against the greatest nation in the world, refusing our nationals the right to enter your ports at will, to make repairs, buy bait and supplies for which they offer you good cash, and to trans-ship their catch through your ports and pay you for cargo? What is this absurd contention of yours that you have the right to draw lines from headland to headland of bays more than ten miles wide and exclude our fishermen from fishing therein? What inhospitable and hostile spirit is this which refuses them the ordinary privileges of the citizens of a friendly nation? And all on the grounds of the existence of an antiquated Treaty of 1818?" They had, moreover, been badgered by the complaints of their fishermen continuously voiced by Senators and Congressmen since the denunciation of the Treaty of 1854. And so we found them at the first meeting of the Conference on January 14, evidently prepared to assert the whole category of their claims and to concede nothing. The Bayard Memorandum received by us on the 9th confirmed this impression. We submitted our proposals at this meeting, and the next Session of the Conference on the 18th was a stormy one. The meeting of the 20th was such that Chamberlain notified the U.S. that unless they were prepared to modify their demand he would close up on the 21st and return home. On the 21st, the U.S. asked for adjournment to the 23rd. Thereafter signs of modification were perceptible, and during successive conferences held on January 26, 28, 30, 31, February 1, 2, 3, 6, and 7. Some progress was made. The Conference of the 8th came close to a break-up. Then the U.S. delegates promised better for the 9th, and on the 10th a provisional agreement was reached—"not an undesirable settlement", I find noted in my diary.

Meanwhile, Canadian domestic politics took their complicated course. The prospect of the Washington conference on the fisheries dispute induced the government to go to the country in a general election on February 22, 1887; and the result was that the government was sustained by a majority of forty. Foster was returned for King's County by a substantial majority over his old opponent, Colonel Domville; and in the new House there was "a large infusion of young men",

notable among whom were Nicholas Flood Davin, one of those brilliant Irishmen who have played so conspicuous a part in Canadian political history, Frederick (afterwards Sir Frederick) Borden, and Dr. W. H. Montague, later a colleague of Foster's in the government.

During the session of 1887 a resolution was introduced into the House which caused Foster some embarrassment. This was a resolution calling for the prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors, introduced by Joseph Jamieson, of North Lanark, a private member of the House who usually supported the government. Practically all the members of the government opposed the resolution, which was defeated by a vote of 112 to 70; but Foster, with his strong convictions on the subject of prohibition, felt obliged to vote with the minority. After the vote was taken, he addressed to Sir John Macdonald the following admirable letter, which completely disposes of the charge that he was in any sense a time-server or hypocrite in his advocacy of the prohibitionist cause:

Ottawa, June 14, 1887

My dear Sir John:

Just before the final vote this morning, Sir Hector came to me and asked me how I was going to vote. I said to him that I could not do else than vote for the resolution. He said it was a serious vote, and I understood him to add that if I voted for the resolution, it was the same thing as voting myself out of the Government. I have thought over the matter since and concluded to drop you this note. You know the whole position so far as I am concerned, and I leave the matter in your hands. If you think my vote in any way compromised the Government, or that my remaining in the Government would embarrass it, or be against the interests of the party, you know you have but to intimate your wishes to me. I am quite enough of a party man to know and cheerfully acquiesce in the fact that the one must give way to the general good. I

write thus in consequence of Sir Hector's remarks. Please be quite frank with me, as I know you will.

Believe me,
 dear Sir John,
 Yours faithfully,
 (Signed) G. E. FOSTER

To this the prime minister replied as follows:

Earnescliffe, Ottawa,
 June 14, 1887

My dear Foster,

The danger was tided over by the vote on Jamieson's resolution.

Had the Grits voted *en masse* for it, it might have been different.

You may think no more of what Langevin said, and after the session we can consider the future.

A vote for prohibition forced on a Government involves either resignation or a new fiscal policy, and a new system of taxation, and so is a revolution.

We can easily arrange a course to avoid, in future sessions, any cross purposes.

Meanwhile, consider Sir Hector's language unsaid.

Yours sincerely,
 (Signed) JOHN A. MACDONALD

Just before the close of the session, Edward Blake, who had led the Liberal party to defeat in two successive elections, and who now found himself in disagreement with the majority of his followers in regard to the adoption by the Liberals of the policy of unrestricted reciprocity or commercial union with the United States, resigned the leadership of the Opposition, and was succeeded as leader of the Liberal party by Wilfrid (later Sir Wilfrid) Laurier. Of Blake, Foster has left a vivid pen-portrait:

In mental range and power, in political experience, in ability and in the massive and eloquent presentation and mastery of detail, he far out-classed his youthful rival. But dour of aspect and uncommunicative, his cold aloofness, his settled habit of excessive appropriation of all subjects to himself, and leaving only bare remnants to his subordinates, and the ungracious and bitter spirit

which too often permeated his discussions, discouraged his colleagues and embittered his opponents.

Blake's attitude to young men entering the House of Commons was one of almost studied indifference and often of savage attack and criticism. Take my own case: I entered Parliament in the Session of 1883. He was leader of the Opposition. I made my Maiden Speech in his presence. No word of appreciation came from him. Some days later, I travelled from Toronto to Ottawa and in the seat opposite me sat Mr. Blake. There was no sign of recognition. Considering his position and mine, I thought it my courteous duty to salute him; I doffed my hat and bespoke him a cold "Good morning", and thereafter for ten mortal hours no converse passed—the air of the Arctic prevailed. How gladly I would have welcomed some human interchange with so great and gifted a leader. I was disappointed—hurt, in fact—perhaps my self-esteem was somewhat rudely jolted. But then I was young and hopeful and willing to pay homage generously to the Great. I never again attempted anything in that direction.

Blake suffered greatly from an almost total lack of humour. It is said that one of his friends rallied him upon that point and implored him to cultivate that side of activities, declaring that would appreciate his popularity a hundred per cent. When Blake acknowledged his lack in this respect, and asked his monitor to suggest a concrete technique to overcome it, of which he might avail himself, his friend said, "For example: suppose you are walking up to the House of Commons on a cloudy winter day, and an acquaintance greets you with a 'Good morning, Mr. Blake. Looks like rain, don't you think?' just reply to him by saying 'Well, maybe: but that's no matter to me.' Why, he would retail that at the Club and in the smoking-room, and your stock would rise rapidly."

"Looks easy," says Mr. Blake, "I'll try it on."

Some days after it happened in his walk from the House to the Rideau Club on just such a day as had been described, a friend met him on the way with the salutation, "Looks like a snow storm, Mr. Blake, don't you think?" Mr. Blake started suddenly, looked round with a puzzled air, and replied with a knowing smile, "That's a matter of perfect indifference to me," and passed gaily on his way.

Those who knew his home life intimately caught sight of a warm heart and a vein of singular loveableness. Some say that he was the victim of that shyness which sometimes afflicts great minds, and that from this he took refuge behind a veil of aloofness.

Certain it is that he was hurt "in all his being" by what seemed the lack of appreciation and loyalty on the part of his

party following and by their inclination to follow after and worship what to him were false gods. The rift between him and them widened. He left their Councils, and afterwards went to London whither success attended him neither in his practice before the Lords Privy Council nor in the House of Commons, where he espoused the cause of Home Rule for Ireland. Disappointment, which embittered his days here, followed him in the Imperial field.

Years after, on his return to Canada, I fell in with him on a passage from Ottawa to Toronto. From his conversation I inferred that he had not forgotten the indifference of his Party, and carried the partly-hidden wound to his death, which occurred shortly after.

Edward Blake carried a great soul in a magnificent body, and one of the finest intellects that Canada ever produced. Had nature dowered him a little more generously with a warm, tactful human sympathy, his name and deeds might well have been blazoned at the top of Canada's historic scroll.

I remember G. W. Ross telling me about the time he quit the Federal arena, and betook himself to the Ontario political field, in answer to my question as to why he was about to forsake the larger field in which he was becoming a shining light, "Oh well, what is the use of remaining? Blake takes first hand in every subject, and when he is done with it nothing is left for the rest of us but dry bones. I am tired of trying to gnaw these, and so am going where there are wider opportunities"; and he found them. Blake's overmastering mentality and his self-evident knowledge and sense of it gave him a position of isolation which, while it inspired admiration, was inimical to that warm human sympathy and attachment which always has and always will prove so indispensable a factor in political leadership.

On Laurier, who succeeded Blake, Foster pronounced this verdict:

Laurier was in most respects the complete antithesis of Blake. Young in years, engaging in appearance, charming in personal approach, radiating good fellowship and infectious companionship, fluent, and often eloquent, with an attractive idiom in English and of course a mastery of the French language, he was versed in the literature of both. From these resources he drew copiously in his public approaches to both English- and French-speaking audiences. To this must of course be added the prestige given him among his compatriots, who saw for the first time since Confederation one of their own race elevated to the proud position of Prime Minister of Canada.

Besides Laurier, while a Frenchman and a Catholic, but no bigot, was tolerant of both English-speaking and Protestant elements, among whom he won and kept friends and popularity. Mackenzie, Blake, and Cartwright imported the bitterness and hatred of old Ontario rivalries into their House of Commons methods, which led to protracted and bitter recriminations and much waste of time and ill feeling, and made itself felt in deflection to Party and personal ends of the discussion and decisions of policies and measure in which were bound up the progress and prosperity of the Country.

Laurier was entirely free from these traditions and disputes, and inaugurated a leadership less hampered and clogged. Immediately there was apparent in his speeches and conduct a courtesy of manner and debate, an absence of personal attack and bitter allusion, a generosity of the sentiments and appreciation of the motives of his opponents as pleasant as it was provocative of like treatment and which tended greatly to the elevation of the general tone of the Commons, the effect of which would have been far greater if only his lieutenants had profited by his example to modify their old methods.

Ere the session of 1888 closed, other changes took place which affected Foster more closely. On April 21, 1888, Thomas White, the new minister of the Interior, suddenly died. "One day," says Foster, "we saw him in full vigour in his seat in the House, and three days thereafter a wreath of roses on his desk told us of his departure." Sir Charles Tupper, who had returned to Canada in 1887 to assume the portfolio of finance, went back to London to resume his position as Canadian high commissioner; and A. W. McLelan resigned the office of postmaster-general to become lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick. To fill the vacant portfolios, John Graham Haggart was brought into the cabinet as postmaster-general, and Foster was offered and accepted the responsible post of minister of finance, while Charles Hibbert Tupper was appointed to Foster's old portfolio of marine and fisheries. It was on April 28, 1888, that Sir John Macdonald first intimated to Foster that he would

probably call upon him to take the portfolio of finance; and the offer was made and accepted on May 23. Foster's reflections on this event afford an unusual insight into his character:

I was, of course, deeply sensible of the confidence shewn me by my chief, and very much impressed by the responsibility involved in undertaking so important a department with so short an experience in governmental administration; but with the optimism of youth I assumed the duties and set myself to master the intricacies and methods involved. The appointment was highly pleasing to my constituents, and was generally approved by the Party in and out of the House. And so five years and a half after my appearance in the House, I found myself in the most responsible chair in the Cabinet, after that of my chief. I was naturally elated, but did not therefore lose my head. I believed I could make good, and so embarked upon the, for me, great adventure.

Foster was destined to discharge the difficult duties of minister of finance during eight critical years in the history of Canada; and it may be said without fear of contradiction, that his confidence in his ability to discharge these duties was not misplaced.

VII. MINISTER OF FINANCE

"To be out of breath is the only sign of weakness that is generally understood in a Chancellor of the Exchequer."

—*Walter Savage Landor*

THE circumstances under which Foster assumed charge of the finances of the Dominion in 1888 were difficult. The National Policy had not completely fulfilled the hopes of its advocates. The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway had brought about the flow into Canada, during the years 1880-85, of a stream of capital, which had produced a temporary flush of prosperity; but with the completion of the railway the flow of capital had ceased, and the flush of prosperity had paled. It had become clear to dispassionate observers that high tariffs simply result in throwing a country back upon itself; and Canada at that time did not have the population to make use of its own resources. In particular, the attitude of the United States was awkward. The treaty which had been negotiated at Washington in 1887 for the settlement of the fisheries dispute had been rejected by the United States Senate; and the offer made by the Canadian government of a measure of reciprocity in trade, as an inducement to settle the fisheries dispute, had fallen upon deaf ears. A wing of the Liberal party had come out flat-footed for unrestricted reciprocity or commercial union with the United States, as the only hope of restoring Canadian prosperity; and there were elements in the Conservative party which believed that

a measure of reciprocity with the United States would not be incompatible with the National Policy; but the victory of the Republicans in the United States in 1888, with their high tariff policies, seemed to close the door to relief from this quarter. The idea of a customs union with the Mother Country had not yet got much foothold; and the prospect of trade concessions from other countries seemed remote. It looked as though Canada was likely to be left, as one of the Liberal leaders put it, "to stew in its own juice."

Foster had been elected to parliament as an advocate of the National Policy. He believed in protective tariffs, in a world in which protective tariffs were the rule, rather than the exception. What his views were with regard to the abstract merits of free trade and protection, I have not been able to discover. Practical politicians do not, as a rule, discuss abstract questions. It is probable that he would have agreed, as every thinking man must agree, that a system of world-wide free trade, in which every country would produce the goods which it was able to produce better and more cheaply than any other country, would be an ideal condition. At the same time, he was not oblivious of the fact that indirect taxation is an easier and less painful method of raising revenue than direct taxation; and that, in a world where tariffs are all but universal, tariffs provide a necessary means of bargaining for trade concessions. But he was never a high-tariff man. He was throughout life a champion of the idea of a Zollverein or customs-union among the members of the British Empire; and he was never averse from the project of a reciprocity agreement with the United States or any other country. If he was hostile to the idea of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States, this was partly because he believed

unrestricted reciprocity, or commercial union, would be the sure precursor of political union, the possibility of which was utterly repugnant to one of his United Empire Loyalist antecedents, and partly because he realized that commercial union with the United States would bring Canada within the pale of a customs-union pledged to a policy of higher tariffs than Canada had ever contemplated.

Foster's appointment as minister of finance met, on the whole, with a favourable, if somewhat non-committal, reception. Wilfrid Laurier, the new leader of the Opposition, greeted it with good wishes, saying:

In the first place, I desire at once to tender my congratulations to the present incumbent of the portfolio of the Minister of Finance. He is one of the young members of this House, his promotion has been very rapid, and he has a very arduous task to perform. . . . I wish him, with all my heart, the strength, the courage, and the patience to resist the many applications which will come to him, from day to day, from the many friends of the National Policy, who, ever praising that instrument as bringing everything that is good, right, and fair, still are never satisfied with it, but always want it tinkered at, and, like *Oliver Twist*, are always begging for more.

Laurier's fears proved groundless. Foster's first budget speech was delivered on March 5, 1889, not without "feelings of trepidation, and even of timidity"; and in it he showed himself able to resist any pressure which may have been brought to bear on him, for he announced that the tariff schedules for the forthcoming year, despite the increase in the United States tariff, were to remain the same. The speech was in several respects notable, and wrung encomiums even from some of the members of the Opposition. Foster was able to announce a deficit for the year smaller than that which had been forecast by his predecessor; he was able, as a result of economies in many

departments, to estimate for the ensuing year a surplus; and he prophesied that during the ensuing three years Canada would be able to meet even its capital expenditure, out of current revenue, and would not need to add one cent to its national debt. Finally, as a crowning example of the régime of economy which he proposed to inaugurate, he was able to announce the flotation of a Canadian loan in London at the rate of three per cent., a lower rate than any finance minister of Canada had hitherto been able to obtain in the London market.

During the two years that intervened between Foster's first budget speech and the Dominion general elections of 1891, the question of the tariff continued a dominant issue in Canadian politics. Other questions also occupied the stage, notably that of the disallowance of the bill passed by the legislature of Quebec for recompensing the Jesuits for the loss of their estates a century or so previously—a question which gave rise to the Equal Rights agitation, one of those periodical disturbances involving race and religion which have plagued the course of Canadian history. In the discussion of this problem Foster took little part, perhaps because in his heart of hearts he sympathized to some extent with the point of view of the "Noble Thirteen" who split with the Conservative party on this issue. He left the defence of the government's policy in regard to the Jesuits' Estates to Sir John Macdonald and Sir John Thompson, the new minister of justice; and he confined himself to the economic issue. In the House he was seldom heard, except in reply to questions raised in regard to the items of supply; and on the hustings he directed his energies chiefly to combatting the views of the advocates of commercial union. In regard to this project, fortunately, he found the Opposition

divided. Sir Richard Cartwright and one wing of the Liberal party were out-and-out advocates of the idea; the leader of the opposition, Wilfrid Laurier, pronounced himself in favour of reciprocity, but declined to subscribe to the idea of unrestricted reciprocity; and the former leader of the Liberal party, Edward Blake, who was still a member of the House, was undisguisedly hostile to commercial union. This meant that Foster, during this period, had an easy task. He had merely to attack the ideas of one wing of the Liberal party; and he was able to quote against this wing the views of the other wing. As the elections of 1891 approached, he had, moreover, only to take refuge behind the campaign cry of the Conservative party, "The old flag, the old man, and the old policy," and the famous declaration of Macdonald himself:

A British subject I was born—a British subject I will die. With my utmost effort, with my latest breath, will I oppose the "veiled treason" which attempts by sordid means and mercenary proffers to lure our people from their allegiance.

It would seem, indeed, that after his appointment to the position of finance minister, Foster to some extent withdrew himself from the public eye. This may have been due to a desire to consolidate his position; but was more probably due to private causes. In 1888 he had, at the age of forty-one, become engaged to be married. His *fiancée* was Addie, the daughter of Milton Davies, and the former wife of Daniel Black Chisholm, a barrister of Hamilton, Ontario, who had been member of the Dominion parliament for Hamilton from 1872 to 1874. Mrs. Chisholm had been one of the founders of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Ontario, and was in 1888 its president, having succeeded in that office its first president, the famous Mrs. Letitia Youmans. The marriage took

place on July 2, 1889, only three months after Foster delivered his first budget speech; and for over a quarter of a century Foster found in his first wife a helpmeet who stood by him with loving loyalty through good and bad fortune. His letters to her, written at frequent intervals whenever they were separated, have been preserved in an almost unbroken series, and form a rich quarry of material for the biographer.

The first letter in the series, written when Foster was visiting his aged father at Apohaqui, New Brunswick, in 1888, throws a flood of light on Foster's ambitions at this time, as well as on his essential humility. After remarking, mistakenly, that he himself would never, like his father, "see the fourscore", he went on:

My friends here are very proud and very enthusiastic, and nothing will suit them now but the 'Head place' by and by. In that they must prepare for disappointment, for I shall not gain that place for them. The clock has struck twelve so far as the *number* of strokes are concerned—not, I hope, so far as the *power* is concerned. I know my limitations, and shall not look to go too far. I know what your fond rejoinder would be, but then I know you, too.

Two years later, after his marriage, Foster was compelled, in November and December, 1890, to take a prolonged trip to the West Indies, in order to try to bring about a *rapprochement* in trade between the West Indies and Canada; and he wrote to his wife, whose dread of a sea voyage kept her from accompanying him, a sort of diary in instalments, which reveals a humanity, a sense of humour, and a flair for the picturesque which would perhaps have surprised his colleagues in the House of Commons. The Captain of the *Caribee*, on which he sailed, was "a short, fat, dumpy Nova Scotian whitewashed into a fiery Yankee . . . has a round, curly head—is a man of few words—

believes Confederation killed Nova Scotia, which ought to belong to U.S., and will never be anything until it does"; and his portraits of his other *compagnons de voyage* are equally vivid. At each port of call he betrayed an almost insatiable curiosity about the people he met, and the things he saw, including even the flowers in the gardens of the various gubernatorial residences in which he stayed, despite the fact that the serious business of his trip was to talk to officials, business men, and even legislatures about trade agreements. The language in which he summed up his trip was typical:

I see the papers treat my mission very fairly. I am not over-sanguine of its full success—but it will bear good fruit in various ways. Anyway I have made a lot of new friends—have explored a new region, and become conversant with the conditions with which we have to deal.

Especial interest, however, attaches to the letters which he wrote his wife during the bitter election campaign of 1891. This campaign, in which Sir John Macdonald appealed for the last time for the suffrages of the electors, was waged in the midst of the Canadian winter; and nothing could give a more realistic picture of it than Foster's letters. Writing from St. John, New Brunswick, on February 15, he said:

One week of the campaign is over. I wish it were all over. I am going to have a very hard fight in King's. There are a lot of combinations which work against me—complications in the R.R.—the whole Orange vote (400) is likely to go dead against me. A conductor stole money—was dismissed—is a prominent Orangeman, and they met me with their ultimatum the other day—restore him, or we will vote against you. I told them I could not yield to a threat like that, and they would have to vote as they thought fit. At Hampton a trouble with the I.C.R. about water threatens me with a loss of 40 votes. Domville is out—the nominee of the Grits—he will poll the strongest vote he ever has, and the combination now looks as though it would succeed.

A week later he wrote:

Yesterday I was pretty nearly *hors de combat*—a very sore left lung. I put a mustard leaf on it, and went out to Westfield, where I spoke—went to bed at 11 p.m., got up at 4.30 a.m., took train to St. John—got in at 6.30—went to bed—slept till 11, and have just had some breakfast after bath and change of clothing. My lung is just about the same—speaking in hot crowded halls and going out into air. It's awful work.

During the subsequent week his itinerary was as follows:

Monday I drove 15 miles, spoke in the evening. Tuesday about 12 miles, spoke in evening, and then drove to Sussex, 10 miles. Wednesday was a fearful day—rain and wind—and I drove about 25 miles—spoke in evening. Next day drove out to nomination, 10 miles—spoke two hours in open air, and went to St. John in evening. Yesterday I drove out 17 miles, spoke, and drove back to St. John, and here I am. To-day I go to Fredericton, and speak there to-night. Shall return Monday—drive 21 miles, and speak in the evening. I have not yet decided for the other two nights. What do you think of that for a sick little man?

Not all his meetings were love-feasts:

My meeting at Havelock commenced rough—hoots—jeers—showers of peas, and calls for C——¹ But in about ten minutes I had them quiet, and for the rest of the time they were quiet as lambs. I have not otherwise heard a word of *that* canvass.

In the end the government of Sir John Macdonald was sustained by a majority of between twenty and thirty; and Foster himself was returned for King's County by a majority of seventy-eight. But on the eve of his victory he was compelled to confess:

This morning I feel as if I had been threshed on a barn floor for a week. . . . I shall be able to stand until the end, I think, all right, but my throat is like the rough side of a Scotch thistle.

¹ The reference is to D. B. Chisholm, Mrs. Foster's former husband.

VIII. THE DESCENT TO AVERNUS

"The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

—*Judges*, 5:20

THE general elections of 1891 were a costly victory for the Conservative party. Sir John Macdonald, the veteran leader of the government, had thrown himself into the winter's campaign with the energy of youth; and the effort proved too much for him. He was compelled to take to his bed on the day of the election; and not long afterwards he suffered a slight stroke of paralysis. Later he had a second and severer stroke, and on June 6, 1891, his great spirit passed to its reward.

Never in the history of Canada has there been such deep and widespread mourning over the death of a statesman as there was over the death of Sir John Macdonald. The very locomotives on the railways were swathed in crêpe. But there were few, even in the innermost councils of the Conservative party, who realized what a disaster his death was to the government he led. He had been the master of the administration. Whatever his faults (and he was the last to minimize them), there was no one in the government who had such a hold on the affections of the people of Canada as he had. It is easy to say that no one is irreplaceable. The truth is that Sir John Macdonald was irreplaceable; and on his death the party he led fell into a decline which resulted, five years later, in overwhelming defeat.

One of Sir John Macdonald's great achievements was his driving in double harness the Orange and the *Bleu*. He was able to retain the allegiance, on the one hand, of the Orangemen of the English-speaking provinces, and, on the other hand, of the *Bleus* or clericals of Quebec. How he did it, no one has ever been able fully to explain. Even during his lifetime, there were signs that the unnatural alliance was breaking down. But when he died, there was no one left who could repeat the miracle; and the years 1891-5 saw, therefore, the rapid disintegration of the party he had led.

Macdonald probably intended that Sir John Thompson should succeed him; and Lord Stanley, the governor-general, actually sent for Thompson after Macdonald's death. But Thompson, though able, high-minded, and public-spirited, laboured under the disability of being a Roman Catholic convert from Protestantism, and was therefore not *persona grata* with the Orange lodges. There is reason to believe that D'Alton McCarthy, the head of the extreme Protestant section of the province of Ontario, served notice on him that he would not be acceptable to Ontario as prime minister; and indeed, it would seem that McCarthy urged his own claims on the prime ministry. Others were mentioned—Sir Hector Langevin, Sir Charles Tupper, and even the Conservative leader of the Opposition in Ontario, W. R. (afterwards Sir William) Meredith. No doubt, some of Foster's supporters in New Brunswick thought that the finance minister should succeed to the mantle of Sir John. But, in the end, Thompson—convinced that his own selection would disrupt the Conservative party, and far from desirous himself of succeeding to the chief magistracy—advised the governor-general to call

on the Hon. J. J. C. (afterwards Sir John) Abbott, the government leader in the Senate.

Abbott was loth to undertake the responsibility of forming a government. "I hate politics," he wrote, "and what are considered their appropriate methods. I hate notoriety, public meetings, public speeches, caucuses, and everything that I know of that is apparently the necessary incident of politics—except doing public work to the best of my ability." He afterwards said that the only reason he was pitched upon was that he was "not particularly obnoxious to anyone." Though an old man, looking forward to a peaceful retirement in the circle of his family, he bravely and patriotically accepted the task laid on his shoulders; and for over a year, amid the most distressing conditions, he carried on the government of Canada, with Sir John Thompson leading the House of Commons.

The first session of the new parliament was long known as the "Scandal Session." Charges of political corruption were brought by the Liberals, not only against private supporters of the government, but even against Sir Hector Langevin, the minister of public works, which could not be gainsaid. It appeared, in fact, that in some departments of the government, during the dying days of the Macdonald régime, there had been a lamentably low standard of political morality. Against Foster and most of his colleagues, no charge was even whispered; but the strength of a government is very often that of its weakest link, and the revelations of the "Scandal Session" greatly weakened the hold of the government on the country.

For the moment, it is true, two circumstances mitigated the effect of these disclosures. In the first place, Abbott and Thompson promptly repudiated the wrongdoers; and at least two of the supporters of the govern-

ment were compelled to resign from the House. In the second place, charges of even greater corruption were brought against the Liberal government of Honoré Mercier in the province of Quebec; and it was thus made to appear that the attack on the Dominion government was merely a case of the pot calling the kettle black. During the bye-elections that followed these disclosures, one contest after another went in favour of the Conservatives; and it looked for a time as though, under Abbott, the Conservative party had acquired a new lease of life. A majority which had shrunk to twenty on the division following Foster's budget speech grew to more than fifty.

But Sir John Abbott (as he now became) was a dying man. His health was such that he was unable to support any longer the burdens of state; and on November 25, 1892, his retirement was announced. Sir John Thompson was thereupon invited by Lord Aberdeen, the new governor-general, to form an administration; and for the next two years Thompson carried on the government as prime minister, with rare ability and distinction. During this time, he was supported by N. Clarke Wallace, one of the leaders of the Orange order, as well as by Mackenzie Bowell, formerly the head of the Orange order in Canada. Both Wallace and Bowell accepted office under him. But his acceptance of the premiership definitely alienated D'Alton McCarthy and the leaders of the extreme Protestants; and seriously affected the fortunes of the Conservative party in Ontario, at least. Whether Thompson, had he lived, would have succeeded in overcoming the hostility or luke-warmness of the discordant elements in the party in Ontario, is a matter of conjecture; but he had not been prime minister for two

years when his career was cut short, with tragic suddenness, while he was staying with Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, on December 12, 1894.

On the principle that "Turn about is fair play", Thompson was succeeded in the premiership by Mackenzie (shortly afterwards Sir Mackenzie) Bowell, who had been grand master of the Orange Association of North America. Bowell was a country journalist, who had actually begun life as a printer's devil. He was a man of honour and integrity, and under other circumstances might have graced the premiership. But he was ill fitted either by ability or temperament to hold together the warring elements in the Conservative party; and under him the government went to pieces.

In these successive administrations Foster continued to administer the department of finance with much acceptability. In 1891 he was called upon to supervise the decennial revision of the Canadian Bank Act, and the form which the Act took—a form which has determined the character of the Canadian banks to this day—was a signal illustration of his firm grasp of fundamental principles. The stability of Canadian banking institutions—a stability which has been strikingly demonstrated in recent years—was in no small measure owing to him. In his budgets, while adhering to the National Policy, he betrayed a growing tendency toward lower tariffs—to the disgust of some of the elements in his own party—and at the same time he practised an economy which appears Spartan in comparison with the practices and policies of some of his successors. The fact that during these years public attention was focussed in turn on almost every department of government but that of finance, was merely a measure of his success; for if a country is happy which has no history, a minister is also happy of whom the



CANADIAN VERSION OF "DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE;"

OR, "THOMPSON AND THE TWO WINGS" OF HIS PARTY.

(For a prophecy of the probable sequel, see Trowbridge's popular poem.)

A POLITICAL CARTOON OF 1893.

Muse of History takes little notice. In point of fact, Foster was one of the most careful, conscientious, enlightened, and far-sighted finance ministers Canada has ever had. If the Conservative party had been judged by his administration of the taxpayers' money, the verdict of the electors in 1896 might have been vastly different. It is, however, one of the unfortunate features of democratic government that the electors are swayed, not by the hum-drum details of efficient government, but by all sorts of sensational struggles over trivial matters, such as Jesuits' Estates Acts and school curricula.

With Sir John Abbott and Sir John Thompson Foster's relations were most happy and cordial. In the autumn of 1892 he went abroad, to England and France, with Abbott; and his letters describing this trip give a delightful picture of the relations between the two men. They played whist together crossing the Atlantic; they put up at the same hotel in London, went to theatres and parties together; and Foster even consulted Sir John about a suitable London tailor. Later, they visited Paris together; and the septuagenarian Sir John dragged his more youthful companion to the Opera and the Théâtre Français. "Sir John," explained Foster carefully, in a letter to his wife, "enjoys these things like a boy, and will take it all in."

In England, Foster met all the notables, and his letters are full of glimpses of famous people. Of his meeting with Gladstone, he has left a vivid account:

I am just home from dining with Mr. Currie. He is one of the London notables—lives in a beautiful house in Richmond Terrace. . . . The dinner was very *récherché*. The guests distinguished—being Mr. Wodehouse, a son of Lord Kimberley, and his wife—Mrs. Drew, the daughter of Mr. Gladstone, Sir Thos. Farrar, and—

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone and Mrs. Gladstone. Upon introduction, I had quite a chat with the G.O.M., and at dinner sat next to Mrs. Gladstone, with whom I talked most of the time. After dinner we—the gentlemen—sat at table, and discussed Finance, mostly. Then an adjournment took place to the Drawing Room, where we remained until 10.30. In the Drawing Room I sat by Mrs. Drew, and she was very nice in telling me about her father's habits of life, his reading, his regimen, and her part in taking care of him. Altogether the evening was a notable one, and I count myself as highly favoured in being afforded the opportunity of meeting the people's William and his wife. Gladstone's activity and freshness are wonderful. His memory is prodigious, and he seems to keep along-side of the times in reading, etc. He sleeps eight hours every night, and always has to repress the desire to stick to the bed when called in the morning, to which, however, he never gives way. He is methodical to a point in the disposition of his time—and eats very heartily. But he is old, with that aged agility that is indicative of lack of reserve power, and is in that dangerous period when he brooks no opposition, and so must rule autocratically or not at all. Mrs. Gladstone follows him with her eyes and ears—hero-worship of the most devoted kind—laughs when he laughs, and looks to you to make sure that you do not lose the effect. It is surely excusable, though. He is a wonderful man. I am glad I have seen him.

He dined also with Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote:

I have just returned from Lady Northcote's where we spent a delightful evening. She is an adopted daughter of Lord Mountstephen—is pretty gay—canvassed for her husband, who won—smokes. Sir Stafford is quiet and plain, but with a dry humour of his own. . . . There were, besides ourselves, Sir Rivers Wilson, an eminent financier, who is controller of the public debt, and is the man who brought Egyptian finances into shape, Lady Dorothy Neville—a character—knows everybody, and all about everybody, and is a charming *raconteur*, without a suspicion of malice, though she leaves much to be imagined at times, Lady Westbury, widow of a late Lord Chancellor, who is a good conversationalist, and young Lady Claire Feilden, daughter of Lord Denbigh, whom I had the pleasure of taking to dinner—a delightful, unaffected girl, who is as modest as she is gifted, for I am informed that she writes very well.

Later he had lunch with Lord Salisbury at Hatfield Hall:

Sir John, Lord Mountstephen, and I drove over to Hatfield Hall, the residence of Lord Salisbury, to lunch. This is one of the oldest and finest of the English Halls, and no words of mine can describe it. . . . We entered by a tall corridor of great length, and lined with old tapestry of Henry VII's time, with armour from the Armada, and passed up a magnificent oak staircase to the upper gallery or Hall—160 feet long, and of the most elaborate finish and furnishing. Half-way up this hall we were met by the Marquis of Salisbury and the Marchioness, and made to feel at home at once. Shortly after we were joined by Lady Gwendoline Cecil, the unmarried daughter, and by Lady Robert and Lady Henry, the wives of two of the sons, and went into the lunch room. I was seated between the Marquis and Marchioness, and enjoyed the hour most delightfully. Lord Salisbury was so kind and sympathetic, and we talked of Canada a good deal.

At the Foreign Office, Foster had an interview with Lord Rosebery, and his opinion of this Liberal imperialist is worthy to be recorded:

With Sir John had an interview with Lord Rosebery. He has blood and go in him—the only minister I have met worth a button, except Gladstone.

With Sir John Thompson Foster's relations were not perhaps so close and intimate as with Sir John Abbott; but Foster had for Thompson a vast admiration, the quality of which is attested by the fact that among the scrap-books he left behind there is one wholly devoted to eulogies of Thompson and accounts of his tragic death. But between Foster and Mackenzie Bowell, unfortunately, no such cordial relations existed. Foster accepted office in the Bowell government, because Bowell had been selected by the governor-general to head the government;¹ and he became,

¹ The story of Mackenzie Bowell's selection as prime minister has been told by Lord Aberdeen in "*We Two*"; *Reminiscences of Lord and Lady Aberdeen* (2 vols., London, 1925), vol. II, pp. 28-30, as follows:

"Even before the funeral took place, it was necessary to arrange for a successor to the vacant Premiership.

"One used sometimes to hear that as the Governor-General could not perform any executive acts, except with and by the advice of his ministers, the executive part of his functions could equally well be performed by an automatic machine.

"This is, of course, quite a superficial view. The position of the Governor-General is based, in its limited degree, on that of the Sovereign, who never takes

by reason of seniority, the leader of the House of Commons, since Bowell had in 1892 retired to the Senate. But, in common with several other members of the Cabinet, he had a limited degree of confidence in Bowell's leadership, a degree of confidence which lessened as time elapsed; and in the beginning of 1896 he took part in an episode which profoundly affected, not only his own fortunes, but the fortunes of the Conservative party, and which deserves therefore something more than a casual or incidental treatment.

executive action except on the advice of his ministers, saving in the case of appointing a Prime Minister; and, in this case, the function of a Governor-General is similar.

"But the conditions brought about by the sudden death of Sir John Thompson made the procedure extremely difficult.

"Instead of one individual being marked out by circumstances and public opinion as the proper person for the vacant position, there were at least four of the existing Cabinet who considered that they were each fully, or indeed specially, qualified for the position. Sir Mackenzie Bowell was the Senior Member of the Cabinet, and, as such, he had been appointed Acting Premier when Sir John Thompson sailed for England. But this did not involve, in itself, any right of succession to the actual Premiership.

"It is, or was at that time, a recognized feature of the Governor-General's Office, that, in the case of an emergency requiring individual action by him, apart from the ordinary procedure of advice by his Ministers, he was expected to deal with the matter in hand in whatever manner he considered best, and not to seek to impose any responsibility on the Imperial Government. Nevertheless, in the present case, I decided to consult, in a non-official manner, the Colonial Secretary, not merely because of his position as such, but because he was a most reliable personal friend. I therefore cabled in cipher to the Marquis of Ripon, explaining the position; and I received a very considerate reply in which Lord Ripon said that, although he could not advise in an official capacity, he could, as a friend, express the opinion that, on the whole, the circumstances which I had mentioned regarding Sir Mackenzie Bowell seemed to indicate a balance in his favour.

"Of course this expression was decidedly helpful; but as a further precaution I had a confidential conversation with Sir Frank Smith, a member of Sir John Thompson's Cabinet, and a man deservedly esteemed; and I felt the more able to speak to him on the delicate subject referred to, because I had reason to believe that he had no personal ambition in the matter. He spoke quite freely, and seemed to adopt the view which had been indicated by Lord Ripon. Sir Frank Smith was a Roman Catholic, and therefore I naturally laid stress upon his testimony in regard to the fact that Mr. Bowell had, for a long time, been a leading member of the 'Orange Organization' throughout North America; he had, however, uniformly abstained from utterances which could reasonably be regarded as giving grounds for offence to Catholics. Ultimately I invited Sir Mackenzie Bowell to become Premier, and he at once accepted the position."

IX. THE CRISIS OF 1896

"Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?

Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason."

—*Sir John Harrington*

FOR several years before Mackenzie Bowell became prime minister, a black cloud had been looming on the horizon. This was the Manitoba schools question, another of those problems involving race and religion which have so bedevilled Canadian politics. From the earliest days there had been on the banks of the Red River a considerable population of French Roman Catholic origin, the descendants of the early fur-traders and *voyageurs*; and by the Manitoba Act of 1870 these people had been given separate schools, similar to those which had been guaranteed by the British North America Act to the Roman Catholic minority in Ontario and the Protestant minority in Quebec. In 1890, however, these separate schools had been abolished by the predominantly Protestant legislature of the province of Manitoba; and the Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba promptly appealed to the Dominion government for relief, on the ground that their rights under the Manitoba Act had been infringed.

Three means of relief were open. First, the legislation of the Manitoba legislature might be disallowed by the Dominion government; second, it might be submitted to the courts and pronounced *ultra vires*; or,

third, it might be overridden by remedial legislation passed by the Dominion parliament. The first of these remedies did not appeal to the Dominion government, which had only recently refused to disallow the Jesuits' Estates Act of the Quebec legislature. The third did not commend itself to them much more forcibly, since it promised to set at loggerheads the Protestant and Roman Catholic supporters of the government. Sir John Thompson, who found the problem among the first of those with which he had to deal on assuming office, decided therefore on the second course, and left the matter to the courts. Then followed one of those comedies to which, under the federal system of government in Canada, the courts have too often lent themselves. First, the Court of Queen's Bench in Manitoba, with one judge (a French-Canadian Roman Catholic) dissenting, found valid the Act abolishing separate schools. Then, the Supreme Court of Canada unanimously held the Act to be *ultra vires* of the provincial legislature. Lastly, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council reversed the judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada, and pronounced the Act *intra vires*. The Dominion government thereupon found itself faced with the third choice, that of bringing in remedial legislation. But before doing this, they decided to stave off the evil day by asking the courts whether the Dominion parliament had the right to pass remedial legislation. Once again, the courts provided comic relief. Every one of the five judges of the Supreme Court of Canada wrote a separate judgment; three of them, for different reasons, pronounced remedial legislation to be unconstitutional, and two of them held it valid. Finally, the question was carried to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council at Westminster; and in January, 1895, this last court of appeal in the

Empire decided that the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba had the right of appeal to the Dominion parliament, and that the Dominion parliament could, if it so wished, reverse the enactment of the Manitoba legislature in 1890.

The decision of the Privy Council reached Canada shortly after the formation of the *Bowell* government; and *Mackenzie Bowell* found the Manitoba Schools question placed at last firmly and squarely on his door-mat. There was no longer any doubt that the Dominion could, if it would, pass remedial legislation, forcing separate schools on Manitoba; and the question was, whether it would do so, and if so, when. During the whole of the session of 1895, the government carried on business with this *Damocles'* sword hanging over its head; and the success with which *Foster*, as leader of the House of Commons, carried on during this period reflected no small credit on his ability and adroitness. The cabinet was united on the question of the necessity of introducing a remedial bill; but was not united on the character of the measure or the time when it should be introduced. The majority of the cabinet were in favour of postponing legislation until the ensuing session; but the French-Canadian ministers demanded immediate action, and in the summer of 1895 one of them, *A. R.* (afterwards *Sir Auguste*) *Angers*, resigned from the cabinet in disgust at the procrastination of his colleagues. On the other hand, another member of the cabinet, *Clarke Wallace*, the grand master of the Orange Association of British North America, resigned office, apparently because he was not prepared to defend remedial legislation in the Orange lodges.

These resignations, and especially the resignation of *Angers*, shook the government to its foundations; and

produced a profound disquiet among the members of the cabinet. Wallace was not irreplaceable; but, if the government was to retain its hold on the province of Quebec, it was essential that Angers should be replaced by someone from the province of Quebec equally acceptable. It must be remembered that the leader of the Liberal party was Wilfrid Laurier, who had been steadily increasing his hold on his native province; and it was necessary to find someone who could appeal to the *habitant* against him. This, however, Mackenzie Bowell seemed incapable of doing. The vacant portfolio was offered to several French-Canadians, but without success. The English-speaking members of the cabinet kept impressing on Bowell the paramount necessity of filling Angers's place; and up to the last moment Bowell held out hopes of being able to do so. They also urged the desirability of having a remedial bill ready when the session of 1896 opened; and Bowell held out hopes of doing this also. But these hopes proved fallacious. The sixth session of the seventh parliament of the Dominion of Canada opened on January 2, 1896, without the vacancy created by Angers's resignation having been filled, and without a remedial bill having been prepared. The speech from the throne was read; and then a bombshell, without parallel in the history of British parliamentary institutions, was thrown into the political arena. On January 4, no fewer than seven of the members of the Bowell government—George E. Foster, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, A. R. Dickey, W. H. Montague, J. G. Haggart, W. B. Ives, and J. F. Wood—resigned in a body from the cabinet.

To say that the resignation of these seven "bolters" (as they were called), before even the House had begun to debate the address on the speech from the throne,

A WAY THEY HAVE.



AND SIX CATS CAME BACK.
A POLITICAL CARTOON OF 1896.

created a sensation, would be to indulge in the figure of speech known as litotes. Among Conservatives the resignation of the "bolters" caused widespread consternation; among Liberals it roused high hopes and deep excitement; and it was the source of grave embarrassment to the governor-general, Lord Aberdeen, who was called upon to deal with a situation for which there were no precedents.

The reasons that actuated the seven ministers in resigning were set forth in a statement which Foster made on the floor of the House on January 8. Foster had not been, apparently, a ringleader in the episode. If there was a ringleader, it was Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, whose father, Sir Charles Tupper, "the war-horse of Cumberland", had returned to Canada from the high commissioner's office in London, and was present in Ottawa during the whole of the crisis. But Foster was the senior privy councillor among the retiring ministers; and for this reason he was put forward to make the following statement:

Mr. Speaker, before the House adjourns, I rise to perform a duty which I conceive should be performed at once, and to say at the same time that I do not propose (as neither, I think, do my colleagues who are acting with me in this matter) to enter into any discussion of the subject. I will to-day simply make a statement for the information of the House and the country as to our position—I mean the position of those gentlemen who thought it their duty to retire from the Government—and I shall briefly state the reasons why they retired. I may say in the first place that there is no disagreement between ourselves and the Premier upon any question of public policy, trade or constitutional, with regard to which action has been already taken, or in respect to which an attitude has been assumed by the Government under the present Premier. I beg also to say that we retain our firm belief in the principles and policy of the Liberal Conservative party, with which we are in entire accord, and of which, in common with others, we have been and will remain the exponents in so far as our ability admits. We have lost none of our confidence in the

sound and healthy condition of the Liberal Conservative party of Canada, or of our belief that it embodies a policy which the majority of the electorate considers essential to the continued welfare and progress of the country, or of our faith that under firm and prudent leadership it will come back triumphant from the polls. Though with many misgivings we agreed to enter the Government under Mr. Bowell in succession to Sir John Thompson, we have nevertheless unitedly and loyally striven to the best of our ability to make it strong and efficient, and it has been with growing regret that we have seen our efforts result in a measure of success less than that for which we had hoped and striven. We are of the opinion that the Liberal Conservative party ought to be represented by the strongest Government possible to be secured from its ranks, that the necessity therefore was never greater than under existing circumstances, and we believe that such a Government can be formed without delay. This we have repeatedly urged upon the Premier, with the result that we found ourselves face to face with Parliament having a Government with its numbers incomplete, and with no assurance that the present Premier could satisfactorily complete it. Under these circumstances we thought it our duty to retire, and in this manner to pave the way, if possible, for the formation of a Government whose Premier could command the confidence of all his colleagues, could satisfy the Liberal Conservative party, that its strongest elements were at its head, and impress the country that it had a Government which was united and had power to govern. We affirm with the utmost sincerity that the action we have taken has sprung from no feeling of personal dislike or of personal ambition, but has been solely dictated by our wish to sink all minor considerations in the presence of our great desire that the best interests of our party and country should be duly conserved.

What Foster and those who acted with him hoped was that Sir Mackenzie Bowell would, on the disruption of his cabinet, submit his resignation to the governor-general, and thus clear the way for the formation of a new government under a stronger leader; and this was apparently the hope also of at least one member of the cabinet who did not resign, as will appear from this letter, written to Bowell on January 4 by T. Mayne Daly, the minister of the Interior:

Rideau Club, Ottawa,

2.15 p.m.

Jany. 4/95

My dear Sir Mackenzie:—

I wanted to have one last word with you and you would not listen. It is this: Whatever you do be dignified. Do not act upon impulse, if you do you will regret it. Also we all recollect your party record, and do not allow any action of yours at this trying time to be hereafter construed into one which is against the good or the interests of the party.

I most certainly think you would be open to severe criticism by all supporters if you failed to call upon Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., or give way to Govt. House. I think you should call upon Sir Charles and explain matters to him and tell him your intentions. He is an old colleague of yours and together you were colleagues of our old Chieftain, and surely you can talk to him. Sink all personal feeling, be magnanimous for the party's sake, and do not leave undone anything which will or can be used against you hereafter.

Excuse my writing you but I feel compelled to do so.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) T. MAYNE DALY

Sir Mackenzie Bowell,
Premier

That Sir Mackenzie Bowell actually contemplated resignation is clear from the account of the incident in Lord Aberdeen's *Reminiscences*:

Seven Ministers intimated their intention to resign, on the ground that they found themselves unable to act in accord with the Premier, and they took the unusual course of communicating their intention direct to the Governor-General, requesting his permission to make their explanations in the House. To this I, of course, replied that I could only receive such resignations and give permission for explanations, through the Premier. Heated debates in the House of Commons followed, and on one occasion Sir Mackenzie Bowell, who, as a member of the Senate, and Prime Minister, had been occupying a seat near the Speaker's Chair, walked across to the front Opposition bench, on adjournment, and shook hands with its occupants, saying audibly, "It is such a comfort to shake hands with honest men, after being in company with traitors for months."

Next day Sir Mackenzie Bowell came to my office. He took a paper out of his pocket, and I said, "What is that?" He answered,

"It is my resignation, sir." "Then," I said, "you had better put it back in your pocket." And I proceeded to explain my view as to there being no sufficient ground for his resignation, in the actual circumstances.

Next day, discouraged by failure to secure Mr. Justice Meredith and others to fill the vacancies in the Cabinet, he again attempted to resign, but I held to the view already indicated.¹

In the official biography of Sir Wilfrid Laurier the statement is made that Sir Mackenzie Bowell "strove hard to patch up a new cabinet; but the strikers picketed every train and every hotel where a potential minister was to be found, and blocked his efforts."² On January 9, having failed to form a new cabinet, Bowell sent for Sir Charles Tupper, and, according to Sir Charles Tupper's biographer, proposed to resign in favour of Tupper, if the latter would drop from the cabinet Foster and Haggart (against whom he had apparently conceived an especial hostility); but Tupper replied that "nothing would persuade him to have anything to do with the reorganization of the government unless all parties would agree to bury the past."³ Eventually, a compromise was reached by which Sir Mackenzie Bowell was to continue temporarily as prime minister, Sir Charles Tupper was to enter the cabinet as secretary of state, with a view to succeeding Bowell later in the prime ministry, the vacancy created by Angers was to be filled by Alphonse Desjardins, a veteran French-Canadian member of parliament, and the "bolters" were to return to the cabinet, with the exception of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, who became solicitor-general (an office then outside the cabinet)—since it was not deemed fitting that both

¹ Lord and Lady Aberdeen, *"We Two"* (London, 1925), vol. II, pp. 32, 33.

² O. D. Skelton, *Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier* (Toronto, 1921) vol. I, p. 466.

³ E. M. Saunders, *The Life and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Tupper* (London, 1916), vol. II, p. 190.

father and son should sit in the cabinet at the same time.

The course followed by Foster and those of his colleagues in the cabinet who resigned on January 4, and then a few days later resumed office, was subjected at the time to severe criticism, and has met with the disapproval of practically all those who, since that time, have attempted to give an account of the incident. Sir Mackenzie Bowell bluntly described the insurgents as "a nest of traitors"; Sir Richard Cartwright described their action as "a direct insult to the representative of the Sovereign, and a direct insult to the House"; and Wilfrid Laurier, usually so urbane, characterized their conduct as "scandalous". Among recent commentators, Professor O. D. Skelton, in his *Life of Laurier*, has pronounced the following verdict:

It was an extraordinary episode: whatever hidden provocation may have existed, the public were shocked by the indecent publicity of the attacks on the prime minister and the party shaken by the display of jealousy and bad judgment on the part of its leaders. . . . Out of it all, only Mackenzie Bowell himself—perhaps no heaven-born leader, but an honourable and straightforward gentleman—emerged with any credit.¹

But all these verdicts are biased. However unfortunate the results of the episode may have been (and it cannot be denied that they were unfortunate), it is difficult to see what other course the "bolters" could have taken than they did take. To say that Sir Mackenzie Bowell was "honourable and straightforward" in his dealings with his colleagues, would be an abuse of language. He made promises to them which he did not keep. Had they failed to give him all reasonable time to carry out his promises, they would indeed have been open to censure. But when they

¹ O. D. Skelton, *Life and Letters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier* (Toronto, 1921), vol. I, p. 467.

found themselves face to face with the Opposition in parliament, with those promises unfulfilled—promises which they were assured would be fulfilled before parliament met—they had no choice but to resign, unless they were prepared to reduce themselves to ciphers in the government. When, however, on the reconstruction of the cabinet, the French-Canadian vacancy in the government was filled, and the way was paved for the retirement of Sir Mackenzie Bowell in favour of Sir Charles Tupper, there was no longer any good reason for their holding aloof. For them to have sulked in their tents when the chief reasons for their retirement had been removed, would have been indefensible. But their best defence is to be found in their own *apologia*. On the suggestion of Lady Aberdeen, who played throughout the episode a part hardly contemplated by the constitution, they submitted to the governor-general the following memorandum, which is a complete answer to all the charges and criticisms made against them:

In view of statements appearing in the Press, and particularly owing to the speech of the Prime Minister delivered in the Senate on January 9th, the undersigned crave leave to present the following statement to His Excellency for his information and in order that permission be granted to make public the facts mentioned.

Since Confederation in every Cabinet the Province of Quebec has been represented by three French Catholics and a Protestant Privy Councillor.

In July, 1895, the Honourable Mr. Angers, Minister of Agriculture, was permitted to resign.

Before the 12th of that month attention was called in Parliament to the vacancy.

The leader of the Government on this date promised that the office would be filled "at a convenient opportunity".

Parliament was prorogued upon the 22nd of July—but on the 17th of that month a member of Parliament referred to Press rumours to the effect that this position would not be filled until the succeeding Session.

Shortly after Prorogation the Prime Minister left Ottawa for

the North-West Territories and did not return to the Capital until. . . .

About this date a number of the undersigned waited upon the Prime Minister in a body. His attention was formally called to the delay in dealing with the subject of reconstruction of the Government. It was pointed out that severe criticisms had been passed by the Country upon the Government in connection with the pending vacancy in the office of the Department of Agriculture. It was represented to be absolutely necessary that no further time should be lost in strengthening the Government, and that it was for obvious reasons of vital importance that a complete and strong Cabinet should meet the next Session of Parliament.

In connection with this object the offices of the undersigned were freely placed at the disposal of the Prime Minister and every evidence of hearty co-operation afforded.

Negotiations for reconstruction were then begun by the Premier both in Ontario and Quebec.

No result having been reached, and the day for the meeting of Parliament approaching, the Prime Minister was more than once reminded of the danger of delay.

On one of these occasions he intimated to the Minister of Justice that the French section of the Conservative party appeared to be combined against his obtaining a colleague from Quebec, and that if in a short time he did not succeed he would offer the Portfolio usually considered to belong to that Province to some gentleman from another part of Canada altogether.

By-elections in Ontario having taken place, on reassembling the members of the Cabinet found themselves face to face with an approaching Session and the Cabinet still incomplete.

Upon again formally calling attention to this state of affairs Sir Mackenzie Bowell assured the undersigned that he believed he would yet succeed and be able to obtain a colleague to fill the vacant post in the Cabinet.

The undersigned, while fearful of the consequences of failure to re-organize the Cabinet, generally considered themselves bound to remain, under the circumstances, colleagues of the Prime Minister if the vacancy should be filled, but again, and before the draft speech of His Excellency the Governor-General was considered, the undersigned notified the Prime Minister that they were of the opinion that it was hopeless to deal successfully with Government business or the important business of the Session while it should appear that the Government did not possess the confidence of a large section of the Conservative party—indicated by the inability of the Prime Minister to obtain a colleague from Quebec.

Formal and distinct notice was given in Council to Sir Mackenzie Bowell by more than one of the undersigned, all of them asserting that unless a French colleague was obtained they would not go on as members of the Government.

The Prime Minister at this late date still held out the hope that he would yet succeed, and mentioned the name of Senator Masson.

Desirous that he should be given every possible opportunity, the undersigned proceeded on Tuesday the 31st of December last, in common with their colleagues, to assist in the draft of the speech to be delivered from the Throne.

Parliament met on Thursday the 2nd of January, and on Friday two of the undersigned waited upon Sir Mackenzie Bowell to point out that, for the reasons above given, and seeing that he had failed to complete the Cabinet, it was the opinion of a large number of his colleagues that a radical reconstruction should take place and that he should give way to another member of the Conservative party who, it was believed, could present a strong Government to carry out the policy set out in the speech from the Throne.

On this occasion an unfortunate incident (which need not now be discussed) occurred, and it became impossible quietly and fully to debate the question then in hand.

On Saturday Sir Mackenzie Bowell sent for two of the undersigned, the then ministers of Justice and of Militia, and having asked them to state frankly their views, they explained to him the conviction that a new leader was indispensable for success, and that the leader must be one who could secure a complement of colleagues from Quebec.

At about 11.30 a.m. on Saturday, January 4th, Sir Mackenzie Bowell informed Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper on their way to a meeting of the Railway Committee of the P.C. that he would resign. Mr. Daly, the Minister of the Interior, subsequently informed Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper that the Premier intended to resign in the afternoon, and later on informed the undersigned generally that he had changed his mind, and said that comment had been made by the Prime Minister to the effect that no resignation had yet come from any of the undersigned. Acting on this suggestion, a personal resignation was drawn up, and when it was about to be signed, Mr. Daly and Mr. Ferguson, who had not dissented from the proposition, left the room. The resignation was sent to the Prime Minister on Saturday afternoon between 5 and 6 o'clock.

Such being the facts, the undersigned had reason to suppose, until the speech of the Prime Minister in the Senate, that the main statements heard from them had been laid before Your

Excellency, and it was his plain duty to keep Your Excellency fully advised.

Todd (Vol. I, p. 333) says: 'In the event of a vacancy occurring in an administration, whether from ordinary circumstances or as the unavoidable result of differences between individual members of the same, it is the duty of the Prime Minister to take the pleasure of the Crown in regard to the appointment of some one selected by himself to fill the vacant office.'

And again (Vol. I, p. 336): 'The proper medium of communication between the sovereign and the administration collectively is the Prime Minister. . . . He is bound to keep the sovereign duly informed of all political events of importance.'

Moreover, it is respectfully submitted that, with the opinions set out in this memorandum, it was the bounden duty of the undersigned to take the course they have so reluctantly adopted, since the authorities are to the effect that under the circumstances detailed, the Crown itself has liberty to take a step of the greatest moment, so long as that step is likely to obtain Parliamentary support.

On Friday two of the undersigned, with consent of all, were granted an interview with Your Excellency, at which they made a frank and full statement of the difficulties, and intimated to Your Excellency that under these circumstances it was impossible for them to remain members of the Government.

At this interview no mention was made by Your Excellency that the speech which had been read from the Throne was in any way a bar to the reception of their resignation, nor in the event did it so prove, as the resignations were promptly accepted.

On the reconstruction of the Bowell cabinet on January 15, 1896, Foster resumed the leadership of the House of Commons, and he continued to lead the House until Sir Charles Tupper, who had become secretary of state, and who was of course much senior to Foster, was able to secure election to parliament. The sitting member for Cape Breton resigned in favour of Sir Charles; a bye-election was held on February 4, in which Sir Charles was successful by a large majority; and on February 11 he took his seat in the House, of which, almost immediately, he assumed the leadership.

From that date until the prorogation of the House

on April 23, therefore, Sir Charles Tupper, and not Foster, was primarily responsible for the course of events. In April, 1896, the seventh parliament of Canada was destined, by the effluxion of time, to come to its legal conclusion; but Tupper, with his boundless energy and indomitable spirit, decided, despite his seventy-five years, to force the Remedial Bill through parliament. On March 3 he moved the second reading of the bill, in a speech of singular moderation and sweet reasonableness; and in the debate that followed he received the whole-hearted support of Foster and a large majority of the House. But a group of Conservatives, led by D'Alton McCarthy and Clarke Wallace, and representing the Orange element in the province of Ontario, entered, with the Liberals, on a deliberate course of obstruction, with the object of "talking the Bill out", and Tupper, without any such modern device as the closure at his disposal, was helpless in the face of their filibuster.

Wilfrid Laurier had until the last moment refused to commit himself on the question of the Manitoba Schools. "I am," he declared, with Wellington, "within the lines of Torres Vedras. I will get out of them when it suits me, and not before." In truth, he was in a difficult position. The Roman Catholic Church, to which he was to the end of his days a faithful son, brought the strongest pressure to bear on him to induce him to support the remedial legislation. This pressure must have caused him the severest embarrassment. On the other hand, all his Liberal instincts were opposed to what was described as the "coercion" of Manitoba; and Israel Tarte, a former Conservative who had become his campaign manager in the province of Quebec, and who knew the mind of the *habitant* as well as anyone else, persuaded him that Jean-Baptiste

would vote for a French-Canadian prime minister even against the mandate of the Church. When Sir Charles Tupper moved the second reading of the Remedial Bill, Laurier slipped out, therefore, from behind the lines of Torres Vedras, and in a dramatic speech asked "this parliament not to proceed any further with this bill."

In order to force the Bill through the committee of the whole, Sir Charles Tupper kept the House sitting continuously from Monday to Saturday. He upbraided the Opposition with obstructionist tactics; he humoured them, he argued with them, he blustered at them. But all was to no avail. The fact is, that the subject was of such paramount interest at the time that Conservative speakers took up almost as much of the time of the House as Liberals; and there was little of that deliberate and obvious padding evident in the speeches sometimes found in obstructionist debates. At length, on April 15, with only a few days of the session left, during which it was essential that parliament should vote supply and clear up the business of the session, Sir Charles Tupper gave up the struggle, and moved that the committee rise.

Shortly after prorogation, Sir Mackenzie Bowell resigned the office of prime minister, and Sir Charles Tupper was called upon by the governor-general to form a new administration. In doing this, he met with some disappointments. He had confidently counted on including in his cabinet Sir Adolphe Chapleau, a former prime minister of Quebec, and a distinguished colleague of Sir John Macdonald; but at the last moment Chapleau declined to emerge from his retirement as lieutenant-governor of Quebec. He had hopes also of persuading Sir William Meredith, the former leader of the Conservative party in Ontario, to retire from the bench, and re-enter politics; but here also he

was doomed to failure. He was successful in persuading A. R. (afterwards Sir Auguste) Angers to re-enter the government; and he had the happy idea of inducing Hugh John Macdonald, the son of Sir John Macdonald, to take office—though Sir Hugh John Macdonald (as he afterwards became) had as great a distaste for public life as his father had an aptitude for it. For the rest, the cabinet was virtually identical with that of Sir Mackenzie Bowell; and Foster retained his post as minister of finance, which he had now filled for eight years with such conspicuous success.

With this reorganized cabinet, Tupper appealed to the country on the platform of the Remedial Bill. The House was dissolved on April 24, and the general elections took place on June 23. In the intervening two months, the septuagenarian prime minister, with his ministers, waged a campaign which, for sheer and dauntless energy, commands admiration. With characteristic courage, Tupper faced the Orangemen in their strongholds in the province of Ontario, and between June 9 and June 22 he delivered in Ontario no less than forty-two speeches, often in the teeth of great disorder and hostile interruptions.

Foster, too, bearded the Orange lion in its den; and on May 25, he spoke in the Horticultural Pavilion in Toronto before what he afterwards described as “the noisiest meeting of my political career”. A large number of the audience were either Liberals or supporters of the Independent Conservative candidate, John Ross Robertson, an opponent of remedial legislation; and when Foster quoted the lines of Pope,

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate’er is best administered is best,

a raucous voice from the back of the Pavilion called out, "We don't want any Popes here." Foster, however, handled his audience with consummate skill. When he poured ridicule on any government the Liberals could form, and a voice in the audience cried out, "Give them a chance", he met the interruption with the following homely but telling parable:

When we were boys and girls at school, we had a game we played, in which one boy said to another boy, "Now open your mouth and shut your eyes, and I'll give you something to make you wise," and the mouth would open and the eyes would shut, and nine times out of ten, instead of a chocolate, it would be a piece of mud the innocent one would get. (Laughter and loud applause.) Well, sir, we are not school-children.

Later, there were loud demands that, instead of dealing with the record of the government, he should deal with the Manitoba School question; and he met these demands with a frank discussion of the issues involved, ending with the declaration:

There is a power higher than this Parliament, higher than the Imperial Parliament, and higher than any court of law or legal enactment. It is the sense of justice and fair play, as between man and man.

Half-way through his speech, an interrupter rose and asked him why he had resigned from the Bowell cabinet, and then gone back into it; and he replied to the interrupter by saying that he would deal with that question before he sat down. True to his promise, he ended his speech by saying that he had made on the floor of parliament as full an explanation as His Excellency the governor-general would permit, and that he did not propose, even for the sake of putting himself in a better light, to add to that statement. On the whole, Foster seldom appeared to better advantage than before that hostile and belligerent audience in the Horticultural Gardens in Toronto in May of 1896;

for he showed on that occasion that there was no audience he was not willing to face, and could not compel to listen to him.

In Quebec, Tupper left his political fate in the hands of Angers, who assured him that he would have in that province a majority of at least twenty members. Toward the end of May, the defection of *La Presse* of Montreal, a paper hitherto Conservative, spread consternation in the government ranks; and signs multiplied that the hold of the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church on the province of Quebec was not as strong as it had once been. Still, the reports from other provinces were encouraging. When the polling-day arrived, the hopes of the Conservatives ran high; and had it not been for the results of the elections in Quebec, those hopes would not have been disappointed.

An impression has been created that in 1896 the Conservatives suffered a complete rout. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Over a great part of the country, there has seldom been an election more closely contested. Nicholas Flood Davin, a brilliant supporter of the government, was elected in Assiniboia West by the casting vote of the returning officer; in Selkirk the Liberal candidate was elected by a majority of one vote, and in North Ontario the Conservative by a majority of one. Members were declared elected by majorities of three, six, and nine votes. Several of the Liberal leaders—notably the Hon. David Mills, Israel Tarte, and William Paterson—went down to defeat. Though both D'Alton McCarthy and Clarke Wallace were returned by large majorities, only one of the English-speaking ministers was defeated, and this was the Hon. A. R. Dickey in Nova Scotia. Many of the Conservatives in the English-speaking provinces actually increased their majorities, and among these

were several of the ministers. Only in the province of Quebec was there anything approaching a rout. All of the French-Canadian ministers—Angers, Desjardins, and Taillon—suffered defeat; and instead of having a majority of twenty in the province of Quebec, the Conservatives found themselves in a minority of thirty. Jean-Baptiste had “voted for Wilfrid Laurier against the Pope”. Over the whole country, the Liberals succeeded in rolling up, with the help of Quebec, a majority of about thirty.

In New Brunswick, Foster found himself in a difficult position. Since entering parliament he had represented King's County. This constituency, it will be remembered, he had wrested in 1882 from the sitting Conservative member, James Domville; and he had defeated Domville, running as an independent Conservative, in 1887 and in 1891, though on the latter occasion his majority had been only 73. Now Domville came out as the official Liberal candidate; and it seemed probable that he would poll the votes both of the Liberals and of those Conservatives whom Foster had always denominated “Domvillites”. Owing to his failure to introduce legislation prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors, moreover, Foster had lost, to some extent, the support of the prohibitionist element in the county; and there were some of his former supporters who disapproved of his course in deserting Sir Mackenzie Bowell. Though in no sense the ringleader among the “bolters”, the fact that he had been put forward in parliament as their spokesman brought down on his head the wrath of some elements in the party. It was, therefore, deemed wise for him to seek another constituency. He was nominated in York County, New Brunswick, a constituency which had

long been a Liberal stronghold. It had been represented continuously in parliament by a Liberal until 1887, generally by acclamation; and it had returned a Conservative only in 1887 and 1891, and then not by large majorities. In this new political home, Foster rolled up in 1896 an unprecedented majority, polling almost two votes to every one polled by his opponent. Never had he won at the polls such a great personal victory.¹

¹ Unfortunately, for this period Foster's papers are singularly barren. At other periods he preserved copious diaries and memoranda, as well as letters written both by him and to him. But—with the exception of a group of letters dealing with the desertion of the Hon. John Costigan to the Liberals after the elections of 1896, letters which it would serve no good purpose to publish here—no such documents appear to have been preserved for the year 1896. Even in Foster's scrap-books, in which, both before this date and after it, he pasted newspaper reports of his speeches, the year 1896 is a blank. Whether this year was such a vexed and disturbed period of his life that he had neither time nor inclination for the preservation of historical material, or whether the materials for this period have in some unaccountable way disappeared, it is now impossible to determine definitely. It seems probable, however, that the former is the true explanation; for if Foster's papers for this period had been preserved, it seems likely that they would have been found with other documents relating to the period which came into his hands at a later date.

X. THE SHADES OF OPPOSITION

"I have not quailed to danger's brow
When high and happy — need I now?"

—*Lord Byron*

THE result of the elections of 1896 was known on June 24. It was not, however, until July 8, two weeks later, that Sir Charles Tupper submitted his resignation as prime minister. For this delay, there were two reasons. The first was that Lord Aberdeen, the governor-general, was at Quebec when the elections took place, and did not return to Ottawa until July 2. The second was that, after Lord Aberdeen's return to Ottawa, there occurred between him and Sir Charles Tupper a most unfortunate altercation. Sir Charles, relying on what he regarded as the well-established practice both in Great Britain and in Canada, presented the governor-general with a number of orders-in-council, passed by the defeated government, for signature—among them an order-in-council authorizing a contract with the Allan Line for a fast Atlantic service, and orders-in-council making certain appointments. Lord Aberdeen took his stand on the ground that the defeated government had never received the endorsement of parliament, and that he could not, therefore, act on their advice when they had been defeated at the polls. In this, no doubt, he was right. But Sir Charles Tupper took very ill the refusal of the governor-general to accept his advice, and an unhappy wrangle ensued, which did not end even with the

resignation of the government on July 8. When parliament met, Sir Charles Tupper attacked the governor-general, in a most unconstitutional manner, for what he (Tupper) regarded as his unconstitutional refusal to accept the advice of the retiring government; and he even carried the vendetta so far as to return to Lord and Lady Aberdeen, at a later date, the present which they had sent to Sir Charles and Lady Tupper on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding.

At a Conservative caucus held on July 27, shortly after the opening of the new parliament, Foster and the other Conservative members had unanimously elected Sir Charles Tupper to be the leader of the Opposition. But there is reason to believe that Foster and some of his fellow-Conservatives did not take kindly to Tupper's attack on the governor-general, and were indeed restive under it. Foster, in particular, had always enjoyed most cordial and friendly relations with Lord and Lady Aberdeen, as is abundantly apparent from letters from Lady Aberdeen to Foster both before and after the crisis of 1896—letters which I have not thought it necessary or proper to ask permission to publish in these pages. The result was a breach between Tupper and Foster, who now became by reason of seniority the second-in-command of the Opposition—a breach which appeared as an almost open split when Lord Aberdeen retired from office as governor-general of Canada in 1898. When Foster proposed on this occasion to second the usual address of the House to the retiring governor-general, Sir C. H. Tupper made it clear that he would regard such an action as a species of treason to his father; and Foster was compelled, in order to keep the peace, to compromise by confining himself to a speech in which

he merely spoke to the motion without actually seconding it. The incident, in which Foster appeared to much better advantage than his leader, is best told in Lord Aberdeen's words¹:

The first formal farewell was on the occasion of the prorogation of Parliament.

Although the letter is dated the 6th of May, it did not appear till the 14th, for Mr. Chamberlain cabled asking that the announcement might be postponed. Sir Wilfrid wanted it announced, because arrangements had to be made for the presentation of the Farewell Address by both Houses of Parliament, and because of the attitude of Sir Charles Tupper; and Parliament was expected to close about the Queen's Birthday. Eventually, however, it did not close till June 13th, Sir Charles left for England about a fortnight before, and when young Sir Charles vehemently demanded that the Conservative Party should oppose the motion for the Address and divide the House on the question, he was not supported. However, as he had said that he would take Mr. Foster's seconding of the Address as an insult to his father, and in view of the uncomfortable relations existing between Sir Charles and Mr. Foster, the latter decided not to second it, but only to speak to it, and to explain that he did not hold with the Governor-General's action in 1896, but, nevertheless, he spoke very appreciatively of our term of office as a whole.

The eighth parliament of Canada was one in which the Liberals rode on the crest of the wave. Sir Wilfrid Laurier (as the new prime minister now became) gathered about him a cabinet which has sometimes been described as a "Ministry of all the Talents". Not only did he include in his cabinet such veterans of the federal arena as Sir Richard Cartwright, Louis (afterwards Sir Louis) Davies, William (afterwards Sir William) Mulock, Israel Tarte, and William Paterson, but he brought into it no fewer than three provincial prime ministers, Sir Oliver Mowat from Ontario, A. G. Blair from New Brunswick, and W. S. Fielding from Nova Scotia. Never had such a strong cabinet sat on

¹ Lord and Lady Aberdeen, "*We Two*" (London, 1925), vol. II, p. 138.

Parliament Hill. From the first all went well with the new government. Laurier succeeded in arriving at a settlement of the Manitoba Schools question which, if it did not satisfy all elements in the country, definitely eliminated it as a disturbing factor in Canadian politics. He dealt with the tariff question in a manner which removed the apprehensions of the industrial elements in the country; and he stole the clothes of the Conservatives by inaugurating the system of imperial preferences. In 1897 he went to England to attend the ceremonies of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria; and both in England and in France, which he visited later, he was the lion of the hour. Under Clifford Sifton, a forceful and astute politician from Manitoba, whom Laurier brought into his cabinet in 1897 as minister of the Interior, the government embarked on a vigorous immigration policy which had not a little to do with the wave of prosperity which spread over the country in the years that followed. During the period since the death of Sir John Macdonald in 1891, Canada had been in the economic doldrums; now there began to be felt throughout the country the first fine flush of a new era—the advent of a prosperity which enabled Sir Wilfrid Laurier to prophesy, with perhaps an excess of oratorical enthusiasm, that, whereas the nineteenth century had been the century of the United States, the twentieth century would be “the century of Canada”.

For an Opposition, broken by defeat and internal dissension, to make headway against a government in the heyday of success, was a difficult problem. Sir Charles Tupper, now nearing the four-score years, showed no abatement of his amazing physical energy; but his mind lacked, naturally, the resiliency and

adaptability of youth. He rehashed in repeated sessions of parliament his grievance against Lord Aberdeen; he harped upon his favourite themes of a fast Atlantic steamship service and a Pacific cable; he was apt to indulge in historical retrospects in which he dwelt on those episodes in the development of the country—such as Confederation, the launching of the National Policy, and the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway—in which he had played so glorious and conspicuous a part. He even made the mistake of attacking the imperial preference policy of the government, and of accusing Sir Wilfrid Laurier of being “too English for me with his programme of imperial federation.”

Even Foster, with his superb gift of public speech, found it hard going in Opposition. He was reduced to exerting his dialectical ability in comparing the pre-election promises of the government with their post-election practice. In a speech delivered at Woodstock, New Brunswick, on October 17, 1898, he was reported as follows:

He pointed out the difference between the Liberal of the old school who considered his word sacred; who, when he gave his word kept it, and the Liberal politicians of to-day who laugh at the simple people who expect them to keep their pledges.

He cited the examples of Messrs. Laurier and Davies who when in Opposition were democratic to the core, and scorned the idea of tin-pot titles; but when their opportunity arrived the one excused himself as under restraint by Her Majesty and the other out of respect for his fellow partisans, permitted themselves to be belittled by tin-pot titles.

When in Opposition the Liberals made great promises, but had deliberately gone back on all of their pledges. They had promised to reduce the expenditure by several millions of dollars. They had promised to reduce the taxation. They had laid down various platforms on the trade question, the last of which was “Free trade as it is in England.” Previous to the last general election Mr. Laurier, and other leading men of his party, had

declared "Free trade as it is in England" to be the policy of the party; and by their introduction of this policy when they came into power they promised to reduce the taxation by several millions of dollars. But when they got into power the country heard nothing more about "Free trade as it is in England" nor any other kind of free trade.

Later, speaking at Brantford, Ontario, on November 17, 1899, he elaborated the same theme, in a passage which is a good example of his platform methods:

Ah, but the most singular statement he [Sir Wilfrid Laurier] made was this: he said before the people of Kincardine on October 21st, "We have not violated our pledges, we have substantially redeemed the pledges given by the Reform party when in Opposition; when the Government had reformed the Senate, as it would do, they would have filled the list of pledges to the people. Well, now, for unmitigated gall, that takes the cake (Laughter). After three years, Sir Wilfrid Laurier stands up before the people of Ontario, and declares that they have fulfilled all their pledges but one, and that they are going to fill, namely, the reformation of the Senate. I want Sir Wilfrid Laurier to take a seat in that chair, right before the people here; you are the jury, and I want to put some questions to him whether I am talking truth, and get his answer; and as he sits there the first question is, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, were you seeking power in this country, in 1896?

A.—I was.

Q.—Did you make any pledges to the people in 1896?

A.—I did, sir.

Q.—Did you make this pledge to the people in London in Ontario on many platforms in this country to wit: "The expenditures of this country are too high under the Tory administration; put me and my party into power, and I tell you that the expenditure per year can be reduced, one, two, three, and David Mills says, four millions." Sir Wilfrid Laurier, did you say that; honour bright, now?

A.—I did say that, sir.

Q.—Then, Sir Wilfrid, will you listen to this; you take your own public accounts, that your own Finance Minister put out in 1898, page XIVA, keep your eyes on it now, read the expenditures and say whether I am right or not; the total expenditures on an average from 1892 to 1896 in that book, your own publication, says that \$42,000,000 were expended, in round numbers?

A.—Yes, that is what the book says.

Q.—Will you turn to the Official Gazette of last August and see what has been expended in total for the year '99 just then closed; look it up—how much is it?—He is mum—I will read him the figures: \$50,892,119, right there; are those the right figures?

A.—That is what the book says.

Q.—Had you the gall to get up in Kincardine, and say that you had fulfilled all your pledges that you had pledged in 1896, that you would decrease the expenditures by one, two or three millions, and you have actually raised them \$10,000,000 in three years; now what have you to say for yourself?

A.—Not a word.

Q.—Did you, or did you not, in 1896 say that the debt of this country was too large, increasing at too great a rate and that it ought to be diminished; honour bright?

A.—Yes, I said that.

Q.—And you pledged the people that if you got into power, that at least it would not increase?

A.—Yes, I did.

Q.—Has it increased or not?—Not a word.—In three years the debt has risen between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000. Is that true?

A.—That is true.

Q.—And yet you have the gall to say in Kincardine that you fulfilled every pledge you made to the people. Were you in favour of protection in 1896?

A.—Not much, I was not.

Q.—Didn't you state that this protection was the bane and curse of Canada, that if you and your party got into power you would take every vestige of it out and trample on its body and cut off its head; in Montreal, Toronto, and Brantford; and didn't Mr. Hardy say here that the coal tax was paid to the extent of \$800,000.00 by the people of Ontario, and with you by his side didn't he say that if the Liberal party got in the coal tax would be taken off; and down in Montreal you said that raw materials under your tariff would be made free; you said coal will be free, iron will be free; didn't Sir Richard Cartwright tell the people that the most indefensible tax was the tax on coal; didn't Sir Louis Davies say that if coal could not stand on its own legs it ought to go? Has the tax gone off? Have you taken protection out of the tariff?—and he is mum. (Great laughter).

Q.—The tariff from 1892 to 1896, 17.40 per cent.; in 1898, 1899, 16.76 per cent.; that is only $71/100$ of one per cent. less than that robber tariff of the Conservative party. Have you taken protection out of the tariff?

A.—No, sir.

On November 6, 1900, the Laurier government went to the country. The election was fought in large measure on the issue of the South African War, which had broken out in 1899. To take part in this war, the government had sent, mainly in response to an overwhelming demand from Ontario and the other English-speaking provinces, a small contingent of Canadian volunteers; but it had hesitated even about doing this, and it left the payment of these volunteers, once they were landed in South Africa, to the British taxpayer. This action seemed inadequate to the more imperialistic elements in the country; and the Conservative party attacked the Laurier government for its lukewarmness and hesitation in coming to the aid of the Mother Country. At Carleton, New Brunswick, Foster put the case against the government in his usual graphic manner:

With reference to the attitude of government on the contingents for South Africa. Three pictures come before my mind. One is a picture in July, 1897. It is London, the metropolis of the British world, and coming to the throne of our aged and venerated sovereign are free men, many of them freed from the most debased and the most degrading slavery by the edict and power of that queen, coming from every part of the globe—from India, from Africa, from Australia, from Canada, from all parts of the wide world, to lay their rich gifts at the feet of the great and good queen of this fair empire of ours. Why, sir, what picture could compare with that? Go back to the days of Rome, and see the contrast. Then the men came up from every part of the conquered world, but every man was a slave.

Picture No. 2.—It is July, 1899, in the House of Commons at Ottawa. There comes a resolution of sympathy and aid to the British government in the dread trouble in South Africa. It is spoken to by the leader of the government; it is spoken to by myself, who happened to be leading the Opposition, and it passed without a dissenting voice. There is no Grit, no Tory, but when it was passed every man rose to his feet and up in the old dome of the parliament house there rings the fervid notes of "God Save Our Gracious Queen".

Picture No. 3.—Kruger in the far-off African fields, giving his ultimatum, getting ready to give this ultimatum to the great British power in favour of a most degraded oligarchy. All along the line of British defences, from July of that year up to October, one loyal colony after another, telegraphing arms, squadrons, divisions, mounted infantry, to go to South Africa, to uphold the rights of Britain, and to uphold their own rights. Where is Canada in that loyal and majestic procession? Where was Canada in '97, in the Jubilee procession? It is easy to be in the front in the days of joy and rejoicing. A true friend is found in the time of adversity, but in this Dominion of Canada, up to the 23rd day of October, no move was made by Britain's loyal colony to send a single man to support the Mother Country. Then on the 4th of October went out that statement of the prime minister, that Canada did not propose to send any troops, that they did not have power to send troops.

Did any one believe that if Sir Charles Tupper had been in power Canada would have been the last instead of the first to rally under the war-flag? (Applause.)

In Ontario the elections gave the Conservatives a majority of nearly twenty members; but this was the only province with the exception of Manitoba, in which they obtained a lead. In Quebec only seven Conservatives were returned, and in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick combined, only ten. When the returns were added up, it was found that the Laurier government had been sustained by a majority of over fifty members in the House; and Sir Charles Tupper, the leader of the Opposition, had been defeated in Cape Breton—a defeat which the veteran statesman, now eighty years of age, interpreted as a release from the duties of public life.

Foster, deserting the constituency of York, New Brunswick, in which he had had in 1896 such a spectacular majority, ran in St. John, New Brunswick, against the Hon. A. G. Blair, the minister of railways, and the former prime minister of the province. The change of constituency laid him open to the charge of being a wanderer on the face of the earth; and Blair

depicted him as singing from a popular hymn the words, "Other refuge have I none". But Foster, at a later date, explained as follows the reasons which impelled him to run in St. John:

When the elections of 1900 came around, Sir Charles Tupper, in looking over the ground, thought that it would be a good policy for myself and for Hugh John Macdonald to attack the Ministers in their strongholds. I was not cowardly, and I said, "Very well, I will follow your advice", and instead of sheltering myself behind the entrenchments in three different constituencies which were offered me, and safe for me, I took my chief's orders, and I went to the stronghold of the enemy, and I fought my battle there (Applause)—and I fell (Applause).

Foster was defeated by Blair by a majority of nearly one thousand; and thus, for the first time in eighteen years, found himself out of parliament.

Shortly after the elections, Foster sailed for England; and there, on the last day of December, 1900, he inscribed in his diary the following entry:

This ends the year and the century. In the latter I have lived 53 years—what changes! I may see 20 of the new, and if so, what wondrous changes! The old year has been a harsh one to me. One year ago in our home at Maple Croft—a dear old home—and with prospects fair, if not over-bright—an M.P. and 2nd in the H. of C. on Opp. side. Since have lost our home¹—my election—and the year's financial side has been a particularly hard one. Yet no use to repine or be downhearted. We will face the new year hopefully, though what it holds for us we know not. One Good rules all, and so forward in hope and trust. *Vale*, old year.

¹ Foster's house was burned to the ground at the time of the Hull fire of 1900.

XI. OUT OF PARLIAMENT

“Beneath the bludgeonings of chance,
My head is bloody, but unbowed.”

—*W. E. Henley*

FROM the time when Foster was first elected to the House of Commons in 1882 until his death in 1930, he was out of parliament for only four years. These were the years from 1900 to 1904. During this period he was compelled to devote part of his energy to his personal affairs. He had entered public life a poor man; and throughout the eight years during which he had presided over the department of finance in the Dominion government, he had scrupulously refrained from taking advantage of the many opportunities which must always present themselves to finance ministers to enrich themselves. But with the defeat of the Tupper government in 1896, he was compelled to look about for means of livelihood. There were many businesses which were not loth to avail themselves of the name of the ex-finance minister of Canada on their prospectuses and balance-sheets; and Foster was drawn into various enterprises, not all of them fortunate. He became interested in some mining and land development companies, as well as in one or two banking or trust organizations. In 1901 he was appointed general manager of the Union Trust Company in Toronto, which was the investment agency of the Independent Order of Foresters—an appointment which, as will be seen later, was destined to have

unhappy repercussions affecting his political career.

But though Foster was during these years out of parliament, he was by no means out of public life. When, after the elections of 1900, Sir Charles Tupper resigned the leadership of the Conservative party, there was no small section of the party which advocated the appointment of Foster as his successor. Foster had been deputy-leader of the Conservatives in the House of Commons under Tupper; and now that Tupper had announced his retirement to private life, he was the only one of Sir John Macdonald's colleagues remaining in politics. Unfortunately, however, he was without a seat in parliament. This was no absolute bar to his election to the leadership of the party, for, had he been chosen, a seat could no doubt have been found for him; nevertheless, his absence from parliament had no doubt an influence in determining the choice of the Conservative caucus. On February 6, 1901, the Conservative members of the House of Commons and the Senate elected Mr. R. L. (later Sir Robert) Borden as leader of the Opposition, and the election was made unanimous. That this election was a disappointment to Foster cannot be doubted; for the new leader had entered parliament only in 1896, and was therefore greatly junior to Foster in length of service. It is interesting to speculate what might have happened if Foster, in February, 1901, had not found himself, for the first time in eighteen years, out of parliament. But there was no indication of his disappointment, even in his private diary. At the end of 1900, he had gone to England on business; and when he returned to Ottawa on February 7, his only comment in his diary was the laconic, "Arrived Ottawa—Borden has been chosen as leader." When, on May 1, the Conservative members of parliament gave a dinner at Ottawa to

the new leader, Foster was one of the chief speakers; and Borden, in replying to the toast to his own health, went out of his way to pay a graceful tribute to Foster's services to the party and the country:

There are many others in the late Parliament of whom I should like to speak, but I must content myself with referring to one, my friend Mr. Foster, whom I am proud to see here to-night. (Loud cheers.) I sat during five years in the House of Commons with Mr. Foster, and I never truly realized the untiring, the indefatigable, the effective work which he did in the House until I came to sit there with him. (Hear, hear.) I did not realize the strain that must have been upon him, as financial critic of this government, sitting there night after night, until I came to attempt to do something of the same sort myself. (Laughter.) I think I may say to the new members of the House that it would be impossible for them to realize the work which Mr. Foster accomplished for the party in Opposition from 1896 to 1900 without having been in the House of Commons with him. (Cheers.) It is needless for me to remark that we all hope he will soon be with us in the House again. (Cheers.)

During 1901 Foster appeared only seldom on the public platform. On March 31 he spoke before a meeting of the Canadian Temperance League at Toronto, affirming once more his belief in prohibition; and on October 25 he spoke in Toronto on imperial relations. But in 1902 his public appearances were more numerous. On January 28, he spoke at Toronto on "The National Life of Canada"; on March 6 he made a speech at Toronto in favour of Earl Grey's Public-house Trust movement; on April 21 he spoke at St. John, New Brunswick, with J. D. Hazen, on "The Empire"; and in the autumn he went west with R. L. Borden on a speaking tour. On October 20, with Borden, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, and F. D. Monk, he addressed a large gathering of the faithful at Winnipeg.

At last, in the spring of 1903, he made an attempt to regain his seat in parliament. On March 10 there

occurred a bye-election in the constituency of North Ontario, made necessary by the death of the sitting member, Angus McLeod, a Conservative who had won the election of 1900 by a majority of over 500. Foster succeeded in obtaining the Conservative nomination; and the prospects were that he would be elected, despite the fact that the Liberal nominee, George D. Grant (afterwards Mr. Justice Grant of the Supreme Court of Ontario), was a young and brilliant native of the constituency. Unfortunately, Foster's health proved unequal to the strain of a severe winter campaign in a constituency one hundred and twenty miles long; and after speaking in several places, he was compelled to return to his home in Toronto and to take to his bed. He was not even able to be present at the nomination of the candidates at Bracebridge on March 3. R. L. Borden, the new leader of the Opposition, appeared on the platform for him, and urged strongly his election; but Foster's absence from the constituency, together with the fact that he was a stranger to the constituency, proved fatal to his chances. When the votes were counted, it was found that he had been defeated by a majority of about 200 votes.

The Liberal *Telegraph* of St. John, in New Brunswick, Foster's native province, heralded this bye-election as "the passing of Foster." "A man for his worth," it said, "and a policy for its worth were put on trial." Herein, however, it made a grave mistake. Foster refused to accept the result in North Ontario as being, under the circumstances, a verdict upon his political career, or as being the end of it. Once his health was restored, he re-entered the arena, and in the general elections of 1904 he succeeded in carrying, as we shall see, the constituency of North Toronto—a constituency which he represented, with constantly

increasing majorities, from that date until he was appointed to the Senate of Canada in 1921.

Between his defeat in the North Ontario bye-election of 1903 and the general elections of 1904, moreover, Foster made it abundantly clear that he was still in public life, by taking a distinguished and successful part in the campaign which Joseph Chamberlain was waging in England at this time for Tariff Reform. It was on September 18, 1903, that Joseph Chamberlain resigned the colonial secretaryship in the Balfour government, in order to devote himself to the advocacy of preferential tariffs within the British Empire. Foster had been for many years an advocate of reciprocal trade arrangements among members of the British Empire; and it was natural that Chamberlain should have turned to him to come to England to help him in his campaign. As early as September 16, 1903, Sir Gilbert Parker, a prominent supporter of Chamberlain's Tariff Reform Policy, with whom Foster had appeared before a Canadian Club luncheon meeting in Toronto the year before, wrote to Foster as follows:

Hotel Weimar,
Marienbad,
16th Sept., '03

Dear Mr. Foster,

May I as a fellow-countryman introduce to your consideration Mr. Alfred Mosely, whose name will be familiar to you. Mr. Mosely will be glad to talk with you on Preference and Fiscal Policy, and I have told him that he goes to a great authority. We all hope that you will come over to England, and speak for us.

With my best respects,

Yours very truly,
(Signed) GILBERT PARKER

The result of the pourparlers thus inaugurated was that Foster set sail for England from New York on October 17; and during the month of November, he

delivered in the British Isles a series of addresses in favour of Preferential Trade which met everywhere with conspicuous success, and made a most favourable impression. Between November 4 and 30, he spoke at Newport, Cardiff, Tunbridge, Loughborough, Fleetwood, Lancaster, Sunderland, Edinburgh, Dundee, Darlington, Guiseborough, Oldham, Peterborough, Nottingham, London, and Liverpool, speaking in some places twice.

Before setting out on his speaking tour, Foster went to Liverpool to see and hear Chamberlain speak at a vast meeting in the Liverpool Hippodrome, and his impressions were noted in a letter to his wife:

I got up to the Hippodrome at 7.20—the street was lined with people along toward both entrances standing in the pouring rain, waiting to get in or get a sight of *Joe*. I had a platform seat, and a good observation point. . . . Chamberlain certainly received a splendid ovation. He spoke well—in a low but distinct voice, well modulated—and put his points well—made his appeals with skill, and now and then was strong in the imperial strain. His audience was with him, workingmen and all. You would have been a little disappointed in point of eloquence and vigour. But he is 67 years of age, and one must not forget the arduous toils of the Colonial Secretaryship, and the responsibility and weight of this departure, and the exacting nature of his work. He has been laid up with gout—an enemy of his—but walked without a cane, though circumspectly. . . . There is no denying that Chamberlain is very popular—perhaps the strongest figure in the Empire to-day.

There was some criticism of Foster's appearance on English platforms. A Liberal member of parliament whose constituency he invaded denounced this invasion as "a gross impertinence"; and at some of his meetings he met with a good deal of heckling. But he was a past-master in the art of dealing with hecklers and interrupters; and everywhere he triumphed over them. Especially notable is his description of the meeting in Tunbridge:

It was packed, and one of the noisiest meetings I have attended anywhere—the one in Toronto during the Manitoba School campaign was the only noisier meeting of which I have experience. Boscawen (the local member) spoke for an hour—questions were fired off, a dozen talking at once—Chamberlain's name was booed and hissed whenever it was mentioned—and Boscawen completed his hour with great difficulty. Then came my turn. When I got on my feet a dozen men were up wanting to ask questions, but after a bit they concluded to let me go on and keep their questions until I was through. I put in a spoke by saying that I thought Kentishmen could put up a livelier meeting than Canadians, but that in Canada it was always the case that they gave a most respectful hearing to men from abroad, and that I had no doubt a Kentish audience would prove itself quite equal, if not superior, to a Canadian audience in this respect. So gaining silence, I got to work, and spoke for an hour, and with an excellent hearing. They told me that the meeting was quieter than any that had before been held in Tunbridge.

At Lancaster he was the guest of Lieut.-Col. John Foster, of Hornby Hall, who had been the local member of parliament from 1895 to 1900; and in his visit to Hornby Hall took a peculiar interest. Writing to his wife, he described it thus:

Hornby Castle dates back to before the Norman times, and is a noted old place—estate of about 12,000 acres. . . . Col. Foster's father was named John, and his grandfather who bought the place was named John. It was from this country that my forefathers came, and I have the pedigree of Col. Foster. We are very likely a bit related.

At Edinburgh, he renewed acquaintance with his old haunts as a student, and was taken about the University by the president, Sir William Butler. Back in London, he received an invitation to go to see Chamberlain at Birmingham, before he left for Canada:

His coach met me at the station, and I drove out to Highbury, a beautiful place about three and a half miles from the station. Here I found a warm welcome; the train was late, and Mrs. C. had gone to London, but his two daughters were there. I saw little of them, for we talked through the whole subject till five o'clock. Then tea, and away to Liverpool, which I reached at

9.30, and had my dinner alone in state. So ended the day. Mr. Chamberlain was in good health and spirits, and gave me a number of inside views on several phases of the policy of the late government and his own movements.

Shortly after his return to Canada, Foster received from Joseph Chamberlain the following interesting letter:

Private

Highbury,
Birmingham,
26 January, 1904

Dear Mr. Foster:

I received and read with very great interest your letter of Dec. 30, and have closely followed your work since you reached home.

It seems to me that the question in which we are both so much interested might easily take up the whole of our time. There is no limit here to the pressure upon me, and I judge that you are in the same position in Canada. People seem to think that there is no limit to the endurance of human nature.

I have now finished my first campaign. The result has been in the highest degree encouraging, but at the close I remain of the same opinion as I was at the beginning, viz., that although we are going to win we cannot do it *uno saltu*. The inherent conservatism of the British voters makes them very difficult to move except with the party to which they have attached themselves, and Liberals who believe as strongly as I do in my policy, are still ready to vote with their party and to put Education, or War Office Reform, or some other subject, before the new issue. Even in the time of the War, or before that, of the Home Rule business, the number of converts was small in comparison with the number voting according to their old party predilections. I think, therefore, that the next election, which may probably come in the autumn, will go against us—chiefly on the Education Bill. I would much rather lose than win with a small majority which would not be powerful enough to carry a great change, and all my hopes are fixed on the election afterwards when we shall have done a great deal more to educate the people, and when the present side issues will have lost their force.

If I could settle matters my own way, I would put the Opposition in for twelve months, and then I should have entire faith that their inevitable failure to give satisfaction to all the extremists who together make up their party, would leave the way open for a definite fight on the fiscal issue.

The present position is that we have interested the people in the reforms we have proposed and have shaken their faith in the old remedies, but we want at least 12 months more before we can crystallize their feelings into a definite resolution for change strong enough to overcome their party alliances.

In Canada I see the question is also much complicated by domestic politics. I have felt somewhat discouraged that the government, as such, has made no definite pronouncement, but I am willing to make allowances for their party difficulties.

It is pleasant to hear from you that the result of your meetings convinces you that the British population generally are quite prepared to meet the Mother Country half way, and that in the meantime they will not be tempted by any offers from our friends across the border which would interfere with an Imperial settlement.

I need hardly say after our conversation that I entirely repudiate the allegation that our present proposal for mutual preference involves anything under the surface. I am personally convinced that some better arrangement as to our respective share in the defence of the Empire and some nearer approach to an Imperial Council are desirable, but I have no wish nor intention to mix these great questions up with the minor one we are at present considering. Let us get mutual trade relations and trust that our successors may find a way to bind the Empire closer together in other directions.

I have now made my arrangements to take a holiday which will give my mind a little rest. I shall start about the middle of next month and be away for eight weeks.

Meanwhile, with kind remembrances and great admiration of the work you are doing,

I am,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) J. CHAMBERLAIN

XII. THE RETURN TO PARLIAMENT

“Rightly to be great
Is, not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour’s at the stake.”

—*William Shakespeare*

THE Laurier government went for the second time to the country in the autumn of 1904. There were, as must always be the case with a government which has been in power for a number of years, influential factors working against it. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, for all his gentle demeanour and urbane manners, had beneath his velvet glove an iron hand; and he had discarded with surprising ruthlessness, those who crossed his path. Israel Tarte, his chief adviser in the elections of 1896, had been the first to go: his advocacy of higher tariffs in 1902 had brought about his almost immediate dismissal from the government. Then, in July, 1903, Andrew Blair, the minister of railways and canals, was forced to resign through opposition to the policy adopted by the government, over his head, of constructing a second transcontinental railway, paralleling the Intercolonial Railway in part, and in part projected through a country unknown and unsurveyed. Lastly, in June, 1904, Lord Dundonald, the general officer commanding the militia in Canada, who had come into conflict with the acting minister of militia, the Hon. Sydney Fisher, over some partisan appointments, was summarily relieved of his

command—in a manner which did not reflect vast credit on the government.

The course of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in regard to all these episodes, while technically correct (for both Israel Tarte and Lord Dundonald had virtually invited dismissal from office, and Andrew Blair took in resigning the only step open to him), yet roused against the government widespread feeling. Tarte was not without support in the province of Quebec, which has always been at heart protectionist; Dundonald's attack on the policy of the government in making the militia a plaything of party politics evoked enthusiastic support in Ontario; and Blair's resignation caused profound disquiet to many thinking people in all parts of the country. Apart altogether from the question as to whether the government's policy was right or wrong (though there can be little doubt to-day that Laurier's handling of the railway problem was a grave blot on his record), these incidents served to undermine seriously the strength of the government in the country.

On the other hand, the government had a number of substantial achievements to which it could point—the imperial preference, imperial penny postage, the establishment of a department of Labour, the regulation of combines, and many other reforms. Most influential, however, was the wave of prosperity which had swept over Canada since the beginning of the century, brought about by the influx into the country of both immigration and capital. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the large expenditures to which the government was committed, both for the building of the transcontinental railway, and for improvements of a more local character, made a distinct appeal to certain elements in the electorate. If one adds to this the

attractive personality and persuasive eloquence of the prime minister, and the still outstanding character of his cabinet (as compared with any cabinet which the Opposition seemed likely to be able to form), one has the chief elements in the situation which made the elections of 1904, despite any mistakes the government may have made, almost a foregone conclusion.

Foster, who had been a resident of Toronto since 1901, obtained the Conservative nomination in the new constituency of North Toronto. He was opposed by the mayor of Toronto, Thomas Urquhart, an able and high-minded politician who was, curiously enough, like Foster, a Baptist and a prohibitionist. The two candidates started, therefore, in this regard, on an even footing. But Foster's election address, issued on November 2, showed such a striking dialectical power that it gave him an advantage at the outset, and is worthy of being reproduced *in extenso*:

Hon. GEO. E. FOSTER

to the

Electors of North Toronto

Dear Sir:

As an elector you are called upon to decide whether Mr. Thomas Urquhart or myself shall represent the constituency of North Toronto in the Parliament of Canada. I have made my public canvass and laid the issues of the campaign before you. I have invited Mr. Urquhart to come to my meetings, or allow me to meet him before an impartial chairman upon equal terms.

He has, however, declined to discuss the public issues of the campaign in open debate before you.

I did not have time, owing to my other engagements throughout the province, to make a private canvass, and I therefore am obliged to leave every elector to exercise his franchise without personal solicitation.

I understand Mr. Urquhart has gone from door to door and from elector to elector, and whispered his case where no one could refute him or answer him. His canvass has not been a broad and open one. Commencing with a flimsy telegram from his leader, he has based his claim for election upon patronage, party favours,

alleged Mayoralty services (without giving any credit to the Council of the city), and prospective Government favours.

He has appealed to small, unworthy and narrow prejudices, and numbers of his paid advocates have, without any just cause, sought to malign my character and attack my private life.

This election should be determined upon the main political issues which involve the welfare of our Dominion. On these I stand:—

(1) For the honourable fulfilment of all pledges given to the electors by a public man.

(2) For the indispensable qualifications of ability and character in appointments to all public offices in the gift of the Crown.

(3) For an audit on behalf of the people with adequate powers to an Auditor-General free from all improper Government pressure. Hands off the Auditor-General!

(4) For the complete elimination of political favours and degrading party patronage in the management of the militia of Canada. Hands off the Militia!

(5) For the strengthening of the growing industries of Canada by an adequate protection of our capital and of our labour against foreign manufacturers, so that the farmers of Canada shall retain their home market and the artisans of Canada shall have the privilege of manufacturing our own and imported raw material into the finished product for the supply of Canadians. Hands off the National Policy!

(6) For mutual preferential trade relations throughout the Empire, so that the members of the great family of nations under British Rule may treat each other on better terms than they treat alien or hostile countries.

(7) I stand for the extension of the Intercolonial Railway to the West, for Government ownership and operation of a national system of railway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and for Canadian harbours, so that there shall be one great central trunk line from ocean to ocean owned by the people, run by the people, and in the interests of the people, with no watered stock to be tolled for freights against eastern and western producers for dividends to railway magnates, and upon which tolls and rates shall be charged to pay operating expenses and interest upon capital invested, and no more, and thus give to Canadians forever a Government railway which will regulate all traffic between the East and the West for all time to come.

(8) I stand for the honest, economical and non-partisan management of the Government railway through and through, in place of a partisan and patronage system, which always has been and always will be a vicious, dangerous and extravagant system.

It will be interesting to consider where Mr. Thomas Urquhart stands on these leading vital questions. He claims that he supports a leader and a Government which have broken almost every pledge and violated almost every promise it made in regard to taxation, expenditure, the great question of Protection, the granting of railway subsidies, the use of the bounty system, the reform of the Senate, the purity of the ballot box, and the independence of Parliament. He joins the procession of Ministers and candidates who dangle public works before the electors in the hope of securing their votes, who seek to influence the franchise of the people throughout the constituencies with promises of public works, post-offices, canals, and town clocks; and who without any apparent shame set before the electors the Government troughs which the virtuous *Globe*, under different management, and under the influence of a different editor, denounced in unsparing terms in 1892.

Let the electors compare the *Globe* of former years with the *Globe* of to-day and imagine, if possible, such battle cries as:—

“Vote for Alexander Mackenzie and the Post-office.”

“Vote for the Hon. Edward Blake and The Canal.”

“Vote for the Hon. George Brown and a New Town Clock.”

Such cries would have sounded strangely to Liberal ears in days gone by. To-day, under the present régime, and with the new names, they form the universal battle slogan.

Mr. Thomas Urquhart seems to stand for such vicious and degrading appeals to the electors of the new constituency of North Toronto.

On the vital question of our great industrial policy the clear, decisive note which the electors have a right to hear has never been uttered by Mr. Urquhart. We know that he was an advocate of unrestricted reciprocity in 1891; and in favour of the discrimination against the Motherland—a policy which forced Edward Blake to leave the party of Commercial Union and publish to the world his patriotic manifesto of dissent.

We know that he follows a leader who has chosen to accept the distinguishing medal of the Cobden Club, and who appeals to the electorate of Canada as neither free trader nor protectionist, but simply “practical man”, and whose followers are to-day proclaiming free trade in the West and protection in the East.

The electors of North Toronto should find out what the convictions of Mr. Thomas Urquhart are—if he has any—for one will search his public utterances in vain for any clear and definite statement of policy on the leading public questions of the day.

Take, for example, the great question of the ownership and control of a transcontinental railway system; you will find that



The Political Traveler

A POLITICAL CARTOON OF 1904.

in former days Mr. Thomas Urquhart was bold and persistent in his advocacy of the principles of public ownership of franchises, not only for the City of Toronto, but throughout the Province of Ontario, and in the year 1902 he actually claimed the suffrages of the electors in the provincial campaign upon the principle of the Government ownership and operation of railways in the Province of Ontario, nailing it to his standard as the all-important question of the Century, and pinning his colours to the mast in the following words, at Massey Hall, per *Globe* report: "The great question now to the front, and a question that would not down, was that of the ownership of great public franchises. The Ontario Government had made a start on that course by undertaking the construction of a railway for the opening up of the Temiskaming District for the benefit of the whole province. He believed they had started on the right course, and he would support them."

Where is he now with his "mast" and his "colours" and his Government ownership?

My twenty years of public life in Canada are before you. I have been straight and outspoken in action, and have been a consistent advocate of the policy and the principles of the Liberal-Conservative party.

The Liberal-Conservative party has a record which, throughout its whole course, has been marked by progress, protection and loyal adherence to British and Canadian interests. They united the scattered provinces; they acquired the western empire; they opened up and bound the provinces together by great railway systems; they put down with a strong arm a rebellion which threatened the integrity of Canada, and they raised no quibbles about lack of constitutional power or lack of money when in 1899 Paul Kruger flung his insolent challenge in the face of our Queen, and threatened to drive her armies into the sea.

I submit to you my claims and that of the party I represent, and I respectfully solicit your vote and your active influence for my election as your representative in the Parliament of Canada.

Yours faithfully,

Toronto North, Nov. 2nd, 1904.

GEORGE E. FOSTER

During the elections, Foster took his full share of speaking in other constituencies. He spoke with Borden at St. John, New Brunswick, on September 9, when the Conservative leader opened his campaign; he spoke also with Borden at Toronto on October 4, and at Montreal on October 14. He assisted the Conservative candidate at Peterborough by speaking for

him on October 25, and the candidate at Orillia on October 31. Never was he in better form. When he addressed a meeting in his own interests in Toronto on October 16, the night after Sir Wilfrid Laurier had made one of his famous appearances at Massey Hall in Toronto, he dramatized his speech by transforming a large part of it into a dialogue between Sir Wilfrid and himself. "Now, Sir Wilfrid, what did you find when you came into power?" "You have been in power for seven years, Sir Wilfrid; what have you constructed in these seven years?" "Yes, Sir Wilfrid, you are a constructive gentleman—what else did you construct?" Questions such as these were followed by devastating parodies of the Liberal position. Even the enthusiastic reception Sir Wilfrid had received in Toronto was explained away with delightful raillery:

Now, Mr. Chairman, they had over at Massey Hall last night, as the Boston girl would say, an elegant time. (Laughter) The people of Toronto are a kindly, hospitable people, and they can size up a situation and make up their minds upon it pretty well. That is the reason why Sir Wilfrid Laurier always has had and always will have a good reception in the city of Toronto; and after it is over, the business men in the city of Toronto will go about their own work in their own way, without paying very much attention to what he has said.

This explanation of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's relations with the Tory city of Toronto has become classic.

The contest in North Toronto was close. Mayor Urquhart's local prestige, backed by governmental promises of local improvements, made his candidature dangerous. But Foster's trenchant rhetoric, combined with his long and meritorious services, had its effect; and when the votes were counted, it was found that he had been elected by a small majority. The Conservative party, as a whole, however, did not fare so well. Ontario and Prince Edward Island returned a

majority of Conservative members; but in every other province the Conservatives returned were in a decided minority, and in Nova Scotia and British Columbia not a single Conservative was returned. R. L. Borden, the leader of the party, was defeated in Halifax; and in the new House the Conservatives found themselves in a minority of over sixty, where they had hoped for a majority of forty.

Universal regret was expressed on account of the defeat of R. L. Borden in Halifax. Even Liberal newspapers voiced the hope that a seat would be found for him in parliament; and, in point of fact, several safe seats were immediately offered to him. One of these was that of Colonel Sam Hughes in Victoria and Haliburton—a fact which may serve to explain the patience and long-suffering with which Borden, as we shall see, treated the vagaries of Sir Sam Hughes during the Great War. But, for the moment, Borden refused to accept any of the seats offered to him, preferring to wait until the party caucus at the opening of parliament should determine the question of the future leadership of the party. Parliament met on January 11, 1905; and from that date until February 7, Foster, as senior privy councillor in the Conservative ranks, was acting leader of the Opposition. There were even suggestions that Foster should succeed Borden; and at a preliminary caucus held in Montreal on December 5, 1904, both Foster and E. F. Clarke of Toronto, whose name had been put forward as a possible leader, were absent, though both sent cordial letters urging Borden's continuance as leader of the party. The general feeling of the Conservative party, however, proved to be strongly in favour of Borden's leadership; and at the caucus held on January 11, 1905, when parliament opened, Borden was

unanimously confirmed in his position as leader of the Opposition. The member for Carleton resigned in his favour; he was later elected to this constituency by acclamation; and on February 7 he resumed his seat in the House.

From 1905 to 1911 Foster sat on the front Opposition benches as one of Borden's chief lieutenants. During this time he gave Borden a loyal and valiant support; and when, after the elections of 1908, there was a cabal against Borden's leadership, Foster was decidedly not one of the members of the cabal. During these years, moreover, Foster resumed his old place as financial critic of the Opposition. His criticism of the budget of W. S. Fielding in the House in 1905 was marked by all his old-time trenchant force; and in the years that followed he continued, not only in parliament, but also in the press and on the platform, to wage the battle for tariff reform, or preferential trade within the Empire.

That Foster's return to the arena was not welcomed in the government ranks, was soon apparent. The Liberal party had suffered so often from his caustic criticism and mordant wit that it had been secretly relieved and delighted by his exit from parliament in 1900 and his defeat in the North Ontario bye-election of 1903. The glee with which the party newspapers proclaimed "the passing of Foster" told its own tale. And when he returned to parliament in 1904, it was not long before the government turned its artillery upon him. The session of 1905 was still young when the postmaster-general, the Hon. (later Sir) William Mulock, revived on the floor of the House the ancient charge against him that he had been guilty of treason against his leader in January, 1896, and that he had abjured his temperance principles. Foster

replied to these charges in words so moderate and reasonable that it is well they should be reproduced here:

Mr. Foster. I do not know that I have a right to ask it, but I would like to say about twenty-five words in answer to my hon. friend in a very cool and collected way—not by way of recrimination. It is not an interesting thing, and probably it is not a very pleasant thing, to hurl these recriminations against one another as representatives of a party. My hon. friend opposite has followed me from that time to this with his peculiar version of the affair of 1896, not only in parliament, but to a certain extent in every contest in which I have engaged, like a sleuth hound on my track.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Order.

Mr. Foster. I do not think that is out of order.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Like a sleuth hound.

Mr. Foster. Yes.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Is that the modern way?

Mr. Foster. My hon. friend knows what a hound is for. He is to track his prey by whatever instincts and capabilities Providence has endowed him with. In my contest in North Ontario, my hon. friend did me the honour to track me. He followed me from concession to concession, and his chief stock in trade was this particular version of his as to my not acting as a man and a gentleman in 1896. Now, it is just as well that I should state once and for all in parliament, very briefly, just what I did and just what I conceive I was right in doing. That is all I want to do. From that time in 1896 up to this present moment, although I have been hounded—as I have stated—I do not find fault with any one for doing that if he thinks it is a good piece of party politics—although it has been thrown in my teeth everywhere, I have never yet stood up in public when attacked, I have never once allowed myself to give the version plain and clear of my action at that time. Why? Because I did not think it was in the interest of the public life of this country for me to do it. I felt that I would rather take the implications and the charges and whatever penalty came with them than violate what I conceived to be a good maxim in public life, that in these matters we are bound by our oath and our position as privy councillors to give our reasons to His Excellency and to let them bide there. Now, the first charge that my hon. friend brought against me was that I came into this House on the prohibition platform and that I repudiated my principles later. This is incorrect in every particular. I came into this House and I take now the opportunity of stating that I came into this House as a teetotaler in practice,

as a prohibitionist in principle, well known because these had been my principles, right or wrong, from my youth up. My canvass in the county in which I won my first election was absolutely outside the question of prohibition, and there is no man in this country that can say to the contrary. My published circular to my people, my call to them, and my whole canvass were on the question of the policy of the government in regard to trade matters particularly and that alone, and I came to this parliament as an independent Conservative in favour of the National Policy. The hon. gentleman says that a man may have individual opinions, but that when he becomes a member of a government he may not be able to make his opinions effective, and he excused himself in two particulars for his not having carried out as a member of the government what he held to be right as a private individual. Will not the same reasoning apply to me?

Sir William Mulock. But the hon. gentleman abjured his principles.

Mr. Foster. The hon. gentleman abjured his principles? It does not lie in the mouth of my hon. friend to make that statement now, nor did it ever. If the hon. gentleman can say that I have violated my total abstinence principles let him stand up and bring the proof. If he can say that I have violated my prohibitionist principles let him stand up and say so. I am not such a ninny or so absurd, or so wanting in common sense as to think, however strongly a man may hold individual prohibition opinions that he is able to put them upon the country unless the majority of the electors will stand behind his back. I never thought so, never said so, and never tried to. My hon. friend justifies himself by saying that he could not carry out in the government individual opinions because he could not impress them upon the majority of the government. It is within the judgment of the House whether there has ever been a time in the history of the parliament when I or any other prohibitionist could impress our views on the majority of the House with sufficient strength as to bring about the enactment of a prohibitory law.

My hon. friend says that I was no gentleman in that I swore an oath of allegiance to my premier and broke it. I was not aware of swearing any oath of allegiance to my premier, nor do I think my hon. friend is aware of having sworn any oath of allegiance to his premier. Am I not to be allowed to leave the government if I differ from it on points of policy or principle? Is a man to be branded as no gentleman because, differing from what is the policy and principle of his government, he leaves it? Did not Mr. Angers, Mr. Ouimet, Sir Adolphe Caron and Mr. Clarke Wallace leave the government? Were they no gentlemen? There

have been gentlemen who have left the government of the right hon. Prime Minister (Sir Wilfrid Laurier). And why? Because they differed upon points of policy and upon principle from his government. Did they violate their oaths of allegiance to the premier, or were they no gentlemen because they left? The statement of my hon. friend will not hold good in that respect. At whatever time a member of the government feels that he is out of accord with his premier and the government of which he is a member on points of policy or administration, he has a perfect right to send in his resignation, and he retains all his attributes of a gentleman and an honourable man in doing so. I did not leave the government for financial preference or personal emolument. When I left the government I left my position and I left my salary. I gave my demission in to the Governor General. I justified, as we all did, my resignation by the explanations which I made to the Governor General. I presume the Governor General who heard our explanations and received them did not apparently come to the conclusion that we were no gentlemen or that we had violated our oaths of allegiance as was stated by my hon. friend, for that very same Governor General made us again members of the following government without stain and without reproach. Now, what does my hon. friend wish me to do? What would he have done, I venture to ask him, if he were in the same position as I, not that I think he is apt to be in such a position? He hangs on pretty thoroughly and pretty closely, but suppose my hon. friend came to the conclusion that he could not agree with his premier on some line of public policy, would he have violated his standard of gentlemanly conduct if he had frankly told the premier so and left? Before I or any of my colleagues left the government, our premier knew our position and had it within his own hands. Would my hon. friend be not acting the part of a gentleman because, if he disagreed with his premier to-day, or to-morrow, he left the government, or, if he said: As an honest man I cannot agree with you on this question of policy or principle, and I hand in my resignation? He will not say so. Therefore, the charge he urged against me in this respect has no force at all.

By what right did he call this a conspiracy? Does the hon. gentleman, himself, know the circumstances of the case? A reasonable man or a careful man will not make a statement of that kind except upon thorough knowledge. What thorough knowledge has my hon. friend of the circumstances of the case? Has he any? Was he within the secrets of the Council? Has he been made the bosom friend and confidant of any member of the government of that time? I venture to say that he has not. On what

authority does he stand up here and say that this was a conspiracy, not knowing the facts of the case, not knowing a single one of the facts of the case? So when you come to reason fairly and carefully on the premises of my hon. friend they do not hold water. So far as I am concerned that is the statement of my position. I make it here in the House and I apologize to the House for having had to take up their time to make it, but it has been often urged outside of the House and up to this time I have never taken occasion to vindicate myself by making a statement. When it was brought up and elevated to the dignity of what I might call a front bench question, I thought it was only fair for me to ask my right hon. friend and the House to indulge me in making this plain statement of the affair.

But this attack was only the preliminary gun. The following year the Liberal party launched against his private character, as a business man, one of the most determined, gratuitous, and malevolent attacks to which any public man in Canada has ever been subjected. This was an onslaught on his conduct of the affairs of the Union Trust Company, the investment agency of the Independent Order of Foresters, to the management of which he had been appointed in 1901. But the circumstances connected with this episode are such that they require some preliminary explanation.

During the first years of the twentieth century there was in the United States an epidemic of "muck-raking", especially in the highways and byeways of big business; and among other large corporations which came under investigation were the insurance companies. An investigation which took place in New York in 1905 disclosed certain irregularities in the conduct of some of the American insurance companies; and a demand sprang up that a similar inquiry should be made into the operations of Canadian insurance companies. The result was the appointment, on February 28, 1906, of a royal commission, composed of Judge D. B. MacTavish, a county judge, John W. Langmuir,

the manager of the Toronto General Trust Company, and Ambrose L. Kent, a Montreal accountant, to investigate the business of insurance in Canada. The commission opened its inquiry on March 7, and it continued to hold sittings until November 4. It delved into the affairs of every insurance company and fraternal society in Canada, and among the rest it investigated the Independent Order of Foresters and its investment agency, the Union Trust Company. This company had been organized in 1900, with a capital of \$2,000,000, of which one half was paid up, and which was later increased to \$2,500,000; and Foster had been in 1901 appointed its managing director. Foster had no interest in the Independent Order of Foresters; and any action which he took as manager of the Trust Company, was subject to the approval of his board of directors. He had the task of investing the funds of the Trust Company—funds derived largely, it is true, from the Foresters—to the best advantage. In 1902 and 1903 he invested some of the funds of the company in western lands through subsidiary syndicates, and also in timber limits and saw mills in British Columbia. All these investments turned out most profitably. Neither the Union Trust Company nor the Independent Order of Foresters lost one cent by them, but on the contrary made profits far in excess of previous rates of profit. But Foster had been a member of at least one of the syndicates with which the Union Trust Company had dealt; and it was charged that in the case of another syndicate Foster had received commissions on certain transactions, though no proof of this was ever adduced. The result of the insurance investigation in New York, moreover, had been to throw a good deal of doubt on the

propriety of insurance companies investing their funds through subsidiary organizations; and in April, 1906, the Independent Order of Foresters decided to sever its connection with the Union Trust Company. Shortly afterwards, Foster resigned as managing director of the company; and, consequently, when he was called upon to appear before the Royal Commission on Insurance, he had no longer any connection with, or responsibility for, the affairs of the Union Trust Company.

This did not prevent, however, the most searching examination being made into every phase of his conduct as managing-director of the company—an examination inspired, one is reluctantly compelled to believe, by a desire to make party capital out of the private business dealings of one high in the councils of the Conservative party. Foster was subjected to a prolonged investigation before the Commission; and strenuous efforts were made by the prosecuting counsel appointed by the Laurier government to show that he had misused the trust funds placed in his care. That it is undesirable that the manager of a trust company should have dealings with a syndicate in which he himself is interested, even though the law may not actually forbid such transactions, may be admitted, though it must also be admitted that a manager of a trust company may be strictly honest and honourable in his dealings with such a syndicate. Indeed, it may be held that his knowledge of the investment is in such a case a safeguard of the interests of those who have entrusted their money to him; and when the investment turns out profitably there would seem to be, in the absence of any legal prohibition of the investment, small grounds for criticism. That a managing-director should accept commissions

on transactions in which he is concerned, is no doubt a more serious matter; but Foster denied the receipt of such commissions in the most explicit manner possible. In his testimony before the Royal Commission on October 3, 1905, he gave evidence under oath as follows:

I am not a rich man. I went into politics in 1882 and continued until 1896. I had not that peculiar ability which enables men to get rich and attend to their political duties. I came out poorer than I went in. For many years I have carried heavy financial responsibilities, but I have met them all. When I left the Ministry in 1896 I embarked in a number of financial enterprises, some of which were successful. To finance my obligations I received the assistance of kind friends, among them Mr. George W. Fowler. I received from him not only \$2,500 shown by the bank, but something between \$5,000 and \$7,500. This was partially on account of an interest we have in a mining deal. I give you my oath that not a cent I received from him, or anyone else, was for any commission whatever.

To anyone who remembers that, from 1887 to 1896, Foster conducted the finances of Canada without the finger of suspicion ever being directed against the integrity of his administration, these words must carry conviction.

In the light of what followed, Foster would probably have been the first to admit that he had been guilty of bad judgment in laying himself open to the criticism of his political enemies by investing trust funds in a business in which he was interested, even though such investments were passed upon by his board of directors, and even though, as the general manager of another company put it, "we should have to bring in the office boys as directors, if no director could be in any way interested in any security we bought." But that he was guilty of any moral obliquity or business dishonesty, no one who examines the facts with an open mind can for a moment believe.

The Royal Commission, in reporting its findings, however, made some severe animadversions on the transactions in which Foster, as well as a number of others, had been concerned. They did not find them illegal; but they found them objectionable, and they recommended that legislation should be introduced to make them illegal. In this they had in mind, no doubt, the future rather than the past. They aimed at establishing ideal conditions in the insurance business. But it was significant that their proposals were greeted with widespread disapproval by insurance experts, most of whom found the reforms proposed highly unpractical; and that in the legislation subsequently introduced into parliament many of the recommendations of the Commission were dropped.

The report of the Royal Commission, however, gave an edge to the attack which the Liberals had launched against Foster. The parliamentary session of 1907 was still young when the supporters of the government in the House of Commons showed a decided tendency to try to make political capital out of the findings of the Insurance Commission. References were made to the insurance inquiry which brought to his feet George W. Fowler, the Conservative member for King's, New Brunswick, who had been associated with Foster in some of the land transactions of the Union Trust Company. In round and ringing terms, Fowler gave this warning to the government:

I want this House and the Right Hon. the First Minister and the government to understand that if matters in connection with my private business are to be discussed in this House, I shall take an opportunity to discuss the private character of members of this Administration and members on that side. . . . I shall allow no man to make an attack on me or my character without retorting. I shall discuss the character of Hon. members opposite whether they be Ministers or private members and their connection with wine, women, and graft.

This vigorous counter-offensive effectually silenced for the moment the demand for a parliamentary investigation of the matters dealt with in the Insurance Report; but when the report of the Commission was laid before the House, the controversy flared up anew.

In reply to criticisms from the right of the Speaker, R. L. Borden made the direct charge that the government counsel before the Insurance Commission had made a deliberate attempt to injure Foster, and even Borden himself; and he maintained that the procedure before the Commission had been highly improper. The witnesses, he pointed out, were "subjected to an inquiry and interrogation altogether unknown to the British law, although it is known to the law of some other countries. They were not given the right to cross-examine by their own counsel; they were not given the right to call in witnesses for the purpose of controverting any statements made against them." Then Foster rose in his own defence, and made one of the ablest and most powerful speeches of his career. "I have come," he said, "to the deliberate conclusion down in my heart (it will stay there as long as I live, though I live to be as old as Methusaleh) that one of the most diabolical attempts has been made under the shadow of that Commission to asperse, and if possible destroy, the character of a fellow-member of this House, that has ever been known in the history of government commissions." He took up one by one the findings of the report, and answered them *seriatim* in great detail; and he concluded by asking the House to return its report to the Commission for change and correction:

In common justice, Sir, from man to man, have I not the right to ask this House to keep out of its records, where they otherwise will lie until the eternal doom is sounded, lies, misrepresentations, concealments of truth, improper allegations, and inferences with

reference to my character and standing as a business man? What right has this House to perpetuate an injustice upon any one of its members? What right has this House to ask that the public money of this country shall be voted to brand me a common grafter for all eternity? I will fight it until I die. I will protest against it as long as there is a breath in my body.

Yet the ghost of these charges would not be laid. When the Laurier government went to the country in the autumn of 1908, the Liberal newspapers throughout the country rang with accusations against Foster; and in particular the *Toronto Globe*, which circulated in Foster's own constituency of North Toronto, and which was edited by an able but erratic Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. J. A. Macdonald, virtually accused him of having robbed the widows and orphans dependent on the insurance funds of the Independent Order of Foresters. Foster promptly entered suit for libel against both the *Toronto Globe* and its editor, as well as against a number of other Liberal newspapers and politicians. Some of these, such as *Le Canada*, the government organ in Montreal, retracted what they had published. But the *Globe* refused to withdraw its allegations; and in the winter of 1909-10, after some delays, the case of Foster *v.* Macdonald actually came to trial. The result was what might have been foreseen in a case into which political feeling had entered. The jury found as follows:

We, the jury, do agree that in view of the evidence presented to us, Mr. Macdonald was justified in making the statements published by him in the *Globe* of the 21st October, 1908, and that, while Mr. Foster acted in good faith while acting in the capacity of General Manager of the Union Trust Company, his actions were open to criticism, and that he is not entitled to recover damages from Mr. Macdonald.

This finding was apparently an attempt on the part of the Liberal and Conservative members of the jury to arrive at a compromise.

Long before the jury in the *Globe* libel case had made its finding, however, another jury—composed of the electors of North Toronto—had pronounced their judgment on the charges which had been made against Foster's good name. The general elections of 1908 were held on October 26. In North Toronto Foster had to meet the opposition of W. H. Shaw, the head of a business college in Toronto, who left no stone unturned—or unflung—in order to drive his opponent from political life. As usual, Foster spoke in many other ridings than his own; while Shaw concentrated on his own constituency. Yet North Toronto gave Foster a majority over three times as great as he obtained in 1904, and thus gave him the vindication he valued most. Other Conservatives did not do so well. The Laurier government was returned with a majority scarcely less than in 1904. But Foster's increased majority in North Toronto showed what people thought of the campaign against him, and must have been as balm to his wounds.

XIII. THE RETURN TO POWER

"'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it."

—*Joseph Addison*

"Canada has the advantage of not having broken with
her history."

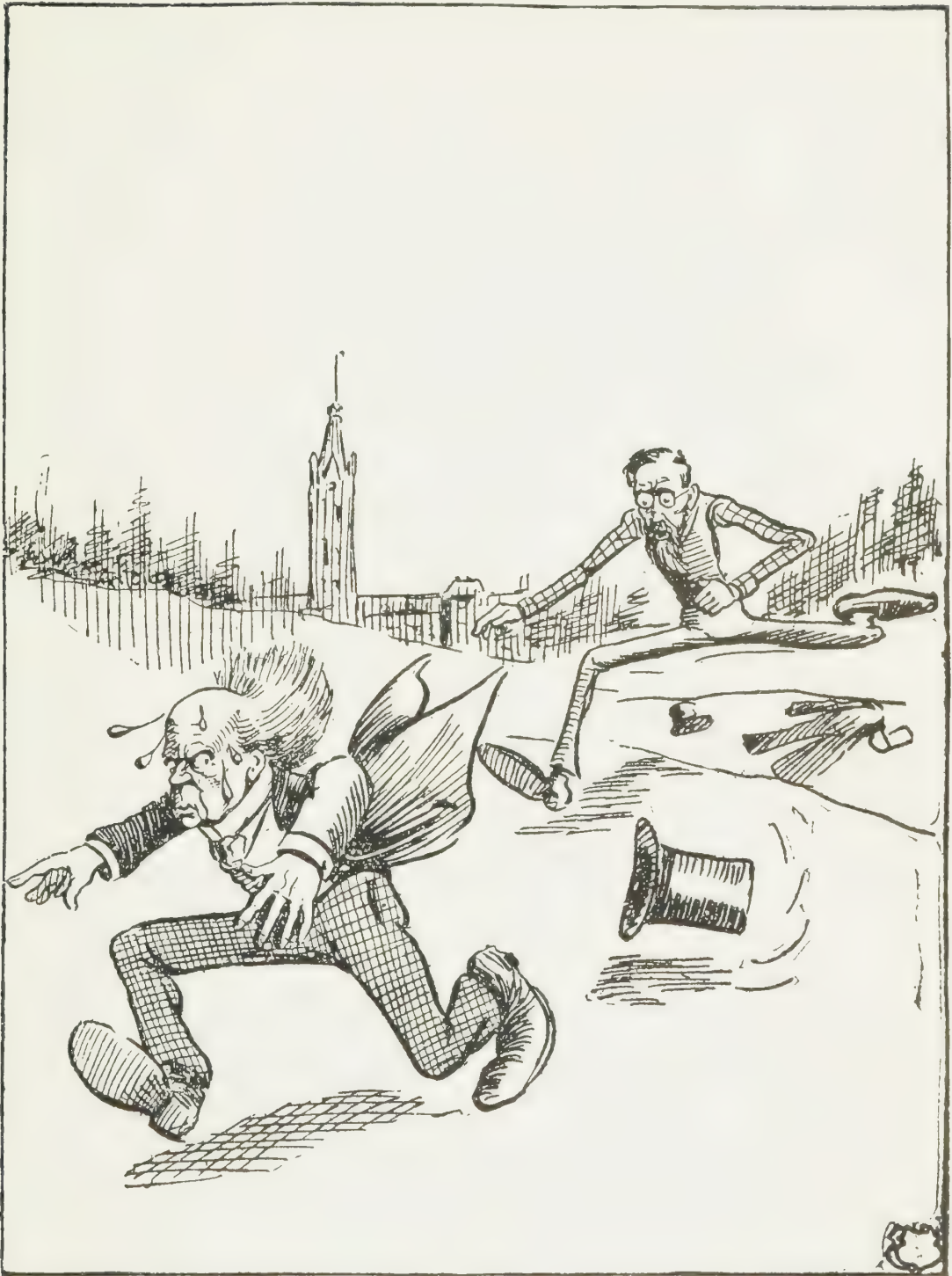
—*Goldwin Smith*

WHEN the new House met, the Conservatives, encouraged by the reduction in the Liberal majority, renewed their attack on the government with redoubled vigour. As usual, Foster was in the midst of the fray. The session of 1909 was still young when there occurred a sensational clash in which Foster crossed swords with Sir Wilfrid Laurier. There had been brought to light in the department of Marine and Fisheries some rather unsavoury scandals; and on April 2, 1909, Foster, who had been Sir John Macdonald's minister of Marine and Fisheries in 1885, rose in the House, and asked the prime minister:

What are you going to do about it? When the names of men who have been bribing your public servants, corrupting them, eating into the honour and manhood of your public service, and doing it greedily and systematically, have been exposed, are you going to proceed against them for that money? Why don't you do it? Is it because you share in it for party interest and party advantage?

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, stung to the quick, retorted angrily, "I have to say to my honourable friend that I have never manipulated other people's money; I have never manipulated trust funds." Like a flash, Foster

A LONG SHOT.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER:—"O, I don't know about St. Yves being the fastest ever of French origin. I can run some when Foster gets after me."

A POLITICAL CARTOON OF 1909.

was on his feet demanding a retraction. Laurier refused to withdraw his words; and there ensued a violent scene, lasting for nearly an hour, in which a dozen members were sometimes on their feet at the same time. The Speaker refused to rule on what was, after all, only an inference; but Foster demanded a ruling, and the Conservatives made it impossible for the prime minister to continue. At last, Laurier, with the manliness which always characterized his public utterances, admitted that his words had reference to the member for North Toronto; the Speaker ruled that the words used were unparliamentary; and Laurier was forced to withdraw them. Throughout the incident, Foster conducted himself with dignity, but with resolution; and his success in forcing the prime minister to take back what he had said was a signal parliamentary triumph. It does not fall to the lot of every parliamentarian to force a prime minister, backed by a large and obedient majority, to consume his own words.

Among the subjects that came before parliament in 1909 and 1910 there were two in which Foster took a particularly active interest. These were the questions of civil service reform and naval defence. Foster had been in favour of civil service reform and the abolition of patronage since his earliest days as a member of the House of Commons; and in 1908 he had moved a resolution in the House declaring that "the civil service system of Canada should be based on merit and character alone, and all the appointments thereto should be made from candidates whose competency has been established through open competitive examinations conducted under a non-partisan Civil Service Commission." The same year the government passed through parliament a Civil Service bill which established a

Civil Service Commission; but the provisions of this bill were such that it fell short of establishing in Canada anything like a replica of the British civil service, and Foster criticized severely some of the features of the bill. He returned to the attack in 1909 and in 1910; and on January 26, 1910, he moved the following resolution:

That in the opinion of this House the prevailing system of party patronage constitutes a menace to honest and efficient government, incites to great waste of resources and extravagance of expenditures, tends inevitably to corrupt and lower the tone of public morals, and should forthwith be eliminated from our Federal administration.

It would be folly to deny that this resolution was introduced with the object of embarrassing the government, and preventing it from claiming credit for an effective measure of civil service reform; but it is clear that it represented also Foster's sincere desire to place the Canadian civil service on the same footing as the British—an ideal of which he never lost sight during his long political career.

In the discussions on naval defence, Foster took no less prominent a part. By the spring of 1909, the German programme of naval construction had brought to an acute issue the British policy of naval development, and the desirability of the British Dominions coming to the aid of the Mother Country. New Zealand and Australia actually adopted the policy of contributing dreadnoughts to add to the strength of the British navy; and there were loud demands that Canada should do likewise. Before, however, the question had become acute, Foster had placed on the order paper of the House of Commons the following notice of motion:

That in view of her great and varied resources, of her geological position and national environment, and of that spirit of self-help and self-respect which alone befits a strong and growing people, Canada should no longer delay in assuming her proper share of the responsibility and financial burden incident to the suitable protection of her exposed coast-line and great sea-ports.

In answer to the demand for action, the Laurier government introduced into the House in 1910 a bill for the establishment of a Canadian navy. In doing this, it acted in harmony with the ideas of both Borden and Foster, who preferred the establishment of a Canadian navy to any contributions of money or warships to Great Britain. But a considerable wing of the Conservative party was insistent on an immediate contribution; and it soon became apparent that the Canadian navy which the government proposed to build was nothing better than (to use the phrase of the prime minister of Manitoba) "a tin-pot navy." It gradually appeared, moreover, that something like an emergency existed; and, in these circumstances, both Borden and Foster were compelled to shift their ground, and (while retaining the ideal of a Canadian navy as a permanent policy) to come out in favour of a contribution of warships as an emergency measure. What was important, Foster maintained, was that something should be done at once; and during the debate on the Naval Service Bill he summed up his attitude in these words:

I say that if for nothing else but the almost intolerable burden which the British taxpayer is carrying, and which will be made heavier upon him with each succeeding year, for which he and he alone pays, but as the result of which we have the security of our commerce, the security and peace of our country, the peace of the Empire and of the world—I say that, for this reason and outside of all emergencies, Canada with her one hundred millions of revenue, with her strength and wealth and power, ought to contribute immediately toward that Navy, from which she has taken

the benefits and to which she has contributed nothing in men or money.

During 1909, Foster, in his rôle of orator of the Conservative party, was exceptionally active. In March he spoke in the House on naval defence and civil service reform; in April he was put forward to attack the government budget; in May he was in New York, addressing the New York Canadian Club; in August he was in Halifax and St. John, speaking on naval defence and preparedness; in October he spoke in Winnipeg, and three days later in Toronto; and in December he was once more on the floor of the House, calling the attention of the government to the existence of United States gunboats on the Great Lakes, in contravention of a long-established international agreement. The physical strain of this activity, combined with the worries incident to his private affairs and the mental strain occasioned by his libel suit against the editor of the *Toronto Globe*, undermined his health; and not long after the termination of his suit against the *Globe* the newspapers announced that he was forced to contemplate retirement from political life, for a time at least, in order that his health might be restored.

This announcement was the occasion of a letter from his old antagonist, Sir Louis Davies—a letter which must have been as medicine to his soul:

Private

The Supreme Court of Canada,
Ottawa, Apl. 2, 1910

My dear Foster,

I have just seen in to-day's papers the statement of your contemplated retirement from active political life for a time at least, owing to the impaired state of your health.

I write a line to express the sincere and deep regret I feel at the fact of your retirement, and also as to its cause. There never was a time in our political history when Canada more required vigorous, keen, and intelligent criticism with regard alike to its public policy as to its annual expenditure than now. The able and

prominent part you have for years past taken in directing and leading this criticism entitles you to the hearty thanks of Canadians generally. Such criticism based upon knowledge must always be welcome to the better elements of the government of the day.

Removed now for many years from active political strife, I am perhaps better able as an onlooker to see and judge the game than those who are engaged in the thick of the fight. Many a time during these years as I read the Parliamentary debates, I felt that you were doing in the Commons a patriot's duty. Though you may not have been aware of it, there were very many throughout the country who like myself felt grateful to you for your keen lucid criticisms and your comparison of present with past expenditures. You will be greatly missed in the House, of which for so many years you have been a distinguished member and a financial leader.

I most sincerely trust that a good prolonged rest and holiday will restore you to health again, and that I may again see you in the political arena battling with all your old-time keenness and ability for what you believe to be the right.

We entered Parliament together the same day. My health entirely gave way in the election of 1901, having been greatly impaired before that. I trust that your case may be like mine, and that rest from political worries, troubles, and *ingratitude* will restore you to your former vigour.

With great respect, believe me, my dear Foster, to be very faithfully

Yours,

(Signed) L. H. DAVIES

Fortunately, the threatened retirement did not prove necessary. A rest brought about an improvement in health; messages such as that from Sir Louis Davies restored Foster's belief that his usefulness was not at an end; and there loomed on the horizon at this juncture a question which roused all Foster's fighting instincts. This was the project of reciprocity in trade with the United States. Between the Laurier government and the Republican government of President Taft, there was reached in the course of the year 1910, not (as is sometimes stated) a reciprocity treaty, but rather an agreement to bring in concurrent legislation

looking toward reciprocal trade in natural products. There is no doubt that Sir Wilfrid Laurier regarded the negotiation of this agreement as a master stroke of policy. He believed not only that it would bring to Canada increased prosperity, but also that it would give the government a much-needed popular cry with which to appeal to the country. Reciprocity with the United States had been repeatedly sought by Conservative governments in the past; and it seemed unlikely that the Opposition would be able to wage an effective campaign against it. It seemed doubtful, indeed, if the Conservatives would oppose it. With Foster, however, there was no halting between two opinions. His stand was already taken. As early as September, 1905, he had contributed to the *London Standard* some articles on *Reciprocity vs. Preferential Trade within the Empire*, in which he had come out flat-footed in favour of imperial preferences as against reciprocity with the United States. He had never abandoned the dream of an imperial Zollverein which had taken him crusading to Great Britain on behalf of Joseph Chamberlain in 1903; and there had recently come to him evidence from divers quarters that this cause was still worth fighting for. From Chamberlain himself he had received the following letter:

Dictated and private.

Highbury,
Birmingham,
31 Jan., 1910

Dear Mr. Foster,

I duly received your letter of Jan. 3, but I thought it better to wait a little until the election had declared itself to the end and we could look forward to the future with some knowledge.

The election has gone rather worse than we expected, and in Lancashire and London, as well as in Scotland, we have not done so well as we anticipated. Altogether it seems as though we should obtain a number equal to that of our opponents without counting the Labour and the Nationalist parties. Under these

circumstances it is clear that the next Parliament will be a short one, and that although we have not won as much as we hoped, we have made a considerable advance. Tariff Reform has gained many seats, but it is evident that the opposition of the Irish and other side parties is more than we can hope to overcome this time, and we shall have to wait for the next election for final victory. I do not expect that we shall ever get much help from the Irish, but we must wait until we can do without them.

The Liberals have conducted this election with less moderation than I could have supposed possible, and I entirely agree with your opinion of the attempts made by them to throw doubt upon the Peers who have behaved with extraordinary loyalty, and who, I think, will occupy a stronger position than they have ever occupied in the past.

In any case I do not believe the Government will be able to do much in the shape of their extreme policy, and the people of this country have been disgusted rather than frightened by the language they have used.

As soon as the election is quite over we must begin again, and I do not think we shall find ourselves weaker, although we cannot hope to be strong enough to settle the question entirely at present.

I follow with much interest the line taken by the Colonies, especially by Canada and Australia. I think that Laurier will not help us much at this time and I read with considerable regret of the policy of his Party as it appears to you. I understand, however, that they are a little deceived by names and forget that the Liberal Party and the Conservative Party here are neither of them the same as they were in the past.

Altogether we have made great progress, and I look forward with confidence to the preparation we shall make in future. You may be sure that Tariff Reform has come to stay and will be carried before very long. With the advance that we are making we shall not be long before we go further, and I still feel that we shall gain in the long run, although for the present we may have to ask for further confidence before victory waits entirely upon our banner.

With kind remembrances from Mrs. Chamberlain and myself, and with the full conviction that we shall be able to give you in Canada a full satisfaction before long,

I remain,

Yours truly,

(Signed) J. CHAMBERLAIN

Lord Lansdowne wrote to him in a similar strain:

Private.

Derreen,
Kenmare,
Co. Kerry,

Jan. 15, 1910

Dear Mr. Foster,

It gave me very great pleasure to hear from you, and to find that you still take an interest in what concerns one with whom between 1883 and 1888 you were so frequently in official contact.

The Imperial aspect of the great controversy which is now raging is the most important, and I am glad to say that in my opinion it is that which moves our people most. By the way, I was able to quote with effect to an audience of 7 or 8,000 people at Liverpool the admirable passage in which you warned your countrymen against entangling alliances while matters were still in suspense here.

Our friends are full of hope—far more so than they were, and one hears the most optimistic predictions. I have for a long time shared your opinion that unless we can get a fairly large majority—which I for one cannot bring myself to believe is possible—we should be in the best position if the present government were to come back with a small majority behind them. In that event they would be virtually beaten before the game begins, and we might look forward to a further trial of strength the results of which would not be in doubt.

Again thanking you cordially, I am,
dear Mr. Foster,

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) LANSDOWNE

Later, in response to an article on reciprocity which he had contributed to a Canadian periodical, he received from Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, a former member of the Laurier government, a letter which revealed the fact that there were important elements in the Liberal party which were not enthusiastically in favour of the reciprocity proposals:

Personal.

The Supreme Court of Canada,
October 14, 1910

My dear Foster,

I have read for the third time your article on Reciprocity in *The Canadian Century* and I must write you a line to congratulate you on the admirable way in which you state the Canadian case. May your health permit you to carry on the good work is my

earnest wish. I must even be guilty of what may be an unpardonable indiscretion and enclose copy of a letter written by me to His Excellency on the same subject. I wish that I were free to express my views publicly. Sometime perhaps I may have an opportunity to tell you of some of my experiences at the Hague which will confirm all you say.

Yours truly,

(Signed) C. FITZPATRICK

The reciprocity agreement was laid before the Canadian House of Commons on January 26, 1911, by W. S. Fielding, the minister of finance, in a speech which met with rounds of applause from the government benches. There were a few Liberals representing industrial communities who were silent, just as there were Conservatives representing rural constituencies who trembled at the prospect of having to oppose the agreement. The attitude of the Opposition was marked at first by some hesitation. The leader of the Opposition followed the finance minister with a speech of studied moderation, in which he confined himself largely to throwing doubt on the wisdom of the government's policy—doubt as to its effect on Canadian railways and interprovincial trade, doubt as to its probable duration, doubt as to its repercussions in respect to preferential trade within the British Empire. Foster, who spoke next on the Opposition side, did not mince matters. He described the situation as "one of extreme gravity", as one "which involves in a large degree the fiscal freedom and political independence of Canada", and as one "fraught with consequences greater than any of us can now see. . . . fraught with grave consequences to the future of that Empire in which Canada, up to the present time, has been a shining and noble part." But not all the Conservative members made up their minds as quickly as Foster. It was only gradually that opposition to the measure

crystallized. Then, as the measure was studied, the tide of criticism swelled. Not only did the speeches of the Opposition take on a more vehement and emphatic note, but dissent began to appear in the ranks of the Liberal party. Several Liberal members of parliament announced that they could not support the measure; Clifford (afterwards Sir Clifford) Sifton, who had left the government in 1905, went over to the Opposition, and became its "organizer of victory"; and on February 20, 1911, eighteen prominent Liberals of Toronto—including some of the most famous names among the financiers and industrialists of the Dominion—issued a manifesto in which they opposed reciprocity without reserve.

The result was that the government, instead of finding itself faced, as it had hoped, with an opposition divided and disconcerted, encountered an opposition which developed into deliberate obstruction. So determined was this obstruction that it became necessary for parliament to adjourn from May 23 to July 18 to enable Sir Wilfrid Laurier and a number of other members of the Dominion cabinet and parliament to attend the coronation of George V at Westminster. Among those invited to attend the coronation was Foster. As a Canadian privy councillor, he was privileged to have a seat in the Abbey itself; and he took part in most of the festivities. When he returned on July 29, parliament had already re-assembled; but the Opposition had in no way abated its "uncompromising hostility" to the reciprocity pact, and the government was, after a great struggle, compelled to give up its attempt to force the measure through the House, to dissolve parliament, and to order a general election.

The election campaign of 1911, which raged from early in the summer to the polling-day on September

21, was one of the most bitterly contested in Canadian history. Sir Wilfrid Laurier used all those arts of which he was master in appealing for the suffrages of the people. On his return from England he spoke in Montreal, on July 11, in the following strain:

Henry of Navarre at the battle of Ivry said, "Follow my white plume, and you will find it always in the forefront of honour." Like Henry IV, I say to you young men, "Follow my white plume—the white hairs of sixty-four years—and you will, I believe I can say it without boasting, find it always in the forefront of honour."

But not even the splendid eloquence of Sir Wilfrid could stem the tide that was running. The Liberals had unwittingly presented the Opposition with a platform which suited them perfectly. The building of the Empire into an imperial customs-union, the completion of the work of Confederation, the unwisdom of trusting the Americans *et dona ferentes*—these, and similar themes, were played upon by the Conservatives with devastating effect. In the campaign, Foster bore more than his share. Between August 12 and 25, he spoke in Ontario at North Bay, Paris, Woodstock, Brampton, New Liskeard, Cobalt, Burk's Falls, Toronto, Gorrie, Wingham, and Hanover; between August 28 and September 5, he spoke in the maritime provinces at Welsford, Fredericton, Chipman, Moncton, Oxford, Eastville, Antigonish, and Halifax; on September 8, he spoke at Shawville, Quebec; and it was only in the last week or so of the campaign that he returned to North Toronto to face his own constituents. Though now sixty-four years of age, he played a part in the campaign which would have done credit to a man half his age.

The general expectation was that Sir Wilfrid Laurier would be returned, though perhaps by a reduced majority. No one expected the landslide that

took place. Where Sir Wilfrid had had a majority of forty-five or thereabout in 1908, he now found himself, when the votes were counted, in a minority of forty-five. Seven members of the Laurier cabinet were defeated, among them W. S. Fielding and William Paterson, who had negotiated the reciprocity agreement; only one Liberal minister was returned in Ontario; and there were only three Liberals in Ontario returned with majorities larger than 500, whereas there were thirty-five Conservatives who obtained majorities larger than this. Foster, who had been opposed again by W. H. Shaw in North Toronto, polled a majority of over 3,000—a majority so decisive that it put to rest forever the campaign of calumny which had been waged against him, and placed the seal of public approval on his political career. The majority which North Toronto gave him in 1911, and again (as we shall see) in 1917, definitely put the quietus on the malignant charges which had been for so many years levelled against him. Never again was he compelled to hear the voice of the partisan politician referring either to “nests of traitors” or to “insurance scandals”.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, bowing to the verdict of the electors, submitted the resignation of his government to the governor-general, Earl Grey, on October 6; and the governor-general thereupon sent for the leader of the Opposition. Borden accepted the invitation to form a government, but asked for a few days in which to complete the necessary negotiations. He was able to announce the personnel of his cabinet on October 10; and on that day, the new ministers were sworn in. Borden himself took office as president of the council; W. T. (afterwards Sir Thomas) White, one of the eighteen Toronto Liberals who had declared against

reciprocity, took the portfolio of finance; and Foster was relegated to the department of trade and commerce—thus enduring the identical fate on which he had rallied Sir Richard Cartwright so mercilessly in 1896. Other outstanding members of the new cabinet were Robert Rogers, minister of the Interior; F. D. Monk, minister of public works; Frank Cochrane, minister of railways and canals; C. J. Doherty, minister of justice; L. P. Pelletier, postmaster-general; Sam (afterwards Sir Sam) Hughes, minister of militia and defence; Martin Burrell, minister of agriculture; and Dr. J. D. Reid, minister of customs. G. H. Perley, A. E. Kemp, and J. A. Lougheed (all of whom were later to be knighted) were ministers without portfolio.

The story of the negotiations leading up to the formation of this cabinet so far at least as they affected Foster, is told in some detail in Foster's diary and in his correspondence. The diary runs as follows:

Sept. 22. The govt. defeat is a decisive and general one; relieves us from sections, classes, and creeds.

Sept. 23. General congratulations pour in from all sides. Left for Ottawa.

Sept. 24. At home in peace and quietness again. Borden came in at noon. Telephoned him, but he was being protected by his wife—no communication.

Sept. 25. Now the cabinet-making begins, in the papers and in the clubs. B. keeps to his house and sees those he calls for. No communication.

Sept. 26. Taylor as a middleman suggests Ch. Tariff Comm., with \$10,000, as a nice thing. I told him I was not out for office, and would accept none. No other communication.

Sept. 27. Certain parties are in tow. Perley appears to be the manager. Davis—Shaughnessy in evidence. Reporters (Hamilton) at old business. No communication.

Sept. 28. To-night Osler sees me. Financial interests opposed to my being F. M. Would relieve situation if I would remain out. *Globe* criticism feared. I told him plainly I would not commit suicide. No communication from Borden. Rogers says a portfolio, but not F. M. or Trade and Commerce, seat in Senate.

Sept. 29. The interests seem to be dominant, and B. doesn't know his mind from day to day. I have advised my friends, and they are at work. No communication.

Sept. 30. To-night at 9 p.m. B. asks me to come up. He skated all around, and finally suggested Sec'y. of State. I told him I wouldn't consider it. My old position was what I wanted.

Oct. 1. A quiet day, rest and reading. Hazen is here, and Rogers seems in charge. The Kemp-Graham crowd make up the financial int.

Oct. 2. Fine. More people here. More excitement. Saw Hazen, McLeod, Crockett, Roach, etc. All are strong for me in old position.

Oct. 3. No further word from B. Letter from Clouston, and conference with Dobie. Financial interests not adverse. My friends are making things move.

Oct. 4. More people. More wire-pulling. Deputations galore, and general suspense. B. seems helpless on the surf.

Oct. 5. Called by Chief, and offered Trade and Commerce. Ask why F. M. not given. Ans.: reasons of high politics. My capabilities, honesty, and service fully recognized.

Oct. 6. A bothersome day. Backing and filling. Irresolute and fearful.

Oct. 7. No word from Borden to-day. Saw Boyce and Smith, who are raging at the outsiders, especially White.

Oct. 8. The day fine. Rested without outside disturbance. . . .

Oct. 9. No announcement yet, and no word from Borden since Friday night. I hear Toronto is bombarding him. Hazen is here—what others I know not.

Oct. 10. This morning the announcement of new govt. The unseemly squabble is ended. Some weak links in the chain. Sworn in at 11 a.m.

In the files of Foster's correspondence at this time are some letters that throw further light on the process of cabinet-making. There are two letters from his friend G. W. Ganong, afterwards (1912-17) lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick:

St. Stephen, N.B.,
September 27th, 1911

Hon. George E. Foster,
Ottawa, Canada.

Dear Foster:—

Just as I was in the midst of a wedding service your telegram was passed to me. My niece was married at three this afternoon.

I immediately wired Borden as follows: "Hear rumour Foster to be passed over as member Cabinet. Cannot conceive this possible as would be equal absolute confirmation Grit charges and persecution of man who has devoted life to Country and Party, and whom great majority Conservatives believe absolutely guiltless of charges." I have also wired you as follows: "Have wired Borden cannot think it possible can be true as rumoured, that you are to be passed over after devoting life to services of Country and Party. Seems incredible."

I do not know that this will have any effect, but it can at least do no harm. I will endeavour if possible to get in touch with Mr. Hartt, although I am afraid he is away. Will have him wire to-night if I can catch him. Just time to get off in this mail.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) G. W. GANONG

St. Stephen, N.B.

October 2nd, 1911

Hon. George E. Foster,
Ottawa, Canada.

Dear Foster:—

Yours of the 27th came to hand. If I had felt equal to it I should have taken a trip to Montreal and Ottawa the last of last week, but the reaction after a hard six weeks' work in the interest of Mr. Hartt, and having a wedding on our hands during last week, made it impossible for me to get away. I am inclined to think Crockett went up on Saturday night, as he began to feel that Thorne and Powell were playing some game against him. I do not know that this is true. I wrote Mr. Borden in regard to the New Brunswick Portfolio, but would not have butted in had I not been pressed to do so as Chairman of the New Brunswick Committee in charge of the election. St. John is so intensely selfish, they would never consider the effect of their action on the other parts of the Province. The city you represent also has a very large degree of that trouble and with some jealousy against yourself for coming in and taking a doubtful constituency and making it a solid one, and the fact that the city is also represented by some very bumptious rich men, it makes the pull harder for Borden to resist. I still have every hope that due consideration will be given you. Your intimate association with the Finance Department even during years in opposition, and your unequalled fund of information in connection with the trade and trade conditions would seem to make you the undoubted man to fill that position, and I hope matters may still come your way.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) G. W. GANONG

There are also two letters from his friend, W. K. McNaught, who represented North Toronto in the provincial House:

Confidential.

Ontario Legislative Assembly,
September 30, 1911

Dear Mr. Foster,

Since you phoned me this morning I had a talk with Hon. Mr. Morine who is very enthusiastic and will write the Chief a *very* strong letter to-day.

I also had a talk with Mr. E. B. Osler who personally is very strongly in your favour; he, however, told me that the financial interests were *unitedly opposed* to your getting your old position, but he said you were going to be placed he thought in some equally good position. He was sorry that this was the case, but he felt convinced that it was the best we would get under the circumstances. This is the substance of what he said but not the exact words.

Sir James Whitney called me up just now about another matter and after we got through I took occasion to ask him how things looked down at Ottawa. He was *very* frank and said pretty much the same as Mr. Osler, and although he did not advance the same reasons the result was the same. He said the Party owed you a great debt and that you would be well looked after and he thought that you would be well satisfied with the final outcome.

I called up Major Geary and had a talk with him about it. He is with us and promised to write the Chief a *very* strong letter to-day in your favour, and as the President of the Central Conservative Assn. of this city his opinion ought to carry considerable weight.

I called up W. T. White but he was out. However, I will see to speak to him as soon as I can and try and get him to write a letter in your favour.

I think you should at once get all of your friends of the "Old Guard" to put in a good word *for you at once*. Time is precious, as matters will probably come to a focus by Wednesday at the latest.

If I can do anything more let me know.

Trusting for the best—believe me,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) W. K. McNAUGHT

In addition to those mentioned I have called up and talked to the following prominent men all of whom have promised to write to the Chief to-day on your behalf:

Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson

E. W. J. Owens, K.C.

Thos. Hook

Mr. Hellmuth, K.C.

Fred Armstrong

J. R. L. Starr, K.C.

N. B. Gash, K.C.

Mr. Stephenson and some others have been working on a petition which will go down to-night having on it about 1,000 names of well known Toronto Conservatives, and in addition to letters from the above there will be several others go down.

Confidential.

The Ontario Legislative Assembly,
Wednesday, Oct. 4, 1911

Dear Mr. Foster,

Just a line to say that I ran up to the Parliament Buildings this morning and had another talk with Mr. Cochrane. He is *absolutely* with us and will do all that he can to help you and has already given Mr. Borden his advice in the matter, and will go further if he can do any good. He says it has been decided, he thinks, to offer White a seat in the Cabinet. He don't think he will accept it, but it will be offered him anyway. I said that while I had a high opinion of Mr. White I thought it would be a political crime to offer him the portfolio of Finance,—and a political blunder to offer him *any* cabinet position.

You know his connections and associations here, and one thing more that I might mention is that White is undoubtedly opposed to public ownership and to Whitney's power policy, two of the things that give Sir James his great hold of this province. White fought our Hydro Electric policy coming into Toronto, tooth and nail, and went so far as to speak before the Canadian Club against it when he held it up to ridicule. His "Naboth's Vineyard" illustration and his implied threat against the Whitney government should they go forward with their policy will be long remembered here, and it will arouse quite a bitter feeling and one of distrust in the Borden government amongst those who favour public ownership should he be appointed to *any* position in the cabinet *let alone* that of finance.

I impressed this very strongly on Cochrane this a.m. but you might use this with the Chief if you think it wise, not mentioning my name of course.

Mr. Cochrane was to see Sir James Whitney to-day and try and impress him with these points.

Quite a number of letters and telegrams are being sent down to Borden to-day from Toronto in regard to the matter.

I hope this will find you well and not worrying about it—because I feel that it will come out all right in the long run.

In haste,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) W. K. McNAUGHT

Strong letters were forwarded to Borden from several leading Conservatives in Toronto, among them the following from A. B. (afterwards Sir Alfred) Morine:

Personal and confidential.

September 30th, 1911

Dear Mr. Borden:—

You will not doubt the sincerity of my Friendship with you, or my loyalty to the party, and will believe that I write now under a sense of duty, not a desire to interfere.

I write on behalf of the Hon. Geo. Foster, but not at his request. You will be urged not to give him a portfolio; in any case not the Finance Department. Very strongly I urge you to do both. To do less will be to set your approval to all the cowardly and vicious attacks made upon him, and to please only a cabal of enemies within and without the party.

I can assure you that no other man outside yourself stands so strongly in the hearts of our party, the rank and file, as Foster, and he is worth a dozen of the other men who are named by the newspapers for your cabinet.

There will be a deep thrill of anger amongst the workers if Foster is passed over, and it will be looked upon as a “sop to the *Globe*”, than which nothing could be more unpopular.

I counsel that you give Foster his old place as a matter of course—even though you place him in the Senate and in another office in a week. You are strongly placed and can afford to act strongly. This country loves a fighter. Your great campaign in the West—when you spoke boldly—was your greatest factor in the recent victory. I want to see you act boldly in this matter also. The *Globe* crowd will “kick” of course, but they’ll be doubly gratified if you pass over our war horse.

I shall deeply regret it if you think I am meddling, but at least I am not writing for my own ends, my only object being to help in the success of the party. All your advisers will not, I fear, be so sincere.

Yours truly,

(Signed) ALFRED B. MORINE

To Mr. Foster.

As the result of some talk with Mr. McNaught, I sent the above to Mr. Borden by mail on Saturday night. Hope it may do good.

A. B. M.

A letter which must have caused Foster much gratification was the following from Sir Edward Clouston, the general manager of the Bank of Montreal:

Confidential.

Bank of Montreal,
Montreal,
3rd Oct., 1911

Dear Mr. Foster,

I am very pleased you wrote me on the question of the appointment of Finance Minister. I have never been consulted about it and did not feel justified in offering advice which had not been solicited. I do not know who the Financial Interests are who are opposing your appointment but I do not think I am far wrong in supposing that all the strings that are being pulled lead from practically one source—that is from Banks recently established in London. You will understand why. I am on the contrary very much in favour of your appointment. With the approaching revision of the Bank Act I do not want a Minister who has to learn his business, and I consider it would be greatly to the advantage of the new administration to have a Minister who can deal intelligently with not only that question but also all matters of tariff. Tho' I have marked this confidential you are at liberty to show it to Mr. Borden.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) E. S. CLOUSTON

XIV. THE EVE OF ARMAGEDDON

“Bellum nec timendum nec provocandum.”

—*Pliny*

THE Borden government was sworn in on October 10, 1911. Less than three years after it took office, it was called upon to face the tremendous issues involved in Canada's entrance into the Great War. Like the younger Pitt, Borden was chosen as a peace-time minister, but was destined to be known to posterity as a war minister. Even before the Great War broke out on August 4, 1914, the shadow of impending war hung over Canadian politics. It is true, as has been often said, that comparatively few people in Canada really believed that a world war was imminent. Foster, however, was not one of these. As early as October 6, 1912, he wrote in his diary:

The prospects of trouble in the Balkans are certainly enough to cause great anxiety. . . . If the fire breaks out, where will it end?

And a few days later he wrote to his wife:

Then will come the problem which will tax the powers—to keep the war confined, and prevent an European conflagration. I fear the latter very much.

During these years, a major question in Canadian politics continued to be Canada's contribution to the naval defence of the Empire. Borden was cautious in departing from the policy of a Canadian navy laid down in the Naval Defence Act of 1909; but in the summer of 1912 he went over to England with three

of his colleagues to take counsel with the British government, and what he learned in England persuaded him that an emergency existed. He made up his mind that some more effective and immediate means should be adopted for strengthening the naval forces of the Empire than were to be obtained from the building of Canadian navy; and when parliament met, he proposed the contribution by Canada to the British navy of three dreadnaughts, at a cost of a sum not exceeding \$35,000,000. He did not discard the policy of a Canadian navy; but he felt that the emergency was such that some more immediate action was called for, even if it were only a gesture. Unfortunately, as the event proved, his proposal met with the opposition of the leaders of the Liberal party. Sir Wilfrid Laurier refused to believe that any emergency existed. "England," he said, "is in no danger, whether imminent or prospective." The new Naval Bill was forced through the Commons by means of the closure; but in the nominated Senate the Liberals, thanks to fifteen years of Liberal government, were in a pronounced majority. At the behest of the Liberal leader in the Senate, Sir George Ross—who, curiously enough, had been known as a Liberal imperialist, but who now allowed the dictates of party to overcome what must have been his natural sympathies—the Naval Bill was voted down.

In the debate which took place in the Commons on the Naval Bill, Foster delivered on December 18, 1912, one of the most powerful speeches of his parliamentary career. In terms of studied moderation, which contrasted strongly with the biting language of which he was sometimes capable, he reviewed the history of the controversy over naval defence, and analysed patiently the arguments advanced by the Opposition. There was hardly a provocative word in his whole

speech. But his peroration, read in the light of what happened afterwards, was devastating in its logic, and it is merely justice to his memory that it should be quoted here:

If the Opposition block this measure, what will happen? They cannot make their policy prevail short of a general election, and a reversal of the opinion of the people expressed on the 21st of September, 1911. That seems impossible. They may have powers which will enable them to do that, but much time will pass before anything definite will be accomplished. If that is done, and they come back with a majority in their party—which is not quite possible—then, the matter having been blocked for, say, two years, must begin anew. They make their fleet construction, tediously and lengthily, extending certainly over a period of six or seven years, finding it impossible sooner to obtain Canadian seamen to man it, because they will have to train men as well as get them. In the event of such a contingency, and if the day of Armageddon came and caught us napping, I would like to have the consciousness that I am free from the remorse which would lie heavily upon me if I had contributed or been party to that fatal delay.

The address in which this passage appeared, as well as a number of other speeches, was included in a volume entitled *Canadian Addresses*, which Foster published in 1914. This book, valuable though it is as a record, hardly did justice to Foster's reputation as a speaker, for his words, like those of so many other masters of public speech, lost something when set down in cold print. Perhaps for this reason, and perhaps also because Foster had had little experience of book-publishing, the book met with a disappointing reception—a fact which elicited from Earl Grey the following letter:

Dorchester House,
Park Lane, W.,
12th June, 1914

Dear Mr. Foster,

Mr. Martin Griffin was good enough to supply me with your volume of *Canadian Addresses*, which I read on my way across

the Atlantic. On arriving in England I called up the London publisher and had a talk with him upon the importance of getting out a shilling edition, so that your Addresses might be brought within reach of every teacher, every artisan and every young man right round the Empire. He told me that the appearance of your volume had not made a ripple; that he had only sold 100 copies out of his 5/-edition of 1,000. I at once wrote off letters to the *Times*, *Morning Post*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Spectator*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, asking them to notice your volume and to convert the ripple into a cataract! This ought not to be difficult. I confess I feel very indignant that a volume which contains so much soul, which, if contact be secured, will fire the heart of every Briton worthy of the name, should be ignored. I regard it as an ominous sign of the spirit which animates the Unionist Party that such a volume should be allowed to be smothered out of existence by apathy and indifference.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) GREY

During the years immediately following his assumption of the office of minister of trade and commerce, however, Foster took on the whole comparatively little part in public controversy, but devoted his energies mainly to the administration of his department. He found many things in the department of which he did not approve; and with his customary energy and efficiency he applied himself to setting them right. In the first place, he undertook a complete reorganization of the trade commissioner service. In Paris, for example, he found two rival establishments in existence—"a semi-ambassadorial establishment devoting itself to frills and costing \$17,840 annually, and an inefficient commercial agency in an obscure office costing \$7,496 annually." The latter he suppressed, and the former he turned into a trade commissioner's office, less the ambassadorial frills, devoted strictly to the development of Canadian trade with France. The services of a number of trade commissioners were dispensed with, and the whole system was placed under

closer supervision from Ottawa. Where Canada had no trade representatives, Foster succeeded in obtaining the co-operation of the world-wide British consular service in extending the trade and commerce of Canada.

Up to 1911, Canada had had no complete or scientific system of statistics. Some work had been done by various departments, some of it excellent in character, and some of the provinces of the Dominion had undertaken statistical work on their own account; but there had been no comprehensive attempt to provide full and accurate statistics in regard to the trade and commerce of the country. Foster felt that the time had come to provide such a service, and he appointed a departmental commission to investigate the matter and make recommendations; and the result was the establishment at a later date of the present Bureau of Statistics, which has placed statistics in Canada on a footing not inferior to that of any other country.

An effort was made to improve conditions in the grain trade, especially in regard to the storage and transportation of grain. In 1912 a Grain Act was introduced into parliament by Foster, and passed, which set up a Board of Grain Commissioners, made provision for the establishment of a sample market and government-owned grain elevators, and did what was possible to place the grain trade on a satisfactory basis, so far as government regulation and inspection were concerned.

Foster attacked also the problems connected with the ocean transport of Canada's commerce. Improvements were made in the St. Lawrence ship-channel, and in the harbour facilities of Canada's Atlantic ports; and an attempt was made to obtain lower insurance rates for Canadian sea-borne commerce. In 1913

an agreement was concluded between Canada and some of the West Indian Islands, looking toward preferential trade, based on improved steamship service and cheapened cable communications. Negotiations were also opened with Australia, looking toward preferential trade relations with that Dominion. Lastly, arrangements were made for a visit to Canada of a representative body of British capitalists and manufacturers, who made a tour of Canada from Sydney to Victoria in the summer of 1912, and were brought thus into touch with "the resources, the powers and capabilities of Canada, to the end that British skill, experience, and capital may be enlisted in their development."

Many other reforms and improvements were inaugurated by the new minister, whose broom swept through the department of trade and commerce with ruthless efficiency. An interesting illustration of these reforms was to be found in the abolition of what Foster called "the useless and expensive lecture propaganda in connection with the government annuities system", with a saving of \$25,000 annually, and the transference of this system in 1912 to the Post Office Department, which was able to carry it on at no additional expense through the instrumentality of thousands of postmasters scattered throughout the country. It is not every minister who, for the sake of economy, is willing to hand over a part of his functions to another department. Still less often is a minister found who initiates such a move.

In addition to the work of his department, moreover, a goodly part of Foster's time during the years 1912-14 was taken up with his work as member, and for a time chairman, of the Royal Commission on Imperial Trade. This commission was appointed by the British

government, as the result of a resolution passed by the Imperial Conference in 1911; and the terms of reference of the commission were as follows:

To enquire into and report upon the natural resources of the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, and the Colony of Newfoundland; and further, to report upon the development of such resources, whether attained or attainable; upon the facilities which exist or may be created for the production, manufacture, and distribution of all articles of commerce in those parts of the Empire; upon the requirements of each such part and of the United Kingdom in the matter of food and raw materials, and the available sources of such; upon the trade of each such part of the Empire with the other parts, with the United Kingdom, and with the rest of the world; upon the extent, if any, to which the mutual trade of the several parts of the Empire has been or is being affected beneficially or otherwise by the laws now in force, other than fiscal laws; and generally, to suggest any methods, consistent always with the existing fiscal policy of each part of the Empire, by which the trade of each part with the others and with the United Kingdom may be improved and extended.

Lord Inchcape was appointed chairman of the commission, but he later resigned, and his place was taken by the Right Hon. Arnold Morley. Canada was represented by Foster; and his appointment met with widespread approval, as was evident from the following letter which he received from Peter (later the Hon. Peter) Larkin, a prominent Liberal who was destined to become Canadian High Commissioner in London, and who had been nominated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to represent Canada on the commission:

11 Elm Avenue,
Toronto,
April 5th, 1912

Dear Mr. Foster,

Will you permit me through your good self to congratulate the country and government on your acceptance of the position of Canadian representative on the "Imperial trade commission".

I might say that, lacking as I do, experience in public life, I was most reluctant to allow my name to go forward to the

Colonial Office and it was due to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's personally expressed desire that I permitted it. When your name was first mentioned in the press in connection with the matter I was in New York and indited a letter expressing the hope that you would accept, but fearing you might look upon it as an impertinence I destroyed it.

Now that the appointment is made I hasten to express the feeling that all our countrymen must share in, and that is, that Canada will be properly represented and the Empire well served.

Very sincerely,

(Signed) P. C. LARKIN

To the Hon. George E. Foster, M.P.,
Minister of Trade and Commerce,
Ottawa, Ontario.

The work of the Dominions' Royal Commission—to use the appellation by which the commission came to be popularly known—involved on Foster's part two prolonged visits to England in 1912, a visit to Australia, New Zealand, China, and Japan in 1913, another visit to England at the beginning of 1914, and a visit to Newfoundland in the early summer of 1914. The first meeting of the commission was held in London on June 13, 1912, under the chairmanship of Lord Inchcape. This and subsequent meetings were devoted to a discussion of the terms of reference and the organization of the work of the commission. "We had," wrote Foster, "some lively discussion, and I succeeded in having some of the restrictions cut out; but the anti's have the majority, and they will tie us down pretty closely. That was the intention of the government, and of the resolution of the Imperial Conference on which the commission was based, i.e., to stave off Imperial preference and its consideration for the present." Questions were framed to which the various parts of the Empire were asked to supply information of a statistical character; arrangements were made for hearing of evidence in the autumn; and then the proceedings were interrupted by the arrival of Borden

and the Canadian ministers and the representatives of the other Dominions in July, to attend the meetings of the Committee on Imperial Defence in July. Foster got back to Canada at the beginning of August; but at the end of September he had to set off again for London to attend the autumn sessions of the commission, and he did not reach Ottawa again until the beginning of December.

The conditions under which the work of the commission was resumed were little to Foster's liking. On his arrival, he found that Lord Inchcape had resigned, and that the new chairman, the Right Hon. Arnold Morley, was unable to preside because of the death of his wife. Foster was thus asked, on short notice, to undertake the chairmanship of the commission. "This," he wrote in his diary, "will entail more work than I had anticipated, but it will also be taken as a compliment to Canada, and incidentally to myself. It is really a far cry from the Collina school to the presiding post on a Dominions Royal Commission." Some of the Dominions, moreover, were inadequately represented; one of the British commissioners was absent through illness; and another resigned because his wife objected to "the distant tours". "The English members," wrote Foster, "want to get away to their homes on Friday, and don't want to get back till Tuesday noon. . . . A speedy end must be made to this condition, or we might as well disband." Actually, when Foster sailed for Canada at the end of November, little more had been accomplished than an examination of the problems connected with Imperial emigration.

Though the results of the work of the commission were somewhat disappointing, Foster's visits to England in 1912 were, however, full of profit to himself and to others. He met virtually all the outstanding figures

in English politics at that time, and was able to exchange views with them. He met again Joseph Chamberlain, and he penned in his diary the following tragic picture of the great apostle of imperial unity:

Mr. Chamberlain has difficulty in walking, but with his wife's aid gets along. His organs of speech are partly paralyzed, and I could not understand much that he said—his wife interprets for him—but his eye-sight and hearing are good, and his mind works clearly as a bell. He is alive to all the issues, and comments on them in his direct crisp way. Altogether I did not experience the feeling of restraint and regret I had anticipated, for his freedom from pain and his mental alertness covered the physical wreckage, and lifted you above its contemplation. He has a good appetite, feeds himself very well, and smokes his cigar with relish. But alas! that now, when he is so much needed, his body is chained and his voice shackled.

He dined with Bonar Law; and he has left this picture of the Canadian who became the virtual leader of the Conservative party in Great Britain:

He and his wife are plain and unassuming people, with the ways of a middle-class couple, direct, straight-forward, and frank. . . . I like him, but I could not help asking, "Is he big enough for the enormous task?"—without family backing or connections, one of the common people, in a country where class and family amount to so much, cool and maybe a little cold or shy, I should not like to say which. Can he impress the men he must lead to victory or defeat, and the masses who are to be moulded?

Among those who invited him to lunch or dinner were Lord Strathcona, Sir Gilbert Parker, Lord Salisbury, Lewis Harcourt, Alfred Lyttleton, Austen Chamberlain, the Duke of Argyle, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Charles Beresford, Lady Londonderry, Walter Long, Sidney Buxton, Baron Kühlman (the acting German ambassador), and Arthur Balfour; and he met Asquith, Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Lord Northcliffe, Lord Grey, Sir Basil Zaharof, and a host of other notables. Last, but not least, he had the honour of lunching with the

King and Queen; and he attended his first Court Ball.

During these months Foster was in great demand as a public speaker; and it is no exaggeration to say that his speeches created something of a sensation. On June 24 he spoke at the Pilgrims' Banquet at the Savoy Hotel; and in a letter to his wife he gave an amusing account of his speech:

The proposal was supported by a grey-bearded man from Canada, with the blue eyes of a dreamer, etc., in a short speech of ten minutes which was very well done for him, and caught the ear of the Pilgrims, who cheered it to the echo. It was evidently impromptu and grew out of the spirit of the meeting. . . . I noticed that the speaker was warmly congratulated by Lord Roberts and those who sat at his table. Sir Henry Lucy, who is said to be an excellent judge, leaned over to Garvin, who is the brilliant writer on political subjects in the *Sunday Observer*, and other publications, and said to him, "That is the best after-dinner speech to which I ever listened." At the close, I also noticed that a large number shook hands with the Canadian, and warmly felicitated him. . . . Altogether, I was rather proud of my fellow-Canadian, and in walking home with him told him what I thought of him, and that I would report to his wife fully as to the performance.

On July 1, Foster was the principal speaker at the Dominion Day dinner at the Connaught Rooms; on July 2, he spoke at a luncheon given in his honour by the Constitutional Club; and on July 4, at a dinner given in his honour at the Savoy Hotel by the West Indies Committee. His speech at the Constitutional Club made, in especial, a profound impression. About this he wrote to his wife:

Walter Long told me that he had read everything on the commercial question, and heard all the speakers, and that my speech at the Const. Club luncheon was the best of them all—that it raised commerce out of the lower level of mere interchange and profit, and made it glow with imperial fire—allied common sense and imagination. After dinner, Mr. Balfour took me to a quiet corner, and we sat and talked for about half an hour. He said he never paid compliments—that was a rule of his life—but he did want to tell me what one of the oldest and best judges of public

speaking said to him, viz., "I am almost ashamed to tell you how greatly Mr. Foster's speech moved me."

In another letter, Foster, who was essentially a humble man, wrote to his wife:

To be classed among the Empire builders by the most distinguished leaders in London is something for us both, isn't it, dear? Ah well, I have drained my bitter cup, and maybe I shall be excused from being gratified, but I shall not be unduly lifted up.

Later, on receiving "a most commendatory editorial from the *Montreal Star*", he wrote:

What a change! How all my enemies (paper) have metamorphosed themselves into friends! What is left to prevent the sweets from being too cloying?

Foster had from his earliest years cherished a desire to visit the Far East; and in the beginning of February he found that at last his dream was to be realized when he set out from Ottawa to attend the sessions of Dominions' Royal Commission in New Zealand and Australia. He sailed from Vancouver on February 20, and, after touching at Honolulu and the Fiji Islands, he reached Auckland, New Zealand, on March 13. Two weeks in New Zealand were followed by ten weeks in Australia; and then Foster set his course to Hong Kong *viâ* Manilla. In China he visited Shanghai, Hankow, Peking, and Mukden; and then he proceeded, by way of Korea, to Japan, which he reached on July 21. In Japan he spent two most interesting weeks, at the invitation of the Japanese government; and on August 8 he sailed for Canada. His account of the trip he embodied in long and copious letters to his wife; and these he afterwards edited with a view to publication. This diary contains so much of interest, from many points of view, that it has seemed best to reproduce some extracts from it as an appendix to this volume. But there is one passage in his diary

which deserves to be quoted here, since it was heavy with destiny. At Peking he dined at the British legation, and he has this to say of the dinner:

I met a number of the diplomats, the German among them, and was impressed with the intelligence and aggressiveness of the two German attachés who were there, dreaming of world conquest—glimpses of which I gathered from their conversation and queries, as we sauntered home to my hotel in company under the pale moon of a Pekinese sky.

Back in Ottawa at the end of August, Foster was off again for England by the end of December, to discuss the interim report of the Dominions' Royal Commission. February, 1914, saw him back in harness at Ottawa; and toward the end of July he set off to meet the other members of the Commission in Newfoundland, preliminary to a trip across Canada. But a month before his departure for Newfoundland, he had the satisfaction of receiving, partly as a recognition of his work on the Dominions' Royal Commission, the honour of being made a knight commander of the order of St. Michael and St. George. He had himself indicated that he would prefer, if possible, to be made an Imperial privy councillor, and to be known as "The Right Honourable" rather than "Sir"; but his wishes were not considered for the moment, and he had to wait until later for membership in the Privy Council of Great Britain.



A GROUP OF CANADIAN STATESMEN

From a photograph taken in 1915.

Hon. Martin Burrell

Sir T. White

Sir R. Borden

Sir Wilfrid Laurier

Sir George Foster

XV. THE GREAT WAR

"This is the Dark Immortal's hour;
His victory, whoever fail;
His prophets have not lost their power:
Caesar and Attila prevail."

—"A. E." (*George W. Russell*)

WHEN the Great War broke out, on August 4, 1914, Sir George (as he had now become) was, with the other members of the Dominions' Royal Commission, enjoying the beauties of the Bras d'Or Lakes in Cape Breton, *en route* from Newfoundland to Halifax. It was only when the Commissioners reached Halifax on August 5 that they learnt that war was declared; but even then the gravity of the crisis seems hardly to have been appreciated by them. When, on August 6, a cable was received from London advising that the Commission should suspend operations, "a long dissenting telegram was sent in reply", and it was only when, five days later, definite orders were received from the British government to disband, that Foster returned to Ottawa. Then, however, he quickly grasped the situation:

Attended Council in afternoon, and got the hang of affairs. A vivid discussion of ways and means disclosed the financial position, and it is not encouraging. We are in for an exceedingly hard time in Canada, and the War adds to it.

With his customary zeal, Foster threw himself into the work of his department. As minister of trade and commerce he had, as the conflict proceeded, more and more to do with the supply of munitions of war, the

letting of contracts, and the encouragement of Canadian production. The contribution of Canada to the war effort of the Allies in the way of wheat and shells was less spectacular than her contribution on the battlefield, but it was no less effective; and for the amazing capacity which Canada showed for increasing her output of essential commodities, Foster deserves no small share of the credit. The reorganization of Canadian industry on a war-time basis presented the department of trade and commerce with many problems which could only have been solved by a minister of Foster's efficiency and large views.

One phase of the work of the department, however, caused Foster grave disquiet. As early as August 14 he referred in his diary to "discussions in Council with lack of all consistency, and strife for patronage and favour, and no thought for the financial future." Later he writes, "The current of seekers is ceaseless. This system is all wrong, and we should really have it put on a business basis." And again, "A day of hurry and bustle, and delegations re contracts. Accursed be patronage, and we are fools to be at it. Why not have courage enough to abolish it? The sub-committee have been all day on the awarding of contracts. We have tried to do our duty, but this is not our work. It should be in the hands of three men of business and common sense. . . . The whole thing should be on the basis of tender and contract." He was especially perturbed over the operations of some Canadian business men who had succeeded in getting themselves recommended by the minister of militia to the British War Office as agents for the purchase of war supplies in Canada and the United States. The first intimation Foster had that these agents were at work came in a secret cypher telegram from the British ambassador

at Washington on November 1, when Foster, as senior privy councillor in the cabinet, was temporarily acting as prime minister; and on November 6 there occurs in his diary the following significant entry:

Sent cable to Perley [Canadian high commissioner in London] re these sharks that S. has let loose on Army supply purchases. What Premier will say, I don't know, but I got the warning and repudiation in to Harcourt, and I hope to the Allied govts.

Of the administration of the department of militia and defence by Sir Sam Hughes, Foster was from the outset of the War a severe critic in council. He objected to the appointment of senior officers and the letting of contracts by the minister of militia without reference to council; and he insisted that the department of militia should submit to council a statement of expenditures. He chafed also under other features of the minister's administration; and early in 1915 he addressed to Sir Robert Borden the following letter:

Ottawa, 1915

Dear Sir Robert,

I regret exceedingly that I shall be absent to-morrow. I judge from the remark you made to me that you are contemplating some action in reference to the reorganization and strengthening of the Dept. of Militia, and I would have been glad to be present when plans were discussed if perchance my counsels might be of some use. I have not troubled you much lately with my views as to this though I presume you are quite well aware of my profound dissatisfaction with the conditions which have prevailed in that Dept. and my anxiety as to their effect first and mainly upon our conduct of the War and secondly upon the minds of the Canadian people.

The light thrown upon the methods of the Dept. by the few items that have been under examination by the committees is indicative of what may be revealed when the mass of items come up for analysis. To this strength is added because of the widespread feelings of bitterness and insecurity induced by the continuous displays of strong and insulting language and indiscretions which have been made. The waste of money has, I am convinced, been very great, and waste of war money will not be condoned by the

people who have to provide it. My impression is that reorganization alone can save the situation already compromised, and that it should be immediate and thorough from top to bottom. I have already expressed my opinion in council that a thorough and businesslike investigation should be instituted into the methods and transactions of the Dept. since the War commenced, that restitution of all overcharges should be compelled, evil doers punished and inefficients weeded out, and that all future expenditures should be made upon proper authority and on a businesslike ascertainment of prices and quality. If this is announced and carried out the country will respond with full support and confidence and the widespread doubt and dissatisfaction which at present exist will pass away. Unless something adequate is done I see very serious trouble ahead.

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) G. E. FOSTER

To these representations, according to Foster's diary, other members of the cabinet added their voice; but Sir Robert Borden, with perhaps a pardonable loyalty to his friend and colleague, the minister of militia, who had been among the first to offer him a seat in parliament when he was defeated in Halifax in 1904, declined to take at that time any drastic action. It was only in the autumn of 1916 that Sir Robert Borden was at last compelled to embark on the reorganization of the militia department, and to request the resignation of Sir Sam Hughes as minister of militia.

In 1915 Foster was deeply distressed also by the revelation of gross corruption in connection with the building of the parliament buildings in Winnipeg by the government of his friend Sir Rodmond Roblin. "Our body politic," he wrote, bitterly, "is corrupt from the base up, and needs thorough physic and cleansing. I feel like going out and preaching a crusade."

With the spirit of the Canadian people, however, during these years, Foster was greatly impressed.

Though he was already carrying a heavy load for a man of his age, he was in great demand as a speaker at patriotic and recruiting meetings; and though he was not able to answer all the calls upon him—"I can only," he writes plaintively, "work to the limit"—he bore his full share of this burden as well. At these meetings he met with a reception which greatly cheered and encouraged him, and showed him that the heart of the Canadian people was sound. "The only redeeming feature," he wrote, "is the spirit of the people."

During the first two years of the War Foster stuck to his desk, with only a brief holiday in the summer of 1915 among the scenes of his boyhood in New Brunswick; but in the summer of 1916 he was appointed by the British government one of the four British representatives at the Allied Economic Conference in Paris, and shortly afterwards he received from the King the honour long coveted by him, that of being appointed an Imperial Privy Councillor. Among all the letters which he received congratulating him on this honour, probably that which gave him most pleasure was the following cordial note from His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, with whom, during the first two years of the war, he had been brought into close touch:

Government House,
Ottawa,
9. 6. 16

Dear Sir George,

I must send you a line to congratulate you very warmly on having been made a British Privy Counsellor. I think that your great services to Canada and the Empire in every way entitles you to the honour conferred upon you by the King, and I know that it has pleased all your many friends throughout the Dominion. I am particularly pleased to hear that you are going to Paris to attend the conference there as an Imperial representative. Your great knowledge on trade matters will be of the greatest value

to the British representatives. I hope that the conference will produce practical results for our trade and on lines that may be acceptable to all parts of the Empire.

We are all very grieved at the heavy Canadian losses in Flanders, but are proud of the way in which our forces have fought. I deeply grieve over the death of poor Buller, who was Commanding the "Princess Patricias". He was a fine soldier and a charming fellow.

We continue to have wet and chilly weather, which is good for hay, but hampers the farmers in gathering their seed in.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) ARTHUR

To this letter Foster replied as follows:

London, July 2nd, 1916

His Royal Highness,

The Duke of Connaught, etc.

Sir,

I beg to acknowledge your letter of the 9th of June which reached me here in due course of mail. I value very highly the Honour conferred by His Majesty, and next to that the kind appreciations of my work and services expressed by so accurate and experienced an observer as your Royal Highness. The appointment as a member of the British delegation to the Economic Conference was unexpected but none the less gratifying to me, and gave me an unique opportunity of observing the more intimate and delicate relations subsisting between the allied nations and the complex and often conflicting interests involved. I hope that I have been able to be of some little service to the general results. The conference itself was most interesting and the conclusions reached were in my opinion very satisfactory. The good spirit that prevailed and the evident purpose to achieve the best possible results for the general good were most gratifying. The British propositions constitute the most important part of the body of the resolutions, and mark a great advance in sentiment in Great Britain. The conference owes much to the able and tactful management of the French government, whose Minister of Commerce was our very efficient President. And the crowning feature of all was that complete unanimity was reached on all the resolutions passed.

I was sworn in of the Privy Council on June 27, and was honoured with a private audience by His Majesty in which I was able to inform him of the good health of Your Royal Highness, and of the regret that we all felt at your approaching departure

from Canada. Their Majesties were good enough to visit Bramshott on Dominion day, and reviewed the 4th Division, which was simply splendid in its appearance and efficiency.

The toll of war has been heavy and will continue to be so hereafter, but the feeling is very buoyant and hopeful that the crest has been topped and the beginning of the end has been reached. The Russians have surprised everyone, and the new British army is magnificent.

I hope your Royal Highness will have a very pleasant visit to the West. Please present my humble duty to Her Royal Highness and the Princess Patricia, with the sincere wish that this, their latest but I hope not last, glimpse of our far West will afford them material for lasting and kindly memories.

Yours with profound respect,

(Signed) GEORGE E. FOSTER

Foster's diary of his visit to London, Paris, and the battlefields in 1916 is so interesting that one cannot do better than describe the trip by means of extracts from the diary:

June 7. Landed at Falmouth early in morning, and got away by special for London at 1.30 p.m. . . .

June 8. The British govt. has appointed me one of its representatives to the Economic Conference in Paris. The four are Bonar Law, Lord Carson, Hughes (of Australia), and myself. They have also made me a member of the King's Privy Council. . . . At 4.30 I went to the Colonial Secretary's Office, where a meeting of the British Representatives took place, and where we spent two hours in discussing the proposals to be discussed. Japan, France, Belgium, Russia, Britain, Italy, Serbia, and Montenegro will be represented. It will be an historic occasion. . . .

June 12. Left London at 8 a.m. by special train for Folkestone. . . . At 10.30 left for Paris, arriving there at three p.m. Passed many camps of French, English, Canadian, and some Australian soldiers—small towns some of them were—the reminders of the war preparations. Women tilling the fields, and old men and boys. At Paris we were met by M. Clementel, minister of commerce, and members of the British Embassy, and drove to the Hotel Bristol, where our delegation is quartered. . . . In the evening we consult and discuss the proposals submitted by the French government and the British proposals. These latter are pretty inclusive, and go farther than I had thought. . . .

June 13. To-day is spent in mutual conference among the officers and members of the British delegation, calls on ministers

and high officials, and in preparation for the official meeting to-morrow. . . .

June 14. We assembled at the Foreign Office at 10 a.m., and in these beautiful old rooms made our mutual acquaintances and introductions. . . . M. Briand opened with a speech which I understood very well. M. Clementel is the presiding officer. After formal proceedings, the Conference adjourned for the official lunch in the Foreign Office, which was an elaborate affair. . . . Conference resumed at 3 p.m. and remained in session until after 6 p.m. The agenda for the afternoon pretty thoroughly discussed. One delegate and one expert from each delegation are allowed to speak on each resolution, and each delegation gives one vote. It is desired to get unanimity on each resolution if possible. The proceedings are in French. As Hughes can speak no French, and I but little, we shall speak in English, and a translator will render it at once in French. Bonar Law speaks French very well, and uses English when he wishes to be very accurate. A large part of the programme for the day was disposed of, and had respect to trade exchanges during the War, and reconstruction of pillaged and dismantled countries.

June 15. The Conference resumed this morning with informal discussions between different groups as to differences of opinion on certain points. . . . Conference resumed at 3 p.m., and sat until half-past six—finished most of the agenda of yesterday, and made good progress with the work set out for to-day. There was more room for variety of interest and clash of views in to-day's business. It was made evident that national and economical interests were most diverse. There was, however, also evident the desire to come together. . . . We are having our own time with Hughes, but are managing to keep him in fair bounds.

June 16. To-day groups met in the morning, and the conference in full at 3 p.m. I moved a resolution, speaking in English, which was immediately translated into French. It was the resolution affirming the period of prohibition or efficient restriction of exchanges with enemy countries after the cessation of hostilities. The resolution was unanimously affirmed. The convention got closely together, and it was in truth a revelation of the deep spirit of unity and helpfulness which animates the Allies. . . .

June 17. To-day saw the groups conferring, and differences being adjusted. The line to-day was as to trade relations after war. When at three we met in general conference, it was possible to proceed to the finish with complete unanimity. Proceedings closed at five o'clock, and we were then received together by President Poincaré at the Elysée. The President shook hands with each one, and said a word here and there. At 6 p.m. he received me person-

ally, and talked very pleasantly for a quarter of an hour. The British Ambassador accompanied me. At 8 p.m. I went to a dinner given at the Hotel St. Maurice by Madame and M. Hanotaux. . . .

June 18. Left Paris at 8 o'clock, had breakfast on train. A long conversation with Bonar Law on various matters, and a longer one with Max Aitken, who I think was looking for information. I gave him what seemed proper. . . .

June 19. Went over some matters with Perley. There is a possibility of his going to Canada, and Borden is asking me to take up matters here in his absence. This is going to interfere with my plans, and whilst I am willing to do my best to help things on, I do not want to remain here longer than last of August. . . .

June 23. I attended on invitation the meeting of the Privy Council, Asquith in the Chair, and devoted to reconstruction work. Bonar Law, Long, Chamberlain, Lord Crewe were the more prominent. The business was regular, orderly, and consecutive. The matter was most interesting, and wide in its scope. Thus was fulfilled a desire of long standing—to have the honour of being a councillor of the Empire. Though of course I took no particular part in the discussions, which were U.K. matters, I was for the time at the centre of Empire. . . .

June 27. At 10.15 I drove to Buckingham Palace, to meet the King and to be sworn in. Sir Gilbert Parker and three others made up the party. We were duly instructed as to the ceremony, and each was given a New Testament. Several members of the cabinet, headed by Lord Crewe, attended in the chamber, and the new P.C.'s stood in line, Testament in hand. The oath was read by Sir Almeric Fitzroy, and was assented to; then each walked singly in to the presence of the King—knelt on the right knee, and raised his right fore-arm, on which the King laid his hand, which was dutifully kissed. He then shook hands with the King and the other privy councillors, and returned to the line. At the end of the ceremony the King asked for me, and graciously gave me an audience of five or ten minutes. . . . So ends the chapter.

July 7. At 5 p.m. Their Majesties received us at Buckingham Palace. The King read a welcome address, and just about five minutes before he came in sent word that he would be glad if I would make a reply. This was the closest corner yet, but of course I could only comply. The address was very cordial and inclusive, and I did the best I could to "return thanks". It was the last place I had ever expected to speak, and in its way was unique. The Queen and King were kind enough to express their commendation. They shook hands with the delegates, and then led the way to the tea-room, where a standing lunch was ready. They talked very pleasantly with all the members, and everybody was charmed. . . .

July 17. We set out for France. . . .

July 19. Twelve cars started from Hotel Crillon at 9 a.m. for the front, and traversed beautifully cultivated and rich fields from Paris to Soissons. We stopped at Senlis, which the Germans held for 6 days, when they shot the mayor, and burned houses as selected here and there. We called upon Gen. Humbert (3rd Army Division) at Verberie, and were pleasantly received by him. At Compiègne we lunched, and then divided into four parties. The front was soon reached, and from the top of a wood we climbed an observation post, and saw the field—German trenches—French trenches—the bursting shells—the up-gushing earth and smoke—the big aeroplanes, with air-craft guns shooting at them, but not hitting them. The boom of the big guns was continuous. We visited a French concealed battery, where four 75's were firing—the underground works and great quarries where far underground thousands of men burrow and rest. We came back calling on Gen. Nicolas at Verneuil on the way, to Compiègne, and took train to Boulogne, where motors met us at 11.30, and drove us to Hesdin, where we arrived at 2 a.m., and scurried to bed, well tired out.

July 20. Up and away at 8.30. . . . At Cassel called on Gen. Sir Herbert Plumer (2nd Army Division), who has elevated headquarters commanding a splendid view. At Steenvorde found Gen. Hill and officers, and saw Gen. Byng. At Abeele we lunched with Gen. Byng, with whom I had considerable talk, and got much information. Gen. Hill commands the 9th Can. Infantry Brigade, and Gen. Byng has command of the Canadian Divisions. We then visited Gen. Currie at Hoograft (1st Can. Division), saw a bombing attack, the gas tests, Stokes gun in action, etc., etc. We are here near Ypres and Poperinghe, and within constant hearing of the guns. Some of our party went to Ypres, and saw shells all too close. I did not go in, though I wanted to. It was against Gen. Currie's wishes, and I deferred. I addressed 2,000 Ontario soldiers just in from the trenches, met the officers of several battalions. Half an hour after a shell burst in the very field where we had stood. We dined with Gen. Turner (2nd Division) Called on Gen. Lipsett (3rd Div.), and then away to Hesdin at war pace.

July 21. Motored to Calais, which we reached at 12. . . .

July 25. Away for Edinburgh. . . . I visited the *Tiger* and *Lion*, and we met Admiral Beatty there, and were shown over her. She was pretty badly hit, but is now nearly ready for sea again. We then went the round of the vessels. . . .

July 26. We arrived at Thurso at 6.30 and were met by the torpedo boats *Orion* and *Ophelia*, 35 miles speed, and made for the Grand Fleet 20 miles distant through the Orkneys. . . . We steamed quickly—passed squadron after squadron of all kinds

of warships and auxiliaries, and were distributed to various vessels for lunch. I fell to the *Iron Duke*, Jellicoe's flagship. . . . Jellicoe made us a speech of welcome, and I replied. The Bishop of London came in, and we had a delightful hour or more. A submarine went down for our pleasure—sea-planes went out—and torpedo boats attacked our warships at 4 miles distant, and successfully torpedoed us. It was very realistic. The big guns cracked away at distant targets and an observing balloon hung in the sky. The Grand Fleet is here in its might, and behind it the Empire is safe, and the world secure.

Before leaving for Canada Foster stayed at Chatsworth with the Duke of Devonshire, who had just been appointed to succeed the Duke of Connaught at Ottawa, and he writes, "I think we shall like our G.G.'s very much, but what a sacrifice for them." Then he attended a Canada Club luncheon in London, at which he was the chief speaker; and "so ends," he observes, "my visit to London, so far as official work is concerned. . . . It has been exceedingly interesting and useful to me, and I hope of advantage to Canada and the Empire." By August 12 he was on the Atlantic, and by August 19 he was back in Canada.

One of the results of Foster's visit to England was the decision of the Colonial Office to revive the work of the Dominions' Royal Commission, which had been so abruptly terminated by the outbreak of the War; and Foster was hardly back in Ottawa when he had to set off once more, this time on a prolonged trip with the members of the Royal Commission across Canada to the Pacific and back, which lasted from September 5 to October 31. Then, on December 14, he had to embark once more for England, where he landed on the day before Christmas; and for the next three weeks he was immersed with his colleagues in the preparation of the final report of the Dominions' Royal Commission—a report of profound significance for inter-imperial trade after the War, in the recommendations

of which fortunately all the members of the Commission concurred.

On February 12, 1917, shortly after Foster's return to Canada, Sir Robert Borden went to England with two of his colleagues, to canvass the situation there at first hand; and until Borden's return on May 14, Foster was acting prime minister. He had on several previous occasions acted for the prime minister, but never for so prolonged a period. During the greater part of this period his diary is a blank, a mute testimony to the pressure of business upon him; but it was resumed for the weeks following April 21, when he went down to Washington to meet the French and British war missions to the United States, and to act in conjunction with them. Here, in addition to the heads of the Allied War Mission, Balfour, Viviani, and Joffre, he met President Wilson and his chief advisers. Of President Wilson he formed a favourable opinion: "He is vigorous, determined, easy in manner, and direct in speech. He means to prosecute the war vigorously."

Of the French representatives he was more critical: "Viviani is common-looking—not refined or distinguished in appearance. Joffre has a fine fatherly face—kind, genial, but firm and square-jawed—a merry eye, Papa Joffre!"

But of Balfour he wrote in terms which he seldom allowed himself to use:

As his tall figure receded from view on the moving train, I felt that a noble personage was going out, never to return hither—bearing the love and deep appreciation of us all. Such men make and keep the Empire great.

When Sir Robert Borden returned to Canada, he came determined to put into effect a measure of compulsory military service or "conscription", in order to

keep Canada's forces at the front up to strength. Even before this, Foster had made up his mind that such a step was inevitable. On May 7, 1917, he wrote in his diary, "Enlistment is at a very low ebb. Only compulsory service can meet the situation; and though it is full of grave difficulties, come it must." But in the events which led up to the formation of the Union Government and the introduction of the Military Service Bill, Foster took little part. While negotiations with the Liberals were in progress, Borden asked him to take charge of the House of Commons, and this fully occupied his energies. It was, no doubt, a source of gratification to him that when negotiations were at their height, and the Western Liberals had signified their unwillingness to serve under Sir Robert Borden, his name should have headed the list of four possible prime ministers under whom they were prepared to serve—the others being Sir Adam Beck, Sir William Mulock, and the Hon. Mr. Justice Duff. But he refused resolutely to entertain the suggestion that he should supplant his leader. Not even the language he used in caucus could have been more emphatic than the entry which he penned in his private diary on August 27:

The Western message came before us to-day—Union of the three provinces in a govt. with Borden as President of a War Council of Six, but another as leader. My name was first of those mentioned, with Beck, Duff, and Mulock. Borden willing to accede with me as leader, and serve in any way. Council would not hear of the elimination of our leader. They are quite right on all grounds. For the sake of efficient work by the Union Govt., no one is more necessary. For the prestige of Canada in this present stage, no one can take his place. And the party which has held the govt., has carried on the War, and is pledged to its firm conduct, cannot consent to destroy its prestige by acceding to such a whimsical demand.

When, by dint of patient persistence, Sir Robert Borden succeeded in forming, in the autumn of 1917,

the Union government, it was proposed at first that Foster should go to London as Canadian high commissioner; but his wife was reluctant to see him go to London, and out of deference to her wishes he declined the appointment, though he himself was loath to forego what, as he expressed it, "would round out my life work very much in line with my wishes and ideals". When the Union government was formed, therefore, he remained at his old post as minister of trade and commerce.

In the general elections which followed the formation of the Union government in 1917, Foster, though he had now reached the age of three-score years and ten, threw himself into the contest with the vigour of youth. He took charge of Ontario, and the success of the Unionists at the polls in Ontario was a reflection of the tact and adroitness which he used in reconciling the conflicting claims of Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists. But his whole soul revolted at the necessity for the election, and his journal contains frequently such outbursts as the following:

I hate this election:—the cost of it when money is so scarce, the taking of one away from urgent war work to scrap on street and hustings, the divisions and bad feeling and humiliation of the whole sordid mess—down tools in the trench, and 'up and at 'em' along the home side-lines. It is quite too bad!

On the eve of the election, Foster suffered a severe accident when he was struck down by a railway engine in the Union Station at Toronto; and election day found him on his back in the hospital with a broken shoulder-blade and collar-bone, as well as four broken ribs and numerous contusions. He was greatly cheered by the result of the elections, which gave the Unionists a majority of over seventy-five seats in Ontario and over sixty in the whole Dominion, and especially by his

own victory in North Toronto, where he rolled up the staggering majority of over 18,000 votes. But his injuries kept him in hospital for a month after the election; and it was many weeks before he was again able to resume the full burden of the work of his department.

Foster had hoped to be able to go south for a rest in the spring, to recuperate from his illness; but this it proved impossible for him to do. He found he could not reconcile it with his conscience to leave his department at such a critical time as those spring months of 1918, when the Germans were making their last sacrifices to the goddess of Victory; and in any case his services were again required in Ottawa as acting prime minister. In May Sir Robert Borden sailed again for London, to attend the meetings of the Imperial War Cabinet, and he did not return until the end of August. During this interval Foster, who was still hardly more than convalescent, had to carry the full burden of the government of Canada. Toward the end of the summer he got away for a much-needed rest; but even when on holiday he was in close touch with Ottawa. It may be doubted whether many soldiers in the trenches did their duty more bravely or conscientiously than this half-disabled veteran of the home front; and when, in the summer of 1918, the King signified his appreciation of Foster's services by conferring on him the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, there was none of the criticism meted out at this time to the award of other honours.

During this period, Foster had the satisfaction of seeing several of his dreams realized. He at last succeeded in persuading parliament to set up the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, and to adopt day-light saving—two measures on which his heart had for some

time been set. But he derived perhaps the deepest gratification from the triumph of "prohibition". Most of the provinces of Canada had by 1918 adopted the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors; prohibition of the importation of intoxicating liquors had come into effect as a war-measure, by order-in-council, on December 24, 1917; and on March 4, 1918, an order-in-council forbade the inter-provincial transport of spirituous liquors, and even, if necessary, their manufacture. Foster's reflections on this development of the war are interesting:

It is a wonderful accomplishment that Canada is now or soon will be "bone-dry", as regards intoxicating liquors. In my earlier years I thought Prohibition might soon be carried, but later I knew it was a long process to permeate a whole people, and overturn customs, habits, and great financial interests. The War has added the final impulse, and once it is out, it will, I believe, be kept out. What a revolution!

With the actual direction of the war, Foster had little to do, except as regards the supply of food and munitions, and the regulation of economic life in Canada through food and fuel controllerships, war trade boards, and such things. But his position gave him much close insight into the conduct of the War, and frequent glimpses behind the scenes. Unfortunately, the time has not yet come when the most interesting of these can be made public. Nor is their publication essential to the narration of Sir George Foster's life.

XVI. THE PEACE CONFERENCE

"They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded."

—*William Shakespeare*

THE Great War ended with the Armistice of November 11, 1918. But even before this the machinery of peace was being set in motion. It was not only that governments began to face the problems of reconstruction: these problems had engaged the attention of the Canadian government, and especially of the minister of trade and commerce, since 1916; and if Canada passed easily and safely through the period of reconstruction after the War, no small part of the credit must go to the wisdom and foresight of Canada's war government, and in particular to the department of trade and commerce. The ease with which hundreds of thousands of Canada's soldiers and war-workers were later absorbed into Canadian peacetime industry was by no means an accident. But before the Armistice was signed, preparations for the making of peace were already well under way. As the end of the War hove into sight, the cables between the capitals of the allied countries began to hum with arrangements for the Peace Conference; and on November 1, Foster wrote in his diary:

In evening had a talk with Premier over Peace Conference—changes in Cabinet, etc., etc. My own position will be radically changed. I shall hate to leave my work in T. and C. just as I am getting it into shape for good work. On the other hand, there is a vast mass of detail in it, and I am 71 years old. I do not now

get an hour free from hard grind, and I cannot stand it long. . . . The next few months in Europe will be very interesting.

The reference was to the fact that Foster was chosen to go, with Sir Robert Borden and one or two other members of the cabinet, to London and Paris, as one of the British delegation to the Peace Conference.

On November 6, so quickly did events move, Foster records in his diary:

I am making preparations for departure. The event and its surroundings will be unique in History, and to be a participant therein will be an unique opportunity. The complexity of the problems, the number and variety of the interested nationals who are to attempt their solution, invest the Conference with responsibilities of tremendous import—and emphasize the difficulties to be overcome.

Two days later Borden and Foster left Ottawa, and on November 17 they were in England.

On their arrival in London, the Canadian ministers were met by the British prime minister, Mr. Lloyd George, and a guard of honour composed of “sturdy Nova Scotians”, and were then “whisked off to Claridge’s Hotel.” The story of the strenuous days that followed, however, must be told in Foster’s own words:

November 19. Had a conference at the Hotel over methods of procedure. Perley and I met Long and had an hour with him on better representation of Canada’s interests on commission, etc. Lunched at Marlborough Club and then went to Parliament House to hear the King’s speech in the Royal Hall. Peers, Lords, Archbishop, Judges, M.P.’s, Overseas Dominions made up a wonderful body representative of the Empire. Lords and Commons presented their addresses—the King replied in a strong voice and a well-worded statement of what the Empire had done. The Queen, Prince, and Duke of Connaught were present. The proceedings were dignified, grave, almost solemn. . . .

November 20. The morning passed in interviews. At 12 we (Borden and I) attended War Cabinet meeting. It was interesting and animated. A distinguished gathering: Prime Minister, Balfour, Law, Chamberlain, Geddes, Reading, Long, Churchill,

Curzon, Smuts, Hughes, Montagu, First Lord of Admiralty, etc., etc. Subjects had wide range. Prisoners' treatment, Fleet showed flag in Baltic, Treatment of Kaiser, chief topics dealt with. Discussions short and to the point—all equal in opportunity of discussion. I was quiet, but observant. In afternoon delegations, and at 5 p.m. met Long's committee—Perley, Jones, and Griffin with me—to discuss raw materials and export control and Allied commissions. Had a pleasant, and I think profitable, hour. . . .

November 21. I start my rounds at 9.30, and have interview with Shipping Minister at 9.45 a.m., Chairman of Sugar Commission 10.45, Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland 11.30, and visit War Cabinet quarters where I have a room all to myself. . . . The time goes like lightning. The dispersion of work strikes one here. There is much overlapping. It is very difficult to get to responsible parties. Good will everywhere, but slow and discursive action.

November 22. Things as usual march slowly. . . .

November 23. At 10 a.m. I attended at Buckingham Palace, and received investiture at the King's hands—G.C.M.G. There was a long list, about 280. Two V.C.'s preceded me, one a Colborne, Ont., boy, whose boldness and coolness was wonderfully exhibited. . . .

November 26. A War cabinet meeting at 12, dealt chiefly with the subject of indemnities. A commission was appointed—Long, Hughes, myself, Hewins, and Ritchie—to enquire, examine, and report as to what might be imposed over and above reparations, how it could be collected, and what the effect would be on Allied countries. . . .

November 28. Had a meeting of Shipping Committee at 11. Went to War Cabinet at 11.45, and we discussed the trial of the Kaiser on the Law Officers' opinion that he must not escape punishment, either as was Napoleon, or by tribunal. The attitude of Hoover and the Pres. grows interesting as showing desire to work independently of Allies. . . .

November 30. Had session of Indemnity Committee, with Lord Cunliffe and Mr. Ritchie as business members. It was all guess-work and sentiment, and it is difficult to get evidence of Germany's capacity, and we have no tabulation of Allied devastation bills. The reparation must come first—we must know what that is before we can even guess what more can be got. . . .

December 1. The French premier and Foch came to-day. . . .

December 2. The French premier and Foch with the two Italian Barons hold the boards to-day. They are in conference with Premier Lloyd George, Balfour, and the War Lords. . . . I am exceedingly busy on the War Indemnity committee. Hughes

is a talking chairman, and the committee is weak. It is all personal impression and desire—evidence there is none. To make the Hun pay to the utmost, whether it leads to a generation of occupancy and direction, or not, and forgetful of the results otherwise. I want reparation to the full—an indemnity thereafter that will teach the Germans that war, if unsuccessful, brings long penalties. We shall bring in a report, but it will be based on extremely little real evidence.

December 3. War Cabinet at 10.30, lasting to 1.30. Some 25 members present. The results of yesterday's conferences were submitted and discussed in French and English with translations. At 5.30 and to 6.30 again, with fresh submissions. The meetings were held in the Upper Great Council Room. Foch sat beneath Nelson's picture, whilst Geo. Washington's picture was looking on from the end. It was an historic and intensely interesting event. . . . Clemenceau not tall, but stocky—heavy eyebrows—a very strong face—volcanic, quick in decision and statement. Foch a quiet manner—sad and somewhat gentle in countenance—a rebellious moustache, which he pulled almost continuously—facile and clear in expression. His face has in it nothing brutal, but inclines to thoughtfulness. Orlando is short, chunky, nervous, full of gesture. Sonnino taller, speaks English well, gentlemanly in style.

December 7. The Wilson legend ranks high in Europe, and all war-touched areas. His general expressions of ideals and purposes have caught the ear of every discontented faction of races, and "self-determination" is translated into the dream and hope, or the mischievous propaganda, of sections of humanity, large and small. The result would be, carried to the limit, a world of small, ill-regulated, weak, and antagonistic communities.

December 9. We have been here now a month. Whilst waiting for Conference, necessary and useful work is being done.

December 10. Wilson lands to-morrow. A pilgrimage has set in from the ends of the earth to represent "self-determination" in govt., which, if logically carried out, would erect a chaos of incapable and impossible communities, and spell ruin and disorder and possible anarchy.

December 11. The usual work. At 2 Whitehall, and in afternoon the Indemnity Committee finished its work, and the report was sent in. The Committee did not search for much evidence. Two men were examined, and both gave a maximum to what could be exacted from enemy powers, one at £125 M yearly, other at £1,000 millions cap. sum. No documents were examined. The business members simply translated their desires and impressions into the report. I agreed to report in main, but was opposed to naming sum which could be exacted with[out] disadvantage to

Allies. Hughes did most of the talking, and Hewins assumed absolute knowledge of Germany's present power to produce and pay, and scouted all evidence to the contrary. Altogether it was the oddest committee I ever served upon. In the end it fixed the sum—£24,000 million, £1,250 M yearly interest—and in a negative way endorsed it. It ended by appointing itself as British representation on Inter-Allied Committee. Except as an opinion there was no force behind it.

December 17. Preliminary Conference will not begin till after New Year's, as it looks now. We came one month too early.

December 18. War Cabinet from 11.30 to 1.30. The two Indian representatives were present, and Botha made his first appearance. The discussion was general and informative. The President wishes to visit England now, and this changes all the plans. . . . The chief topics will be discussed in War Cabinet, so that Premier and Foreign Secretary may be ready for conference with Wilson when he comes next week. The discussion to-day shows the importance and the difficulties of the matters to be settled. Old treaties that must be kept (Italy and G.B.), Italy's jealousy of France, the demands of the latter, the territorial adjustments, including captured colonies—Russia—Italy and the Jugo-Slavs—Freedom of Seas—League of Nations—disarmament, etc., etc.

December 19. To-day I lunched with Sir Geo. Perley, and from the Ritz saw Sir Douglas Haig and his generals pass through dense masses of cheering crowds. . . . The evening was devoted to a study of Peace Conference documents in preparation for to-morrow's War Cabinet. The colonies and captured territories—what shall be done with them, how they shall be administered. Will U.S. come in and take her share of the responsibility? These are the subjects for discussion to-morrow. Wilson is coming to London next week. Preliminary discussions will be held with him and Prime Minister and Balfour.

December 21. The usual routine. I went to see *Peter Pan* in the evening. . . .

December 22. We are still without any idea when Conference of Allies will begin. . . .

December 23. The War Cabinet met at 11, and continued till 1.30. The question of Russia, the colonies, the conquered parts, their constitution and surveillance, the Italian engagements, were subjects of absorbing interest and extreme difficulty. The unknown factor is the U.S. . . .

December 24. The War Cabinet met at 11, and continued in session until 5, with intermission for lunch. The subjects were

League of Nations, Freedom of Seas, and Indemnity, and the discussions were very interesting.

Present Lloyd George, Law, Barnes, Long, Churchill, Cave, Botha, First Naval Lord, Lord Lytton, Reading, Borden, Foster, Curzon, Hughes, Cook, Lloyd, Milner, Wilson, Bikaner, Montagu, Singh, Chamberlain, Balfour, Hankey. These discussions were designed to ascertain views of Cabinet, and arrive at general conclusions which would be basis of the line to be taken by Balfour and Lloyd George in their talks with President Wilson. . . .

December 26. The President came on the hour—a royal salute was given him—the crowds were immense and sympathetic, and he made a short reply to the crowd's demand in Buckingham Palace grounds for a speech. He stays with the King and Queen as guest. Well, the years bring their revolutions—a U. S. president and a British King riding together through London streets, and living together in a British palace. *Absit omen.*

December 27. The bunting is still all up, and will remain so until Wilson departs. To-day Balfour and Lloyd George discuss matters with him at Buckingham Palace and Downing Street. To-night the State dinner to which only Borden is invited. . . .

December 28. Guild Hall ceremony at 12.30 very interesting. The President was extremely well received, and acquitted himself admirably. . . . The imagination was struck with the spectacle of a President of the U. S. being made a citizen of London in the Historic Guild Hall. In the evening Lloyd George's dinner at Downing Street to the President was a notable function. . . . The Pres. of U. S. dining in Downing Street! It needs but the historian's retrospect to fill in the picture. . . .

December 30. The usual work in the morning, and Imp. War Cabinet 3.30 to end. We had a report of the conversations with Wilson, which were on the whole satisfactory. Generalities mainly—strong on League of Nations—receding and reasonable on Freedom of Seas—mandatory administration for colonies—opposition to Indemnities—armament reduction, etc. . . .

December 31. War Cabinet met at 11 a.m., and concluded at 2.30 p.m., and dealt with the Russian situation and the representation at the Peace Conference. The former was exhaustively canvassed. . . . It was agreed that the matter should be dealt with by Allies unitedly, and that the present half-hearted and piecemeal policy was a failure. The second went well. The Dominions are to be represented on equality with lesser allies, and this position was heartily supported and will be pressed by B. G. . . . We have now (1) the pledge of Preference on all tariff imports; (2) the actual preference over foreign countries in contracts for supplies needed in U. K. to a max. of 10 p.c. difference

in cost; (3) restrictions in imports done away first as regards British Overseas; and (4) the status of national representation on Peace Conference. . . .

January 11, 1919. The Prime Minister [Borden] left for Paris.

January 13. To-day I got telegram from Borden to bring on the remaining staff and ministers as soon as possible.

January 15. Start for Paris at 11 a.m. . . .

January 18. At 2.30 drove to Quai d'Orsay, where the first session of the Peace Conference was opened. . . . Pres. Poincaré came in at 3 p.m. and standing by the Chair read his opening speech, all the Conference standing. This was translated into English. The Pres. then shook hands with each delegate, and passed from the room. M. Clemenceau then took chair. Pres. Wilson in a neat speech proposed M. Clemenceau as permanent chairman of the Peace Conference. Lloyd George in a neater speech seconded the motion, and there was unanimous consent. M. Clemenceau then addressed the Conference briefly but feelingly, and proceeded to the agenda. Three leading questions were proposed, and the delegations asked to prepare recommendations on each, and submit them forthwith to the secretariat, who will prepare these reports and recommendations for discussion at later sessions. The smaller nations were invited to send in complete presentations on any subject interesting themselves. . . . The session then concluded. Thus opened a conference unique in history, and the deliberations and conclusions of which will influence the future of humanity as none other.

January 25. The 2nd session of the Peace Conference opened at 3. The resolution affirming principle of the League of Nations was first order of business, moved by Wilson in an excellent speech, seconded by Lloyd George in a short but touching speech, and supported by Sonnino and others. Unfortunately, the President allowed the details of formation and membership to be discussed, and the smaller powers, led by Belgium, complained of lack of representation. . . . It was the expected protest of the many small powers against the assumption of directing and controlling functions by the big five. The management was faulty, and the manner of the announcement not diplomatic. The aim was correct, for small commissions alone can make progress, and the delay in coming to close quarters with the work was causing discontent and blocking demobilization. The terms of peace are the requirement of first importance, and on these the Conference must converge all its force and effort. The smaller powers cannot all be represented on all commissions, but they will all be heard by all the commissions, and, when the final report is ready, it will go to

the whole conference for discussion. Nineteen powers were represented by seventy delegates—Canada has three, Borden and myself direct, and Doherty as one of the British panel. The scene was certainly unique. China, one of the very oldest of civilizations, appeared as one of the newest of republics, and with the greatest population—India and the Overseas Dominions sat with equal rights at the table of the nations—Siam had its place—the newly formed and forming states were there, with their long look backward, and full of a new hope under united and free auspices.

January 29. . . . A meeting of the British War Cabinet was held to-day, chiefly in respect to the disposition of the colonies. South W. Africa is much needed by Botha—Papua by Hughes, and Samoa by N.Z., and all three can ultimately be worked out under mandatory system, with these countries as mandatories. The political factor is present, and in Botha's case is very important. But these are small compared with world considerations, and it is important that Br. Empire should accede to principle, and thus insure a League of Nations.

January 30. . . . A big decision was reached to-day by the five great Powers in agreeing on the trusteeship for conquered territory under mandatories responsible to the League of Nations. Britain and the Colonies agreed, and this made it possible.

February 3. Routine work heavy—documents pile in upon one in quantities impossible to digest. To keep oneself *au fait* with the work of the Commissions is almost impossible, but I am attempting to do it. . . .

February 6. . . . Conference matters are proceeding very well. Wilson's absence will be a set back, but if by his going and getting practical mandate for his action he succeeds, the result will be all the more surely attained, and more rapidly. . . . The great powers are working well together.

February 11. A virtual agreement has been reached on the constitution of the League of Nations. . . . Wilson goes on Sunday, but will return with the least possible delay. . . .

February 13. . . . To-day the Supreme War Council came to decisions concrete and drastic as to armistice conditions, and Foch has taken them with him to Trêves. . . .

February 14. . . . In the afternoon the Peace Conference held its 3rd meeting, to receive the report of the Commission appointed to prepare a draft constitution of the League of Nations. . . . The date is surely historic. . . .

February 15. President Wilson goes out to-day from Brest, taking his sheaf with him. On the whole, he has been a strong factor and a useful one. He supplied a great ideal stimulus, and was sensible enough to take counsel with others and modify views



THE SIGNING OF PEACE IN THE HALL OF MIRRORS,
VERSAILLES, 1919

From the painting by Sir William Orpen
in the Imperial War Museum.

in accordance therewith. I believe he will find the U. S. behind him in principle. In the meantime, good work is going on here, and when Wilson comes back in a month's time things will come to issue quickly. Meantime the armistice renewal, subject to new conditions and a three days' notice, will give the Germans a practical exhibition of Allied unity, and a sense of their own absolute defeat, which up to this time they have lacked. . . .

February 28. The War Cabinet (Paris part) met to-day and discussed the economic side from the British standpoint. The Supreme Economic Council is now set up. . . . Then it is proposed to set up an inter-allied Economic Commission, to deal with trade, treaties, contracts, and other economic subjects related to the Peace Conference—5 from each of the 5 great Powers. This Committee should have been set up long ago. . . .

March 3. Economic commission decided. I go on as British representative with Sir Hubert L. Smith. This means more work, but the position is one step more for Canada, and complimentary to myself.

March 6. Left Paris at 11, and had a pleasant run through to London. . . .

March 10. Left London at 8.50. . . . Paris was reached at 9.50 p.m. . . . Peace Conference matters are going on with fair dispatch.

March 15. To-day Wilson did not attend the meeting of the Supreme Council of Ten, and so no decisions were reached. Some dissatisfaction was shown at his absence. . . .

March 21. Left Paris at 12.25 for Lille. We passed into the ruined districts. . . .

March 24. I got into Paris at a little before midnight. . . . I have had quite enough of the devastated areas *Trop triste*.

March 25. Nothing has moved much during our absence. A new plan is in operation, that is to take the big questions out of the Council of ten, and work them out by the four or five premiers. . . . There is now a prospect of getting to Peace Terms, in April.

March 26. The big four is busy on the League of Nations—the situation in Germany and Hungary. . . . The opinion is strong in France that Wilson's influence has resulted in postponing the one most needed thing—the terms of peace, the frontiers, and the reparations. Six months nearly, and no country knows where it is.

April 11. The Inter-Allied Economic Commission met from 5 to 9, and got through with a good deal of work. The U.S. delegates are the most peculiar and impracticable bunch. Lamont and Baruch seem to handle the others. They change their minds with the rapidity of ball bearings. . . .

April 12. . . . In afternoon Int. Allied Economic Commission sat from 4.30 to 8.45, and finished the last sub-committee report. In absence of Clémentel for half the session, I presided. The main body of the Peace terms work by sub-committees is now done. The big decisions remain in part to do, viz., the Boundaries bet. Poland and between other European states—the Saar valley—the occupied region on West, and Reparations. It is hoped that terms will be ready next week, but I doubt it. . . .

April 14. The work of the Council of 4 and the Council of five goes on apace. . . . There will be a vivid flash of discontent with the best Reparations terms that can possibly be made. The total costs of war cannot be put on Germany. . . .

April 18. A busy day, with session of Interallied at 4.30 p.m. lasting until 7. . . . The Americans as usual had their reservations. . . . I went off at 11 p.m. en route to the land of the Boche.

April 28. In the morning I attended a meeting of the Supreme Economic Council—10 to 1 p.m.—as representative of the British Empire. . . . At 5 p.m. the 5th Plenary Conference is held—League of Nations pact, etc. . . . and at 6 p.m. the historic session rose. . . .

May 6. The 6th Plenary session of the Conference—secret—a rather peculiar session. Clemenceau *mentioned* the clauses in the Responsibilities section of the treaty, had no copy of them, nor had anyone else except Bonar Law—said “Adopté”, and passed on to Treaty Conditions which Tardieu began to read by sections, waiting for translation, and then on again. . . . Foch made a fervid protest as to military guarantees to safeguard the Treaty—pleading for military possession of the Rhine as essential. Some further reading, when, it becoming apparent that the whole day would be required to get through, Clemenceau asked if anyone else wished the “parole”, and declared the whole thing adopted, and the session closed. . . .

May 11. At noon we had a conference in Borden’s room, and the decision was reached that the Premier and Sifton should go at once, leaving me in charge with the Minister of Justice. Owing to conditions of things at home it is wise to have the Premier back at once.

May 29. The 7th Plenary Conference was opened at Quai d’Orsay, but nothing was done except to hear a protest from Bratianu against going on without giving time to the Powers newly erected and extended to examine the terms. . . . So the séance was postponed until 3 p.m. Saturday.

May 30. At 11 a.m. the British delegation met to consider the counter-propositions of the German delegation. No one had been able to finish the reading of the whole document, and the talk was preliminary and sketchy. The opinion was expressed that in

some respects it was a pretty well-put-up case. Smuts was positive that their case was perfect on the 14 points as basis—legal and agreed—for Treaty, and that any excess over these was indefensible and implied bad faith. He was emphatic for a recast of the whole Treaty on these lines. He got little support on this. I took ground that the Points, the speeches in connection therewith, and the Allies' extension of points gave ample ground for the essential clauses of Treaty. We separated with the task set to each to study fully and be prepared to discuss later all the points.

May 31. The Plenary Session of the Peace Conference was held at 3 p.m. A rather animated but good-tempered discussion. . . .

June 1. Meetings of the British delegation, reinforced by Chamberlain, Churchill, Fisher, and Smith, were held from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., and from 5.30 to 7.30. A very full and earnest discussion took place. The military, economic, reparation, and political sides of the question were carefully considered. The result was a tendency towards modifications of frontiers in the East, with plebiscites in Upper Silesia and one or two other portions—of terms financial and reparative in direction of definite amounts, and fixation thereof in consideration of ability to pay—of shortening, if not almost entirely eliminating, period of military occupation—of the Saar valley arrangement to avoid too much the aspect of taking for ulterior purposes the possession and administration of enemy populations—of hastening Germany's admission to League of Nations. The Prime Minister was given wide powers.

June 2. To-day travelled out to St. Germain for a meeting of the Peace Conference at which the Austrian Treaty was presented to their Plenipotentiaries. . . .

June 7. . . . The Big Four and the Commissions are busy on the reply to the Germans, and the possible changes in amelioration of the Treaty. The feeling gains as to (Germany's) early admission to League of Nations, setting of a fixed sum for Reparations, and some possible softening of frontier limits, but no basic changes. German sentiment as expressed goes strongly against signature. No one knows what will take place. . . .

It was at this juncture, on June 10, 1919, that Foster received from Sir Robert Borden an urgent cable advising his immediate return to Canada; and the following day he received a cable from Lady Foster's doctor, "Lady Foster ill. Should come home speedily." He bade good-bye to Paris and the Peace Conference on June 12, and by June 21 he was back in

Ottawa. He found his wife stricken with a mortal, but lingering illness; and for three months, with unfailing devotion, he remained at her side. A week after he reached Ottawa, he records in his diary the end of the Peace Conference:

To-day at 3 p.m. Paris time the Peace treaty was signed by the Germans in the Hall of Mirrors, and the attendant nations through their representatives set their names thereto. I had thought to fix my name thereto for Canada; but fate decreed otherwise.

On September 17, Lady Foster breathed her last; and the entry in Foster's diary for this day begins, "Dull without and dark within."

XVII. THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

"The chief object of the League of Nations is the maintenance of peace by the substitution of the reign of justice for the reign of force."

—*Léon Bourgeois*

"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

—*Lord Tennyson*

AFTER the death of his wife in 1919, Foster began to long for a release from the grind of administrative work. He was now seventy-two years of age; and while his mental powers were as keen as ever, he found his physical powers failing. He was offered the lieutenant-governorship of Ontario; and if his wife had been alive he might have been glad to take it, but without her it had no attractions for him. He was offered also the Canadian high commissionership in London, which Sir George Perley was apparently anxious to relinquish; and this appealed to him more, since it would have put the coping-stone, as it were, on his life's work on behalf of the Empire. But his hopes of an early release from the work of government were doomed to disappointment. While the reorganization of the cabinet was still under discussion, the health of Sir Robert Borden, sapped by the long strain of the War and by the even greater strain of the months after the War, broke down; and he called on Foster to take over the reins as acting prime minister, while he himself went on a prolonged leave of absence.

From the end of December, 1919, therefore, until the middle of May, 1920, Foster was compelled, instead of seeking some easier sphere of duty, to undertake the position of First Minister under peculiarly trying conditions. "A locum tenens," as Foster put it, "has a hard oar to pull" in any circumstances; but the circumstances in 1920 were especially difficult. The country was in a restless and querulous mood; the members of the Union government were tired and perhaps disheartened; two of the ministers had been ordered south by their doctors, a third fell seriously ill, and several were anxious to resign, or did resign. Foster patched up the cabinet as best he could; but it fell to his lot to face a by no means docile parliament with a weakened cabinet. Never perhaps did his superb gifts as a parliamentarian shine more brightly. With admirable tact and patience he engineered the government's programme through both caucus and parliament with scarcely an amendment and with no delays; and he kept the discussions in the House of Commons on a high level. It was significant that when the Hon. Hugh Guthrie, in introducing the Franchise Bill, paid a tribute to the acting prime minister as the sole survivor of those who had debated the first Franchise Bill of the Dominion in 1885, both sides of the House broke into spontaneous and prolonged applause. Never before had Foster stood higher in the estimation of the Canadian people than he did during those trying months in 1920, when, broken in health and spirit, and impelled only by a sense of his duty to his country and his party, he carried on the King's government.

When Sir Robert Borden returned to Ottawa in May, 1920, his health was so much improved that he

hoped at first to be able to resume the reins of government; but a recrudescence of his ill-health forced him to realize that he must hand over the reins to another. At the end of June he announced his forthcoming retirement; and Foster's account of the consequent formation of the Meighen government is so vivid and interesting that it deserves quotation:

July 4, 1920. The caucus on July 1 was notable among all caucuses I have seen. After full and long discussions, it has resulted in: 1. Accepting the resignation of Sir Robert with great reluctance and regret, but as a *fait nécessaire à cause de son santé*. 2. The fusion of the two wings that came together in 1917 in a new party to carry on for the future as one. 3. The agreement upon a name—a little elongated, but expressive of three ideas—the element liberal—the element conservative which combined before in the Liberal-Conservative party has received a fresh accession of liberal strength as born of the War and its sentiment—and the third element of national consciousness evolved in and by the War, which met and overwhelmed the positive and passive opposition to Canada's full action in the War to preserve the nation and Empire. The hyphen has been replaced by the "and", which tends to strengthen the appreciation of the Liberal accession. 4. The formal adoption of a platform of action which had already been agreed upon and partly exposed in the budget. On this all are agreed, and it will be the fighting platform of the new party. In the result, the fiscal principles of the old Lib.-Con. party have been adopted and re-affirmed—details remain to be worked out. An unique method to select the new leader, suggested by myself, was adopted. The selection ultimately to be made by Sir Robert. Each member of Parliament supporting the late government is to indicate by letter his first and other choices, and his reasons therefor. Sir Robert is to sift these out—ascertain the possibilities of each carrying the confidence and support of his colleagues, and using his long experience and knowledge of conditions, evolve the best from the number suggested. . . . Now the great desideratum is the Leader. I have made up my mind, and told my friends, that I would not, in fairness to the party and in justice to myself, have anything to do with it. A younger man is a necessity. The work would be greater than my physical strength could sustain, and I should likely "peg out" when the Party most needed me. . . . I will do what I can to help in reason, if the new man wishes and really needs me. But personally I wish

surcease from hard grinding work, and a few leisure years before I am called hence. . . . If I were 10 years younger I would like a try at it. Now my day has gone by, and I do not regret it.

July 11. Much water has passed beneath the bridge since my last notation of events. White has declined absolutely to accept the premiership—Meighen has undertaken it. On Thursday he came to see me, first of all, he said, to ask my co-operation and the retention of my portfolio. I told him frankly that I had decided to give over the work of government and administration into younger hands, and that I desired to be quit of further care and responsibility at once. My service had been long and severe, and I desired an honourable discharge. I told also of my arrangements with Borden, who had thrice offered me the London post, and that I had looked forward to release to that position before or at Borden's retirement. He appeared much disappointed, and said that, if I declined to continue, it would render it very difficult, if not impossible, for him to complete a government, and he feared the inevitable result would be to bring in King. I then told him that for his own sake, and to prevent the latter contingency, I would continue for a time—at least for two months, till he had time to collect his forces and establish his lines. He pleaded for a longer time, but though promising to extend the limit somewhat, I made it clear that it could not be for long. He told me that he was cognizant of Sir Robert's arrangement, and that it accorded with his own wishes, and thanked me warmly for my accession.—So fortified he proceeded, and by Monday had succeeded in retaining all the old cabinet except Burrell and Rowell. The most difficult was Ballantyne—for reasons partly personal and partly provincial, on grounds that M. was distasteful, if not antagonistic, to the Quebec feeling, and so would find it most difficult to gain support from that Province. M. and B. were sworn in on Saturday. Borden made his farewells to his colleagues in the Privy Council Chamber. It was a pathetic and memorable parting, and though very brief and repressed was instinct with deep and varied feelings. As I cast my eyes over the line of portraits—Sir John, Mackenzie, Abbott, Thompson, Bowell, Tupper, and Laurier, and rested them on Borden—under five of whom I served, and with all but one of whom I was a collaborator in the work of administering Canada's affairs, a sense of age and service filled my heart and mind, and of the sacred privilege accorded me of doing my bit for the development and up-building of my country. . . .

July 18. The re-arrangement of portfolios is for the present completed. McCurdy and Wigmore come in for N.S. and N.B., and Spinney as member of government without portfolio. Calder takes Pres. of Privy Council and Health, Lougheed takes Soldiers'

Settlement and Interior, Guthrie takes Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment—the others as before. Borden and Burrell are out, and Kemp remains in govt. without portfolio. So government will function while the new Premier gets his first wind, and is able to find his bearings. . . . I have not talked with Meighen about myself. . . . I would like London for a few years—but my years are few now, and my physical strength is not at all up to what it appears. The work will be exhausting, continuous, bothersome, and exacting. Is it wise to brave the climate and the work under these conditions? I could stay here—go to the Senate—have some years of quiet public life among friends, do some literary work, be among my books and associations of home and locality. I could go to Washington, and that would be nearer Canada and friends, but the work would be exacting, too. Now what of the three is best? . . . Where and how can I do the best work for my country and my people?

The problem was ultimately resolved by Foster going to the Senate. On August 28, 1920, he made the following entry in his diary:

As to myself, I have to-day signed my warrant of political death. London and Washington will be too much for my body to support, though in mind and thought I am as good as or better than ever. My home calls to me, and all its associations, and the last years ask surcease from arduous details. My quiet but strong ambition to do work for Canada and the Empire in London, eager reflection bids me abandon. *Adieu, pas au revoir.* . . . How colourless the Senate—the entering gate to coming extinction—Would it have been better to have gone in the midst of conflict? Perhaps. But I do not repine. Maybe some useful days remain to work for “King and Country”—that noble symbolism. So if spared I will go to the League Conference at Geneva—my last appearance on the big stage of public action—big, honourable, great.—Then home and the westering sun, and the inevitable sunset.

Foster was not actually appointed to the Senate until a year later; but in the autumn of 1920 he was appointed to head the Canadian delegation to the first Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. His colleagues were two of the ablest men in Canadian public life, the Right Hon. C. J. Doherty, the minister of justice, and the Hon. N. W. Rowell, who had retired

from the cabinet at the time of the formation of the Meighen government, but was a strong advocate of the League of Nations, and was destined to play an outstanding part in the first Assembly of the League. The Canadian delegation sailed from Quebec on November 3, 1920, on the *Empress of France*, and reached London on November 10, in time to witness the celebration on November 11 of the second anniversary of the signing of the Armistice. The following is Foster's description in his diary of this impressive event:

Thursday, the 11th, was a day never to be forgotten. The weather was perfect, the crowds enormous, and as noiseless and orderly as could be imagined, the ceremonies exceedingly simple and impressive. The Cenotaph was erected in Whitehall—the cortège was awaited by the King, and he received with bared head the unknown warrior. Then the service—the silence so wonderful—the service short and dignified—the procession to the Abbey—the beautiful service therein—the deposit of the body in the Abbey—the evident and deep feeling of all—one can never forget it.

On November 12, the Canadian delegation left for Geneva, and arrived there the next day. Foster's diary covering the first meeting of the League is fragmentary; but some extracts from it are deserving of reproduction:

So, Nov. 13, we are in Geneva, ready for the first Assembly. The British and colonial delegations are quartered at the Beau Rivage. In the afternoon we visited the Hotel National, the seat of the League, beautifully situated on the Quai de Leman—the Salle de la Reformation, where the Assembly will meet, the Salle des Délégations, one of the workshops of the Assembly. . . . What an exquisitely clean and well-ordered city Geneva appears to be. 48 years ago I stood on the Quai and saw Mont Blanc break from the clouds in all its majestic beauty. To-day the haze prevents one seeing it. Then I was a student and a budding professor of Classics in the U. N. B.—to-day, 73 years and more of age, I am the chief of the Canadian delegation at the world's first parliament of 42 nations. What a space I have traversed, what an

experience passed, what ideals smashed and fulfilled—What a distance from Collina and the days of early youth!

Monday, 15th. The great Assembly opens at 10 a.m. in the Salle de la Reformation. The chamber has been specially arranged, is spacious with ample galleries on the first floor for secretaries and distinguished personages—2nd floor for friends of delegates and Press—3rd gallery, general public, end gallery, diplomats. The stage is high, over the dais a canopy, in front the tribune from which the speakers speak. All Geneva is agog to see the delegates, and the opening is impressive. The President of the Council and the President of the Swiss Republic make addresses, and the Assembly proceeds to its first act, the election of a President. The 42 delegations are seated alphabetically—thus avoiding all question of precedence. South Africa begins at right of President, Argentine adjoins, Australia next, and so on along the front row; then follow the B's, and Canada comes in 2nd row to the right just behind Africa, and with G.B. on our right. Each delegation has five seats—three for its delegates, one for adviser, and one for secty. . . . Who shall be President? The delegations are mostly strange to each other, there has been little chance to consult, and none to know really who would be the capable man. But here understanding and the strategical sense of fitness comes in and settles the matter by Switzerland proposing Belgium, and so Paul Hyams, the Pres. of the Council, becomes first President of the Assembly. Switzerland got the seat of the League, Belgium got the presidency, and the matter was settled, though there were some scattered votes for Switzerland, etc.

From November 14 to December 18, the day when the Assembly closed its deliberations, there are no entries in Foster's diary. During this period he was engrossed, not only in the work of the Assembly of the League, but also in the preparations for an event which was destined to make his remaining years of life immeasurably happier than they would otherwise have been. On December 9, 1920, he was married in Geneva to Jessie, the daughter of the late Sir William Allan, who was member for Gateshead in the British parliament from 1893 to 1903. The bride was given away by the Right Hon. Arthur (later Lord) Balfour, and the wedding was an interesting interlude in the

proceedings of the first Assembly of the League. To Foster it brought great solace and happiness, and a new strength for the day's work.

On its resumption, after the wedding, the diary proceeded as follows:

December 18. To-day saw the close of the first Assembly, after some animated discussion on mandates and a closing speech by Hyams. The attendance was good, the spirit excellent, and the general impression prevailed that the Assembly had vindicated its existence and rounded out the machinery and organism through which the purposes of the League will be ultimately realized.

After a few days spent in Paris and in London, Foster and his wife sailed for Canada on the *Empress of Britain*, and arrived in Ottawa early in the New Year of 1921. There they took up the round of official and social life; and Foster plunged with new vigour into the work of his department and of parliament. There were no longer in his diary longings expressed for release from the grind of official life, nor were there gloomy anticipations of approaching death. It almost seemed as if he had regained, for the moment, his lost youth. In June of 1921 he took over once more, when the prime minister was absent in England, the duties of acting prime minister. He hoped to be sent to attend the second meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations in the autumn of 1921; but this hope was disappointed. The prime minister "seemed to think that one representative was enough, and that the agenda did not seem to be very important"; and he found that there was among the majority of the cabinet "little comprehension of and scant favour for the League." He was compelled, therefore, to watch the proceedings of the Assembly of the League from afar. In the meantime, however, the sands of time were running out for the parliament of Canada elected

in 1917. It became necessary for the Meighen government to appeal to the country for endorsation; and before going to the polls, a reorganization of the government was desirable. In the new government, Foster could doubtless have retained his portfolio, had he so wished; but he had already expressed his desire for retirement, and had indeed remained in the government long beyond the period set for his retirement. It was doubtful, moreover, whether the new cabinet would be able to carry the country, such were the conditions of the time. In these circumstances, it seemed the part of wisdom for Foster to withdraw from the government and to accept a seat in the Senate, where his long experience of public affairs would still be at the service of the Canadian people.

The entries in his diary in which he describes the severance of his ties with the cabinet and the Commons have a sad and melancholy ring:

September 20, 1921. At 10 p.m. Council was summoned, and the P.M. announced his cabinet—with Bennett to hear from. Doherty goes out, with Reid, Calder, and myself. Monty, Belley, and Normand come in, and Blondin goes out. Taken altogether, a reasonably strong cabinet. A friendly leave-taking ensued. Meighen appears to be nearly all in.

September 21. This morning, at 8.30, the cabinet was sworn in before Gov. Gen., except Bennett and Manion who were out of the city. So I go out just 10 years after the 1911 election. I am sorry to leave the work in T. and C. I found the Dept. weak and forceless. It is now one of the best in the list. The Tr. Comm. Branch has been revolutionized; the Statistical Branch, which was but a myth, now strong and inclusive; the W. and M. and the Elect. Light and Gas Branches, together with Copyright and Patents, absorbed and strengthened; the Grain Section practically built up; the Publicity (film) section created and strongly developed; the Advisory Council organized and verging toward a great Canadian Institute—all this beside the multiplied War activities—stand to the good of the Dept. during my 10 years, together with West Indian trade affiliations. This has been done without any flourishing of trumpets. . . .

September 23. . . . The new government holds none of the old guard—that generation is past—the last to go is myself. To-day I become a Senator.

September 24. Finished clearing out my old office. . . . It is a distinct parting from the associations and co-operation of nearly 40 years. The Senate has no charms for me. I have been essentially a H. of C. man—that arena I liked—in that my activities found their scope—there I have had my fights and my victories—sometimes bitter contests and hard-earned victories. Now I leave the arena without, I believe, a single enemy. Younger men must take up the burden, and I shall gradually become a memory.

On December 6, 1921, the Meighen government went to the polls; and Foster, though now a senator, loyally threw himself into the election contest as if he were himself seeking the suffrages of the people. "This makes my 10th Gen. Election fight," he wrote, "beginning in 1882. Besides, I have three special elections, autumn, 1882, Dec., 1888, and 1902 (North Ontario). I have two defeats, 1900 and 1902, and 11 successes, ending with N. Tor. 1917, over 20,000 majority." The veteran campaigner made a speaking tour in the maritime provinces and Ontario that lasted continuously from October 24 to the very eve of the election. The result was a great disappointment to him. He had hoped that the Meighen government, even if it did not obtain a clear majority over all other parties, would at least command the support of the largest group in the House. "Calder," he wrote, on the eve of the election, "estimates 102 for the govt. To my mind it will be nearer 90, with Crerarites below fifty. The King crowd, with Quebec fairly solid, will be near even to us. If we get 8 or 10 in Quebec, then we are easily on top." But even these expectations proved too sanguine:

December 6. In the evening we awaited returns at H. of C., and had not long to wait. From the start it was bad, and each return was worse than its predecessor. In short, we lost all N.S.

and P.E.I., Quebec, and the three Prairie Provinces, and made a poor showing in Ontario. We got five out of N.B. In ministers the fatality was marked, with Meighen a loser in his own county.

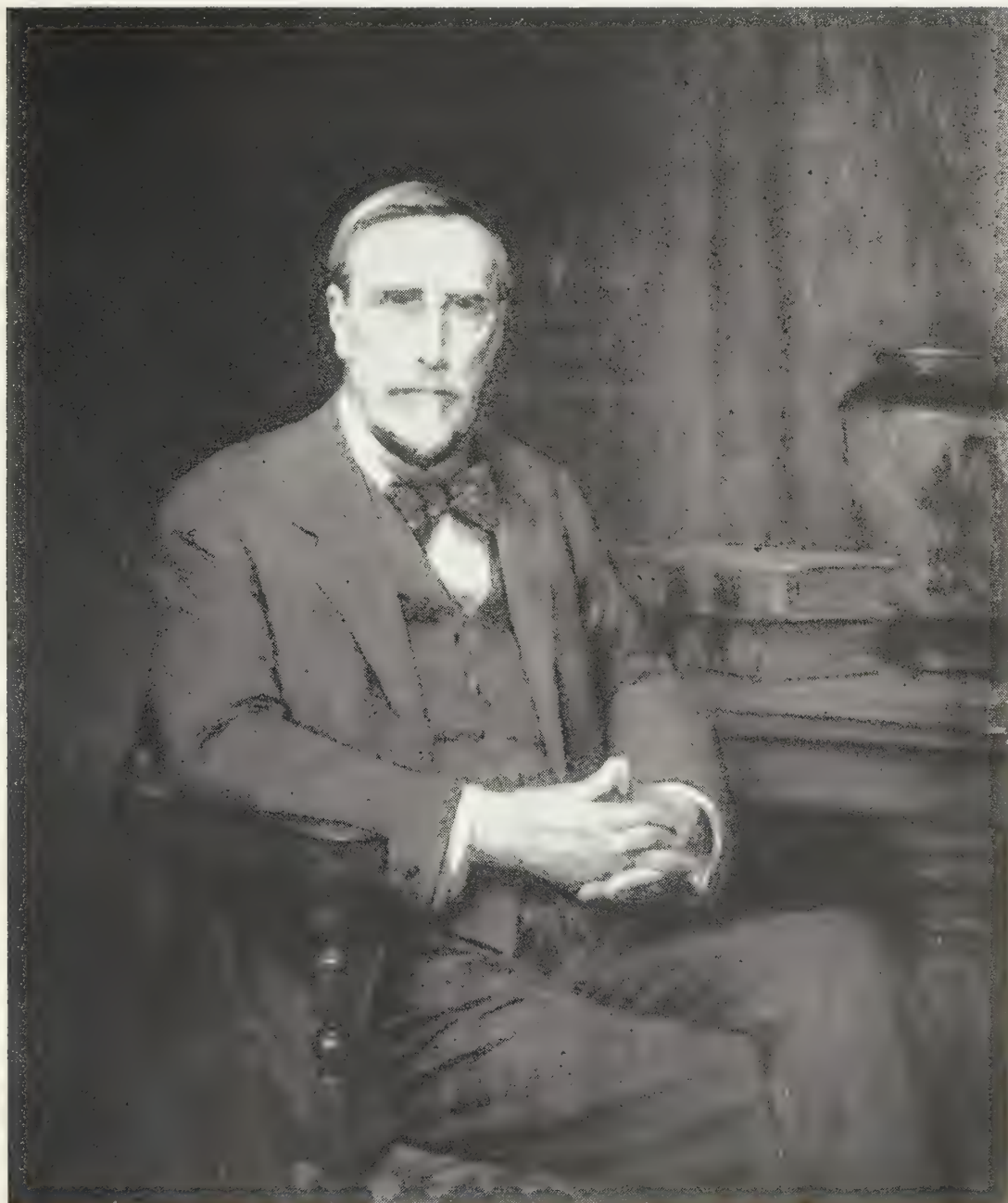
When all is told we shall probably be about fifty, and be group 3 in the House. . . . The odds were too great. Now the trouble passes to King, and we shall see what we shall see.

The general elections of 1921 were the last occasion of Foster's active participation in Canadian political warfare. From 1921 to 1926, when Mr. Mackenzie King was prime minister of Canada by grace of the Progressive party, Foster occupied the position of an onlooker; and though his comments on the course of events were often pungent and penetrating, they were not the comments of one in close touch with the government. During the general elections of 1925 he was compelled to "sit quietly at home under the doctor's orders", though he confessed that there were "things I should like to say"; and even during the political crisis of 1926, when Mr. Meighen succeeded in snatching the reins of power at Ottawa for a few brief weeks, Foster took no part in the *mêlée*. His attitude was at that time even more decidedly that of a bystander, and not at all that of the uncritical partisan. "Certainly," he writes in his diary, "the H. of C. has done itself very little credit since the King government resigned. The spectacle was neither dignified nor inspiring. The avid desire to play for position from a party point of view—lack of poise and dignity—obliviousness of public interest—insincerity of statement and argument—all tended to belittle and besmirch Parliamentary institutions. Altogether it is a sad mess."

During these years Foster travelled abroad a good deal. After the general elections of 1921 he went with Lady Foster on a prolonged trip to South America *via* the West Indies, and did not return until the end of February, 1922. In the summer of 1922 he went with

Lady Foster to central Europe, as a member of the Interparliamentary Union, and visited Holland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia. In 1924 he visited, with his wife, South Africa, again as a representative of Canada in the Interparliamentary Union, and was away from Ottawa from July to December. He made several trips to the Canadian West; and the demand for his services as a public speaker took him on innumerable journeys throughout Canada and the United States. When parliament opened, he was always in his place in the Senate; but in the intervals between sessions he made full use of his freedom from office to pursue, with a vigour worthy of a younger man, the quest of far lands.

It must not be imagined, however, that after his retirement from the cabinet Foster degenerated into a mere commentator and globe-trotter. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He was so constituted that he had to be a crusader for some ideal; and during the last years of his life that ideal was the League of Nations. It is indeed an interesting fact, and a testimony to the soundness of his political views, that he, who had been for most of his lifetime a crusader on behalf of the British Empire, should have become, when a larger "commonwealth of nations" came into existence, a crusader on behalf of that also. In 1922 he was one of the originators of the League of Nations Society in Canada; and he made a tour of the country on behalf of the League, in which he delivered ten speeches—an effort for a man of his age almost equivalent to that of an election. Whenever the subject of the League came up in the Senate, Foster was usually on his feet, championing the cause of the League against those doubting Thomases among his colleagues who were apt to throw cold water upon it.



SIR GEORGE FOSTER

From the painting by Eyre Macklin, 1926.

He spoke on the League of Nations before Canadian Clubs, University audiences, assemblages of Girl Guides, and whoever else called upon him. In 1925, on the resignation of Sir Robert Borden, he was elected president of the League of Nations; and it was a satisfaction to him when in London in August, 1926, to receive from the short-lived Meighen government of 1926 his appointment to represent Canada at the Conference of the League which met in Geneva on September 1 of that year.

As in the case of the first Assembly of the League in 1920, Foster's diary of events is incomplete; but some extracts from it are worthy of reproduction:

Sept. 1, 1925. To-day finds us comfortably settled in our rooms at Hotel de la Paix, overlooking Lake Lemane, and with Mont Blanc in the far distance. The Conference on U.S. Reservations opened in the new Labour Office Building, with (many) countries represented. Von Eysinger was elected chairman, and Sir Francis Bell of N.Z. vice-chairman, and a general discussion lasted over the first and second days, and on the 3rd a sub-committee was formed, consisting of fourteen members, of which I was one. The tone of the general discussion was very favourable to the acceptance of the reservations, in so far as that could be done without vitally weakening the efficiency of Court and League in carrying on the work of the League. I took occasion to make a short analysis of the terms as affecting the powers of both in respect of the amendments to the statutes of the Court and the use of advisory opinions, both of the utmost importance, and advised acceptance if these could be safeguarded, which I thought could be done. My address was greeted with approbation by the delegates. . . .

Sept. 6. Was opening day for the Assembly with good weather, and delegates from 49 different member states . . . I note the change in personnel of the delegations as compared with 1920. One misses all the old French delegation. . . . One notes the gain in important government ministers and the growth in power and prestige of the League. This year the entrance of Germany lends especial interest—speculative at first, and sufficiently tinged with uncertainty as to possible contingencies, and then as to the capacity and demeanour of the newcomers,—and later the feeling that they would prove valuable co-workers in sympathy and practical

effort. Lunches and dinners began early. Sir Austen [Chamberlain] gave a delightful dinner on the seventh at Eaux-Livres, at which my wife and I were guests. I had the great pleasure of the company of Mrs. Benes on my left—a charming little lady, blonde and cheery. Thereafter followed the Chinese lunch, a reception and musicale, Swiss govt's reception, etc., etc. Canon Cody and wife and son arrived in preparation for the sermon, which he preached on Sunday 12th, to a large congregation. It was a fine sermon, a bit long, but well sustained.

Sept. 10. Was a memorable and wonderful day in the annals of the League. Herr Stresemann headed the German delegation, which was received on entry with loud acclamations, before a packed audience, with tense interest. His speech was a model of clearness, frankness, and moderation. Briand's reply was a vivid, offhand effort, direct, sympathetic, and most appealing. The applause at its conclusion was overwhelming—the compact of Peace sealing the book of War. I was led by my enthusiasm to raise the British *Hip-Hip-Hurray*, to which delegates and galleries responded.

XVIII. THE LAST YEARS

"The last of life, for which the first was made."

—*Robert Browning*

"Out of the winds' and the waves' riot,
Out of the loud foam,
He has put in to a great quiet
And a still home."

—*Marjorie Pickthall*

IN some lectures on *Citizenship*¹ which Foster delivered in 1926 before the members of Mount Allison University, under a foundation established by his old friend, the Hon. Josiah Wood, the lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick, a regret was expressed that the home life of the modern family had suffered a grave decline. "Home," he wrote, "often becomes but a working place for as few work hours as possible, and a sleeping place for late-comers in the early morning hours."

Foster had always been a lover of his home. Constantly there recurs in his diary the entry, "Remained at home, reading and resting." The delight with which he contemplated his return home, after absences spent in visiting the four corners of the earth and in helping to settle the affairs of nations, had in it something child-like. As old age crept on him, his attachment to his home increased; and it might almost be said that his last years centred about it. During these years his energies naturally declined, and he suffered

¹ These lectures were published under the title *Citizenship: The Josiah Wood Lectures, 1926* (Sackville, N.B., Published by Mount Allison University, 1927).

at times from attacks of vertigo. In these circumstances, his home, with its books and its garden, were to him a haven of refuge.

At the same time, it must not be imagined that during these years he was inactive. His interest in public affairs remained to the last as keen as ever; and his voice was repeatedly heard in the Senate. In 1926 he spoke in the Senate at length on the Old Age Pensions Bill (which he opposed, largely on financial grounds), and on various matters relating to the League of Nations. In addition, he was one of the chief speakers at the opening of the magnificent new Sun Life Company's building in Montreal, and at the unveiling of the monument to Samuel de Champlain at Orillia, Ontario; and he was one of the prime movers in launching the half-million dollars endowment fund for his old university, the University of New Brunswick—a fund to which he contributed, for one of his means, no inconsiderable sum of money. In 1927 he travelled across the length and breadth of the Dominion from New Brunswick to British Columbia, speaking on behalf of the League of Nations, and drumming up members for the League of Nations Society of Canada—an effort which was a marvellous *tour-de-force* for a man of his age. “Pretty well pegged out,” he writes in his diary after one of these journeys. “These trips are exhausting.”

The summer of 1927 he spent near Vernon, British Columbia; and while in British Columbia he spoke several times at Vancouver in connection with the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Confederation.

In the autumn of 1927 he went so far as to intervene twice in party politics. The first occasion was the decision of the Conservative government of Ontario,

under the Hon. George Howard Ferguson, to appeal to the country on the platform of government control of the sale of liquor as against prohibition. Foster came out publicly against the policy of his fellow-Conservatives in Ontario—an action which must have required no small degree of courage and independence, and which was yet another testimony to the faithfulness with which he followed the ideals which had first lured him into public life. The second was his attendance at the Liberal-Conservative convention at Winnipeg, on October 10-12. He had at first decided not to attend this convention; but when it was pointed out to him that his absence might be misconstrued, he changed his mind, and made the requisite effort. He took, however, little part in the deliberations; and it is clear from his diary that he deprecated the clash between the leaders of the Conservative party which took place at the convention. One could wish that he, the veteran of nearly half a century of Canadian politics, had stepped forward and spoken his mind; but he probably felt that it had fallen to others to carry the sacred cross athwart the countryside, and he was silent. The measure of his active interest in the convention is to be found in the fact that he took advantage of the opportunity of being in Winnipeg to address some meetings on behalf of the League of Nations.

In 1928 he continued his efforts to enroll members of the League of Nations Society—efforts which, as he complained, he was making almost single-handed. "Some way," he wrote, "must be found to lighten my task." In February he was attacked by spasms of dizziness; and he was obliged to confess to himself, "I have presumed on my powers of late." The doctors thought the seat of his trouble lay in his teeth; and he was compelled during this and the following year to

pay long and painful visits to the dentist, who had been to him hitherto a comparative stranger. On several occasions he was not able to fulfil his engagements to speak on the League of Nations; but on these occasions Lady Foster gallantly stepped into the breach, and carried out her husband's engagements with great acceptability. In May, Foster was sufficiently recovered to visit Fredericton, and to give at the University of New Brunswick the *Encoenia* address; and a summer spent in the Gaspé peninsula did much to restore his strength. But he realized at last that the presidency of the League of Nations Society of Canada was too much for a man of his years; and in the autumn of 1928 he announced his forthcoming resignation from this post, a resignation which actually took effect in the spring of 1929.

This resignation, however, did not mean that he had lost interest in the League of Nations, or that his work on its behalf was at an end. In the session of parliament of 1929 he spoke most forcibly in favour of the Briand-Kellogg Peace Treaty or "multilateral pact", and later he urged strongly in the Senate Canada's adherence to the reciprocal clause of the protocol of the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague. On May 30, after parliament rose, he left for a holiday in Great Britain; and while there, he received two invitations which gave him great pleasure and satisfaction. The first was an invitation to address on July 9 a meeting of members of the British House of Commons on the subject of the League of Nations, an opportunity of which he made use with all that facile and forceful oratory for which he was famous; and the second was an invitation from the Liberal government of Canada (of which he had been an unsparing opponent) to represent Canada, with

three members of the Canadian cabinet, at the Assembly of the League in the autumn of 1929. The wheel had indeed come full circle when the Conservative statesman whom the Liberal party strove to drive from public life in 1909, should, twenty years later, have been chosen, with three Liberal cabinet ministers, to represent Canada at Geneva.

Foster's diary at Geneva in 1929 is very much abbreviated; but, such as it is, it is worthy of reproduction here:

Sept. 2. To-day fine and hot. 10th Assembly met at 11. Full attendance of 51 nations. Canadian delegation complete. Unfortunately, notice missed, but talked over matters with Dandurand, Elliot, and Euler at lunch.

Sept. 3. Premier MacDonald made his speech, clear, well-received, forward-looking. . . . Atmosphere good. Hague accord in evidence. Third Committee organized, Benes chairman.

Sept. 4. Dr. Wu spoke—foreshadowed motion to make Act 19 of Covenant effective. Dandurand, Denmark, Peru, and Bolivia followed. Prime Minister MacDonald's dinner at Beau Rivage, 50 guests. 1st meeting Revision Conference.

Sept. 5. Hyams and Briand speak. Briand's great effort was well received, on forward lines. . . . The send-off of League has been propitious. 3rd meeting of Revision Conference.

Sept. 6. Finland spoke, and Henderson made a fine statement, and took strong forward ground. Fourth session of Revision Conference practically finished its work. . . .

Sept. 7. India, Greece, Lithuania, Spain followed in general debate. Foundation-stone of new building laid—a historic and picturesque function.

Sept. 8. Suffering from influenza—did not go to Lausanne as intended. . . .

Sept. 9. Stresemann, Scialoja, and Benes spoke first in German. Good spirit. Graham in clear speech followed in afternoon. Motta—Portugal also. . . .

Sept. 10. Apponyi made an hour's speech—good. . . .

Sept. 11. 3rd Committee met—took up Radio—Telegraph—Wireless question. Passed British resolution, with amendments.

Sept. 12. Meeting of 3rd committee, took up Financial Assistance. Plan explained and discussion begun. . . .

Sept. 13. Spoke in 3rd committee on Financial Assistance plan. . . .

Sept. 14. Plenary meeting of Assembly finished convention work on the World Court rules and U.S. adherence plan. Now we shall await U.S. action, which will, I think, be favourable. . . .

Sept. 16. In 3rd Committee little progress made. Art. 1 still held up. Roumanian dinner at night. This ends the rush.

Sept 17. At 3rd Commission broached Canadian government's suggestion of signatories (sympathetic) which as I knew gained no support. It is impracticable and opposed to the whole genius of the Financial Assistance law.

Sept. 18. Financial Assistance. . . .

Sept. 20. Spoke in 3rd Committee on Cecil's resolution, and was warmly congratulated. . . . To-day Canada signed optional clauses of Protocol.

Sept. 21. Plenary meeting. Meeting also of 3rd Comm., and made progress in latter. . . .

Sept. 23. Two meetings of Assembly. In 3rd Committee compromise made, which is fair and effective, and all are in good spirits. . . .

Sept. 24. Big day in Assembly. Cecil made fine speech. . . . Passed in Assembly all our 3rd Comm. resolutions.

Sept. 25. Finished business at 11 a.m., and good-byes were said.

A few days in Paris were followed by several weeks in London, and then on November 1 Sir George and Lady Foster sailed for Canada. "Glad to get away," the diarist confesses, "and towards home and its comforts." On board ship he presided at the ship's concert, and made a short speech—"probably the last," he notes, "I shall make in that capacity." He was back in Ottawa by November 9, and immediately plunged into work with the vigour of a man half his age. "Went to office and got through a lot of stuff." "Then to office, and worked at arrears." "To office, and finished most of arrears." "Went to office, finished looking over papers and documents accumulated during absence." Such are some of the entries in the diary.

Foster's participation in the proceedings of the Assembly of the League of Nations in the autumn of

1929 was his last appearance on the stage of international politics. But during the two years of life that remained to him his interest in international affairs remained as acute as ever. His diary is full of references to the course of events, not only in Great Britain, Germany, France, and the United States, but also in China, India, Afghanistan, Roumania, and South America. Especially noteworthy was the attention he bestowed on the advances made by applied science, especially in aeronautics; and this is evidenced in the commentary which he made as 1929—the eighty-third of his life—passed into 1930:

And so the old year has beautifully passed here in its faultlessly white snow robes, and the new has taken its place. What a wonderful record it has left in science, in research, in discoveries historical, and the light thrown thereby on the origin and progress of human development. In the wonderful application of science and mechanical inventions to the service of man, the year has been so marked, witness the Byrd Antarctic explorations and the expansion of air travel. The human unit and the composite of races and nations are seething with unrest, change, and re-formations. Upheaval first: what price results?

In 1930 and 1931, Foster found it necessary to curtail his activities, and to assume more and more the part of the onlooker. He found himself obliged to refuse all but a very few invitations to speak, and sometimes even to refuse invitations to dinner. During these years he read a great deal; and it was in 1930, apparently, that he began the autobiographical fragment, part of which is embodied in the earlier chapters of this book. The stimulus for this came, it would appear, from reading Sir John Willison's life of his old friend Sir George Parkin. "In it," he wrote, "I review my own life from 1865. I should get to work on my reminiscences, but shall I? The details to be read up appal me." Later, however, he is found

reading over his diaries and papers, and planning a full-length autobiography—a task which, unhappily, he was compelled to leave half finished.

A summer spent in 1930 in the Rocky Mountains seemed to revive somewhat his health and vigour; and in the autumn of 1930 and the spring of 1931 he ventured to make several public appearances. On October 17, 1930, he took part in the unveiling of the shrine erected at Fredericton in memory of that other famous son of New Brunswick, Bliss Carman, and delivered on this occasion the dedicatory address. On May 18, 1931, he was again the principal speaker at the celebration in St. John, New Brunswick, of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the United Empire Loyalists; and he and Lady Foster were the guests of honour at a reception given on the same day by the lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick, the Hon. H. H. McLean. Lastly, on June 17, 1931, he rose in his place in the Senate, and delivered himself of a set speech on a bill for the legalization of Hospital Sweepstakes—a speech which ranks among the finest examples of his command of the art of public speaking. With perfect courtesy, with devastating lucidity, and in faultless English, he analysed the principles underlying the bill; and the result was the same as followed the delivery of his first speech in parliament in 1882—the conversion of a minority into a majority. The speech, which occupies about fifteen columns of Hansard, is too long for full quotation; but it is fitting that some paragraphs from it should be reproduced, as a sample of its quality:

If the Bill really goes as far as I contend it does, we should give it our very serious thought and study. Chance, the essence of gambling, finds its complete embodiment in the lottery. The glory of a human being is reason, judgment, will power, and control over himself and his personal affairs. The lottery is the

negation of all that. It is, in fact, the complete apotheosis of chance. Through it the winners of prizes are determined by chance, and chance alone, and in that respect it is the most dangerous and most demoralizing form of gambling. Furthermore, it becomes the competitor of all honest toil, and operates in opposition to the principle which is at the base of business, individual character and social stability, namely, that some equivalent should be given for what is received.

In making these points, I am challenging the intelligence and the judgment of my fellow members. We shall hear if in the opinion of some I have been too pronounced in any of my statements, and we shall have to hear something that controverts them, I think, before we shall feel free to endorse the introduction of this proposed system. . . .

I think my honourable friend (Hon. Mr. Barnard) has not used his financial and economic knowledge in a way that would tend to the greatest good of humanity. The American Red Cross, a great national charity, recently found itself pressed for funds. It wanted to raise \$10,000,000, and the President of the United States set his foot down against raising that by any means which would take away from the sympathetic and large souled people of that country the privilege to subscribe. What a pity that my honourable friend did not confer with President Hoover and the American Red Cross, and point out to them the excellencies of the system which he now proposes!

Is there a more sacred and, if one may say so, holy charity than that which concerns itself with the care of our aged and our sick? If it is proper to apply the lottery for the assistance of this great charity, why not apply it in other great charities and organizations for spiritual and humanitarian work? But what a sensation would be caused throughout the Dominion if some honourable member were to father a Bill in this House reciting the difficulty of raising funds at present, and proposing that the United Church of Canada should make up part of its great missionary appropriation by allying itself with an exploitation of the gambling instinct—in other words, with a lottery system! If there is no objection to the principle of a lottery on religious or moral grounds, we are driven to the conclusion that what is good for one noble cause may be good for all.

Honourable members, I thank you for listening to me so attentively and patiently. I now move, in amendment, that there be added to the motion for third reading the words "this day six months".

So ended the last speech which this veteran of the rostrum was fated to deliver. Such was the note on which his oratory ceased—the note which had run like a *leit motif* throughout his whole life—the battle cry of the crusader entering the lists on behalf of what he believed to be the right. Although, during his long experience as minister of finance and minister of trade and commerce, he had been compelled to deal continually with material values, this experience had not dimmed his vision of moral and spiritual values, but had, if anything, sharpened it.

Like many another crusader, he died fighting. After delivering his speech, he noted in his diary that he “was very tired”, and the next day there appears the following entry, written apparently with his left hand:

JUNE 18. To-day I collapsed—lost use of right arm, and the Dr. sent me to bed with strictest injunctions for perfect quiet. Total exhaustion.

He recovered sufficiently to make the journey to the Rockies, where he passed a quiet and beneficial summer. But the clock had struck, the hour had sounded. By dint of following implicitly the doctor's orders, a few brief months of valetudinarianism remained to him. Then the end came. On December 30, 1931, shortly before the New Year dawned, the veteran of nearly fifty years of Canadian public life passed to his rest at his home in Ottawa, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

As was fitting Sir George Foster received the final honour of a state funeral. After a brief service at his house, a public service was held in Chalmers United Church, Ottawa, at which virtually the whole of official Ottawa was present or represented, and there were present hundreds of private persons as well.

The service was conducted by the Rev. John W. Woodside, D.D., who delivered a funeral address. Amid much in this address that might here be quoted, perhaps the truest and most penetrating tribute which the speaker paid to the dead statesman was in these words:

While essentially a party man, the welfare of a party was not his primary consideration. There was a vein of granite in him. There was a puritan flavour about him. He had a sturdy independence, a "splendid isolation" at times, if you please; but this was his glory.

To him the common good was the greatest good. Probably few appreciate how diligently and sacrificially he pursued that ideal. To meet the need of our common humanity from the humblest home in Canada to the establishment of peace and justice in the ends of the earth, was the passion of his life.

It is not always that funeral orations come so close to the truth.

After this address, the congregation sang Sir George's favourite hymn, *Abide with Me*. Then the funeral cortège moved off, under its guard of honour of scarlet-coated Royal Canadian Mounted Police, to Beechwood Cemetery; and there all that was mortal of the subject of this biography was committed to the earth.

APPENDIX

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, CHINA, AND JAPAN IN 1913

At long last my opportunity came to visit the far East, and thus partially to realize a dream I had cherished from early years. In 1913 the British Government had appointed a Dominion Royal Commission in pursuance of a Resolution passed by the Imperial Conference in 1911. This commission was to investigate and report on the natural resources and facilities for the production, manufacture and distribution of articles of commerce in the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, the Union of South Africa and the Colony of Newfoundland; on the trade of those Dominions with one another and the United Kingdom and with the rest of the world, and on the food and raw material requirements of these Dominions and of the United Kingdom.

The Commission was composed of eleven members; six representing the British Government, and one representative from each of the above-named Dominions. The personnel was as follows: Sir Edgar Vincent, Sir Henry Rider Haggard, Tom Garnet Esquire, William Lorimer Esquire, Joseph Tatlow Esquire, and Sir Alfred Edmund Bateman for the United Kingdom; Hon. George Eulas Foster for Canada, Sir Richard Solomon for South Africa, Donald Cameron Esquire for Australia, Hon. John Robert Sinclair for New Zealand, and Hon. Edgar Rennie Bowring for Newfoundland. In the performance of their duties the commissioners were to visit the various countries concerned, and conduct public hearings therein. This work had been begun and partially completed in the United Kingdom in 1912, and was to be continued in New Zealand and Australia beginning in March, 1913.

Thus it came about that in the beginning of February of that year I set my face eastward towards Victoria and the distant Pacific, primarily to fulfil my duties as a member of the Royal Commission, and incidentally to inquire into the possibility of a preferential trade treaty between Canada and Australia, and to make personal observations of commercial conditions and possibilities favourable to future trade with China and Japan. This involved a long absence from home and a lonely period of separation from my wife, who could not bring herself to face the contingencies of a

lengthened ocean voyage. Though a lover of the sea in all its moods, and a yearly visitor to its delightful shores along the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Maritime provinces, she had no abiding faith in its treacherous waters, and could never be persuaded to trust her fortunes to an ocean liner. First, then, her consent was to be gained, for on no account would I otherwise undertake the voyage. It is needless to say that this consent was readily, if somewhat tearfully given, as had been often done before when in the exactions of political life home considerations had to be sacrificed to public exigencies. But one condition was stipulated. I was to "take notes" by the way, and so keep her as closely in touch as possible with my work and my wanderings.

This I did, and so the lonely home-keeper and the equally lonesome wanderer from home held a more or less close hold on each other, to the pleasure and comfort of both. In pursuance of this promise these letters were written by me and preserved by my wife. . . .

FEBRUARY 20.—I boarded the *Makura* at 9.30 last evening. I was pretty tired when I got through with Victoria. I had no respite after I reached Vancouver what with interviews, calls, hospitalities and meetings. Everybody was very kind and appreciative, and my addresses were really remarkably well received. Invitations to speak upon my return are numerous, but I think when I return I shall "aviate" straight away through to 412 Gilmour Street.

Sir Richard McBride placed a government automobile at my disposal, and deputed Mr. Blakemore to attend to all details. The weather, which in Vancouver showed up very rainy for two days, cleared into sunshine on Monday, and remained beautiful thereafter. The boat trip from Vancouver to Victoria, four and a half hours, was delightful with bright sunshine, and not very cold. The Empress hotel in Victoria is one of the best of the C.P.R. system and excellently well appointed. I autoed on Wednesday for two and a half hours, and saw Victoria and its suburbs, Esquimalt and the Uplands. It is wonderful how the city is enlarging and how wealth is being suddenly thrust on people by the rise in land values. Almost all the old settlers have had a share in it, which is a satisfactory feature of the thing. Generally, in such boom times, outside speculators pocket the profits.

Sir Richard had a parliamentary dinner for me on Thursday evening just before the meeting. Found many New Brunswickers and eastern people here as in Vancouver. Prior gave me a lunch at the Union Club, and here I met several old friends—Dewdney and Mara—both well preserved, though now advanced in years. Dewdney lost his former wife, but is married again. Noah

Shakespeare is still living and hale and hearty. He is Postmaster of Victoria. His old running mate in Parliament, Homer, has passed away. The Victorian age of poets is waning!

Just now I am about 200 miles out on the Pacific—a fine day and fairly quiet sea, sailing away from you all the time, lonesome and rebellious. Yet each day makes one the less of the allotted number, and brings us nearer by that much to our meeting.

FEBRUARY 21.—The weather is just like our outdoor May days. It will grow warmer and warmer as we approach the tropics. You will see by the sketch map enclosed that we cross both Cancer and Capricorn, and of course the equator midway between. Now at last perhaps I shall solve the mystery which always surrounded these shadowy entities in my school boy geographical lessons.

I have been busy all the morning reading the various memos handed me regarding British Columbia and Australia trade. British Columbia is very anxious for preference and would greatly profit by it. Her lumber, fish, fruits and industrial products would find a large market in Australia. I have just had an interesting talk with a gentleman from Fiji, who is in charge of some sugar plantations there. There are 250 islands in the group, mostly small and widely distributed. They have 85,000 natives, 40,000 coolies and 6,000 whites, chiefly British. Their chief product is sugar, the growth of which is capable of large development, and also all kinds of tropical fruits. This line of steamers calls there regularly on its route to and from Australia, and these islands can supply British Columbia and the prairie country with tropical fruits to better advantage than any other. Most of the passengers are old country people and returning Australians. There is one fine old dame on deck, with a face as broad as a barn door, large heavy features and black as the bottom of a pot. But she is intelligent looking and a diligent reader. I delight to imagine her a Honolulan Princess of high degree. She is, however, not young, nor specially engaging, so you need have no anxiety as to my complete loyalty.

FEBRUARY 22.—Another faultless day—a deep blue sea gently rolling, a spring sky with flecks of lazily floating clouds here and there, and flooding sunshine from rise to set. I worked in my deck chair all the morning, at trade papers, loafed in it all the afternoon, read a little love story by Chambers, took leisurely walks and chatted with the passengers here and there as opportunity offered.

On this boat there is a farmer and his family emigrating to New Zealand. He owned a nice snug farm near the city. Prices rose and offers were pressed upon him. Finally a price was named that he could not resist. He closed, but when he came to look about

for a purchase he could get nothing at a rate that would allow farming with profit. He decided to try New Zealand. Canada has lost a valuable farmer asset, and retains in his place a speculator in town lots.

FEBRUARY 23.—Such a day it is; a wide, wide sea and of a deep intense blue, overarched with a spacious clear sky. A fair breeze and no motion to disturb one in the least. A group of women with children sit in chairs here and there along the ship's side, and the ceaseless sound of women's and children's voices shows that possible seasickness has no terrors for them. Two large, wide-winged, dark birds dip and soar and skim along the crests of the waves hour after hour all day to-day as they did all day yesterday without once resting on wave or ship. We are now 1,400 miles from shore and yet they are with us. Is it not wonderful? What strength of pinion—what wonderful mechanism. I wonder what thoughts lie in their little brains—what ideas fashion themselves therein as to the huge ship and the uncouth beings that inhabit it. Why do they keep so closely by our side through the long days and weary watches of the night? Are they impelled by some secret longing for companionship, or does some fancy haunt them that they are our guardian angels and are sponsors for our safe passage through the unsignalled ocean spaces? And when they leave us, as they must, what subtle sense guides them over the trackless uncharted waters to their homes and their little families? I wonder whether there will ever come a time when the speechless spaces which separate the lower animals from the humans will be bridged, and a community of understanding be established between the multitudinous species of these two divisions of sentient beings.

FEBRUARY 25.—I was a little late at breakfast this morning and was in the end sitting alone beside the Captain's empty chair. A white-haired old Irish gentleman came along and introduced himself as Mr. Malarky from Portland, Oregon. He had dabbled more or less in politics—civic chiefly—and had a son in the Oregon Senate. So he chummed up in a related way and led the conversation. I saw the stewards sidling up and drawing a chalk mark around the Captain's chair in which Malarky had planked himself. They then placed a wine card before him, handed him a lead pencil and informed him that the custom of the ship demands that whoever sat in the Captain's chair should pay for a bottle of wine for the stewards. The old chap signed up pleasantly and said it was quite worth it, which I took as a witty compliment to myself.

FEBRUARY 26.—I have spent the day in Honolulu. We docked at twelve o'clock and left at six, giving us about five full hours for the city. We sighted Molokai (Leper Island) about seven in

the morning, and skirted along until Oahu with its high serrated ridges came into view, standing out in bald challenge to the Northern Pacific waters, its jagged peaks stern and forbidding. When some two hours after we rounded Diamond Head and entered the quiet harbour, Honolulu was in sight. But we could see little apart from the wharves, warehouses and some large buildings. The city is hidden among the palms which pretty effectually cover it. Mr. Duncan of Fiji who knew the ropes secured an auto—his old driver—and three of us took possession and did the city pretty thoroughly. We visited the aquarium which contains one of the finest collections of tropical fishes in the world—in most wonderful colours and shapes. From the hideous octopus to the canary and bluebird fishes—with brilliant spotted and barred specimens—silver and gold fish—striped and multi-coloured—the wonderful family of piscatorial beauties glided to and fro in their cases—caged captives of the tropical seas. How can such wonderful colours breed on and maintain the type true and unchanging! We lunched at the Moana hotel on the famous surf beach—the Wakiki. We had a poor lunch in a delightful situation, but perhaps we were in fault for we were quite late. Then we took to the auto and went through Kapiolana Park, with its great palms and variegated trees and flowers. The hibiscus is everywhere, single and double, the showy bougainvillea, crotons, frangipanis, poincianas in dazzling profusion. We went around the sea drive about Diamond Head, where the United States has its big guns and soldiers' encampment, and is spending an immense amount of money. They keep about eight thousand troops here, and are fortifying this as their Pacific outpost against the Japanese. Then we drove through the residence portion where the sugar kings live, and the moneyed visitors have homes. They are very fine, with well-kept lawns, palms and gardens. The driver calls them out according to personalities, "Claus Speckels, sugar king", and so on, with now and then a professor, a government notable or a contractor to vary the monotony of *sugar kings*, who constitute the dominating class. Then we cut straight back from the city up through a gorge to the pass beyond which stretches to the other side of the island and the Pacific. This is called the Pali, and through this Kamehameha in 1789, after landing with his warriors on Wakiki beach, drove Kapipulania and his people, and then rushed them to death over the precipice into the valley below. Kamehameha thereafter reigned in Oahu. Then we came back and branched off through the other part of the city to Fort Shafter, where there is a large cantonment of United States troops. Here we saw the sugar cane plantations and the rice plantations (in the water), and visited the Japanese plantation belonging to a

wealthy American whose name I have forgotten. Here is a Japanese tea house brought from Japan and put together without a nail in it, at a cost of \$10,000, and hundreds of acres in flowers partly, but more largely in the rice and sugar cultivation. The roses were most beautiful. We happened to meet the proprietor, who runs this for his own gratification and opens it every Saturday and Sunday free to the city and all visitors. We came back through the more thickly populated part of the city. There are 30,000 people in Honolulu and 10,000 of these are whites. There are many Japanese, a good many Chinese and also Portuguese, Philipinos and negroes. It is a mixed city, certainly. The Japanese became so numerous coming over to work on the sugar plantations, that Uncle Sam got frightened and took steps to bring in other national ties, and also to station troops here and fortify the place. The government is building a great harbour here—a naval station—and after some \$5,000,000 had been spent on the dock, and it was nearly finished, lo and behold, the whole thing blew up a few days before our arrival. The sea got under the concrete and piling and burst it up. The lava mud bottom proved its undoing. This is now the big sensation of the city. You would like Honolulu for a sojourn—maybe for a permanence—if you had lost all ambition and just wanted to live at ease. The temperature is never above 85° and runs down to 61°. The surf at Wakiki is rather disappointing after the description one reads of it. The natives ride it with skill, but it does not seem dangerous enough to make it very exciting. There is a lot of wealth here—sugar chiefly—and tourists are in plenty. Expenses are graded up, of course. With plenty of money you could enjoy it. I would tire of it in a few weeks—the heterogeneous massing of all kinds of people has a depressing effect, and the easy climate would induce mental atrophy. This is a territory of the United States and its legislature is in session now. It sends a delegation to the United States Congress.

These islands should have gone to the British in trust for Canada. The British Government had the offer and opportunity of securing them. The Hawaiian Islands on the Pacific side and the West Indian on the Atlantic side would have economically and climatically rounded out our Dominion and given it the needed balance of production.

FEBRUARY 27.—Calm seas—warm soft air which takes all desire for action out of one, and a wide open sky with the horizon far away in the almost illimitable distance and without a cloud visible, usher in the day. Our passenger list is small—the new people are mostly Australians, I think. One is so lazy that he does not even care to talk or make up to any one for fear of consequent call on

his small surplus of energy, so I read the Australian papers the captain sent me and skimmed through a book on Northern Australia, which is typically tropical and can never become a home for white men. If Australians will heed the dictates of geography and climate and forego the fetish of a white Australia and people up that portion with British Hindoo or Malay labour, they will develop a most valuable adjunct of their vast temperate regions, and become very largely independent of other countries. I also finished some notes on New Zealand history and development, for the visitor must not appear too ignorant of their history. I see by the telegrams that Sir George Reid has been quite ill. He has been somewhat of a figure in Australian political history, where most political figures cross the stage with astonishing celerity.

FEBRUARY 28.—At Suva I am to see the governor, and have a conference with the Chamber of Commerce and the planters about preferential trade. They raise a lot of sugar and tropical fruits, and I am told are disposed to give us a preference for access to the Canadian market. So I will have a cable sent and get a conference if possible and maybe get in a little good work in my line. The Governor of Fiji has jurisdiction over most of the Pacific British Islands, and altogether Fiji is quite important as a tropical adjunct to our Pacific side. It could give us large quantities of sugar, the best of pineapples and bananas and many of the other tropical fruits at cheaper cost than any other country for the middle west and British Columbia.

MARCH 1.—The day ended in mists and rain and yet the vessel thumps ahead ceaselessly at 16 knots per hour. Tomorrow we cross the equator and should see Neptune and his sea dogs.

I was on deck early and whilst watching the flying fish heard a long rushing sound as of something tearing and the ship slowed down and came to a full stop. At breakfast the Captain told me that a shaft had broken and one of the ship's two propellers had gone to the bottom of the sea—two and a half miles deep at the spot. The accident was a most unusual one, and it was fortunate that the shaft broke clean and just outside the sheathing and so carried no part of the vessel with it. This means that the remainder of the voyage will be done at about half speed—maybe something better. And that means that we shall be days late at Auckland, which is disappointing to me and prevents me from doing much commission work in New Zealand. But we must be thankful it was no worse. If fine weather continues it will aid us—if bad storms come we shall be much retarded.

The whole day was an ideal one and under the awning on the top deck one was very comfortably cool—protected from the sun and in face of the continual breeze. Tonight I had my first good

look at the southern sky. It was so full of stars that the sky seemed diminished in area and dwarfed-like, and the brilliancy was remarkable. I am told that I will appreciate it better when I see it off South Australia. So I will withhold comments at present. By the way, we crossed the equator at 4.88 p.m. today, so if you refer to the route map I sent you you will see where I was at that particular hour on Sunday March 2nd.

After dinner had a long conversation with the gentleman from Fiji, who has been twenty-seven years resident and is interested in sugar and cocoanuts. He considers Fiji has one of the best Pacific island climates, and is very anxious that Canada should take them over and administer them.

MARCH 3.—Today about noon we passed a coral island—Hull Island, one of the Phoenix group. It was about six miles long, narrow, bounded by shining “coral strands”, fringed with verdure and cocoanut trees. Inside the reefs were broad lagoons, deep blue and green, and beyond them again the fringing cocoanuts. It furnished an hour’s change for the passengers and connected us again with the solid world, thanks to the diligent wee mollusks who toiled so ceaselessly for ages and gave their lives to the work of upbuilding the universe.

Today I tackled the *Australian Year Book*—an excellent volume of 1,400 pages—hot as it was, and made fair progress. Australia has great resources, and when she works off the diseases of childhood and the effects of isolation, will have a great development, I believe. Nearly one-third is tropical, and yet the cry is for a white Australia. Millions of acres of good land are unoccupied, and yet the labour people oppose immigration so as to keep wages up. They try all the nostrums to keep the individual going at the expense of the State—forgetting that the state which pays and suffers is but the aggregate of individuals. They berate and tax and legislate against capital, but are beginning to find out that it may take fright some time and fly away. Notable progress has been already made, and some day it will find its fuller self, this wonderful country, and recognize that there is some good outside its own borders and that community of interests is a world-wide fact and will not be denied.

A woman has turned up (from the lower berths) who has lost all her clothes—nearly all. She embarked at Honolulu, and had sent her boxes to the dock to be put on the *Makura*. They were put on the *Zealandia* (same line) which was calling at the same dock on its way to Vancouver. Hence these tears. It will be a month at least before she sees them. Such are the fortunes of travelling. We got in touch with Suva last night but got no

news. So until we get to Suva we shall have heard nothing from the outside world for seven days.

Suva, MARCH 7.—We have crossed 180° longitude, and one whole day has been suddenly knocked out of our calendar, as we passed at once from Wednesday, March 5th, to Friday, March 7th. I shall catch it up when I return, however. Tonight at 7 p.m. we entered Suva harbour in a dark mist and saw nothing but the lights. The Governor's launch came out to the boat before we reached the dock, and brought me an invitation to dine at Government House. So I got into my togs—first time since getting on the *Makura*, and was automobiled up to the Government House in Fijian darkness. Sir Bickham Sweet-Escott, the Governor, and Lady Escott gave me a warm welcome and a good dinner. He came to this colony from the West Indies and so knew all about me and the course of Canada's relations with the West Indies. Mr. Grant, of the West Indies and now on his way, as British resident, to the Tonga Islands, was also a guest, and we had a very pleasant dinner and afterwards a talk with some members of the Governor's Council and leading citizens of Suva. As we go out at 4 a.m. there is no chance for seeing the town and surroundings. Lady Escott is very nice, and both will probably pass through Canada when they go to England in a year or two. I returned to the ship—after sending you a cable—about eleven o'clock, and as they were unloading and coaling the amount of rest I got was little. Swarms of Fijians were at work and they are surely a noisy, jovial lot, continually talking and shouting to each other like children. The men are physically strong and very healthy looking.

MARCH 8.—The boat did not get away until 8 a.m. I was up at five and had a good view of Suva, town and harbour. The latter is in shape an elongated half circle, the ground rising gradually from the right entrance and attaining considerable height at the left, the town rising up from the water and into higher hills running out to the left. There are about four thousand people in Suva—about eight hundred of them are whites and the rest are Fijians and Hindoos, with a sprinkling of other nationalities. Our course is almost directly south to Auckland where, if nothing happens to delay us, we should arrive on Friday night.

Auckland, MARCH 13.—The Royal Commission came here the day I landed, after having completed their work in the South Island, and our meetings began this morning and will continue for two days. That will finish New Zealand, which does not afford a very large field and the other members had been at work twelve days before my arrival.

Auckland, MARCH 15.—Today I went by train from Auckland to Rotorua, through a generally uninteresting country, hilly and broken, with little good farming land and covered mostly with fern and small growth and very little large timber. The Rotorua district in the North Island is unique and intensely interesting. It contains an area of only a few square miles, but comprises within those limits a congeries of weird and startling phenomena sufficient for a continent. It is volcanic in origin, and continues to maintain the most intimate relations with the demonic energies of the lower regions, exhibits of which it delights in displaying to the gaze and hearing of the matter-of-fact denizens of the upper earth.

For today we planned and carried out the following itinerary. Leaving in the early morning we drove by coach along Lake Tikitapu to Wairoa, continued thence by motor boat across Lake Tarawera, footed a narrow neck of land one and a half miles wide to Lake Rotomahana which we crossed by boat. Then we walked two and a half miles through the Waimangu Valley to the government station. The distance traversed was in all 21 miles.

The day was perfect and was crowded with interest from first to last. We saw a country which had been rent and shriven with earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, steaming in every direction from geysers, blow-holes, boiling cauldrons and hot water streams, and withal softened and relieved by a fair array of bush and verdure which had gradually covered much of the universal barrenness. Here and there were mud volcanoes throwing up spluttering leaping jets of liquid mud to a height of several feet. There were three beautiful rock terraces in white, pink, grey and green colourations caused by the steam and hot water pressed from the earth depths impregnated with silica, iron, sulphur and alum, which have condensed and gradually formed the terraces. Blow-holes or rents in the rock, often circular, through which steam issued with a hissing whistling noise were frequent, and these often sent out hot water as well. Geysers shot up their spray showers sometimes 60 or 90 feet high, shimmering in the sunlight, some discharging with unerring regularity every 4 minutes, some every 9 minutes and some for other periods. In others the discharge occurs every 24 hours, whilst some are intermittent and irregular, ejecting their hot contents whenever the earth demon decrees. Here you walk along over a crust or upon sandy pebbly ground where the steam jets out of little pores in every direction; again the phenomenon is presented of a shallow pool whose water is cold on top with the sand six inches below so hot that you cannot bear your hand in it, or a hot stream parallel with a cold one running in the same direction. You have green lakes, blue lakes, yellow lakes and reddish lakes according as the mineral salts ejected tint them. On

Lake Rotomahana we passed through water cold to the hand changing within a few yards to water to almost boiling point. Vari-coloured earth banks and hill sides rise from small lakes which reflect every colour of the rainbow. From some points you could see hundreds of these steaming cauldrons and blow-holes sending their white spirals into the atmosphere. Whilst you are standing gazing into some pool you will suddenly realize by the burning sensation in the feet that you are standing on soil that is superheated, and you make tracks quickly to a cooler place. The natives do much of their cooking and washing in these hot basins and steam holes. One beautiful lake—not very large—is called Champagne Lake. If you throw a shovelful of earth into it the water will bubble and fizz like champagne. At Wairoa are the remains of two hotels and a mission which were submerged by the great eruption of 1886. In June of that year on a peaceful morning the side of a mighty mountain blew out, several craters entered into sudden action, the bottom of Lake Rotomahana blew up and covered the surrounding country for scores of miles with mud and pumice, and smothered the life out of every living thing including about 150 natives. I talked with people who had seen it, and with others who had known the localities before and who visited them thereafter. Old hills had disappeared and new ones had been formed. Much of this mud-covered country has been recovered with new vegetation, and much yet remains coated with bare pumice without a sign of life. The Maoris chiefly inhabited it and suffered, of course, most from the eruption.

MARCH 17.—This forenoon we did Waiotapu, with its repetition of phenomena similar to that I described above but with endless variations. Echo Lake was very beautiful with its opalescent reflections of the rocky mountain rising sheer up from its waters, its face variegated with many-coloured tinted earths which showed delicately beautiful in the deep still water. We were guided by a very intelligent and gentlemanly Maori of about 60 years old, who owned 3,000 acres of land and had 1,200 sheep, and who piloted us over the risky ways at 2/- per head. After dinner we motored to Wairakei, 38 miles through an uninteresting broken country covered with fern and manuka (tea tree). We found this pleasantly situated, and after a cup of tea were driven to the Ariatitia rapids on the Waikato—the largest river in North New Zealand. They are beautiful without grandeur. We tried for some rainbow trout but the tackle supplied us at the hotel was useless, and we were tantalized to a degree by seeing trout jumping all about and immune to our unavailing efforts. By moonlight after dinner the Devil's blow-hole was visited. Out of this aperture in the rock,

about 14 by 16 inches, steam rushed continuously with great force. Throw a big tin can into it and it is sent out again as though the devil was after it. The effect by moonlight is weird in the extreme. There is no authentic record that the devil himself ever emerged therefrom.

MARCH 18.—We visited the Geyser Valley, which is wonderfully interesting. This is the habitat of a very large geyser which plays every quarter hour with perfect regularity, and beside it is another called Prince of Wales' feather which send every 30 minutes two long feathery streams of gleaming crystal drops from 30 to 60 feet high. Here also is a twin geyser which plays double every four minutes, first one and then the other in two portions of the same spring, and in one is the dancing rock which rises and falls with the play of the twins. Springs of every conceivable kind are boiling—some crystal clear, others green and yellow, and some of an oily consistency. The Dragon's mouth fills up with boiling flooding water every five or six minutes, and in the interim you can stand in it and be photographed. One weird spot out of which various little springs bubble gives you a novel sensation, as every few seconds you hear away beneath you the creak of a rock slipping on another, with a rip and a thud. If you push your cane down in the sand and put your ear to the upper end you can hear the industrious gnomes at work far down. It is eerie, I can tell you. After lunch we drove to Taupo Lake—hired a launch and went fishing for rainbow trout. By trolling we got four fish, one each, weighing in all 14 lbs. At sunset we came in, and the motor took us to the Terraces (hotel) for dinner and for the night. So ended a busy day. Taupo is mainly Maori—a small town on the largest lake in New Zealand, about 26 miles long.

MARCH 19.—Took motor for Rotorua, 53 miles—a pleasant drive. Spent two hours at Waioataupu and reached Rotorua at 3.30 p.m.

MARCH 30.—We made Sydney on Friday evening at 5 p.m. The weather cleared up on that morning, and we entered the harbour under the best of conditions. The entrance is narrow—between two headlands of layered rock about thirty to fifty feet in height, and the whole interior water is thus protected from the sea storms—perfectly landlocked. Six miles up we came to the city, the whole distance varied with bays, headlands and jutting peninsulas, covered with habitations and well covered with trees. It is a magnificent harbour, and the city—nearly 700,000 of a population—is well built and full of life. The temperature would be for us a summer temperature.

On Saturday we had a meeting of the Commission for private discussion at 10 a.m. and at 11 o'clock a civic reception by the

Mayor and Corporation, at which about a hundred of the representative business and professional men were present. An address of welcome was made by Mayor Cocks and seconded by the Premier of New South Wales, Mr. McGowan, and responded to by Sir Edgar Vincent, Sir Rider Haggard and myself. They were very cordially received and many were good enough to say that my short talk was much appreciated. The usual photographing took place, and then I went with a small party to the races. The race course is a spacious one and there were about 30,000 people on the grounds. The race arrangements are much the same as in Toronto, and the bookies make an infernal clatter whilst the races are being made up and the bets being placed. Everybody bets here, labourer and millionaire, men and women, and as usual the bookies get the main portion of the ventures. This is a great racing country and an immense amount of money is wagered each year at the numerous meets. Tell it not in Gath and publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, but I took the tip of my hostess (how could I refuse?) and won twenty-five shillings. I will buy you a cameo with it—cameos are all the go here.

MARCH 31.—We arrived at Brisbane after a 27-hours train journey at 9.30 p.m. today. The greater part of the way was through rough and partly wooded country—in parts very rocky. But there were stretches of beautiful and rich-looking agricultural lands in portions well taken up. Sheep and cattle are the staple products, and for these large farms or runs are needed, which tends to sparse settlement. Darling Downs is the finest portion and widely known. The bush or wooded parts are chiefly eucalyptus in its many varieties, with barkless trunks, scraggy and knotted, with very little utilizable timber in it. They have a practice here of ringing the tree near the bottom, i.e., cutting a thin ring out of the bark and first sap wood. This kills the tree but leaves it standing bare and unsightly. The object is by killing the leafage to allow the grass to grow up and make feed for the sheep and cattle. But it does not add to the beauty of the country. In the rocky, rough country through which we passed, tin is washed out in fairly paying quantities.

Brisbane is the capital of Queensland, the semi-tropical state of Australia. The Commission had a civic reception tendered it at 10 a.m.—champagne and cakes, seasoned with addresses of welcome by local magnates and short replies by the Chairman. Then we took up the work of hearing evidence at 11 a.m. and continued it until about 5 o'clock with, of course, lunch intermission. The city has a quite tropical air—the gardens are just opposite the Club and lie along the Brisbane river bank. The most beautiful flowering bush is the allamanda, which is profusely covered with

great rich golden flowers. Palms are everywhere—large flowering trees from tropical countries—and a section where behind wires one sees the wallabies, kangaroos and emus and various characteristic birds—though Australia is not rich in variety of fauna. It is just now the Queensland winter—about like our June temperature, with cooler nights maybe. The city is well built, and the river is very winding and so gives variety in grouping of the buildings on its banks.

APRIL 2.—Today was devoted to an examination of the Queensland Government railway shops, the principal slaughtering and freezing establishment in Brisbane and a sail on the river of some 13 miles. The first is extensive and very complete. In it the government constructs the rolling stock for its four to five thousand miles of railway in Queensland, and does it all with the exception of the car wheels which are imported. The men work under good conditions—8 hours per day—good wages—airy and comfortable surroundings. Every one is a member of the Union, and if the government were to put one man in who was not a member of the Union, all would lay down their tools and walk out. Some time ago they all struck in sympathy with a dispute in the city as to whether the tramway workers should wear a union badge when on duty. They have an elaborate system of wage boards and conciliation and arbitration boards, who fix rates of wages, and conditions of labour; and yet the men will strike even while the matter in question is being considered by the boards, and will often refuse to obey the decision when given, if it does not suit their views. If a man is injured when at work and dies, the men lay down their tools without a moment's notice and go out for a day as a punishment to the employer, irrespective of whose the fault for the injury. Strikes are of almost daily occurrence, notwithstanding twenty or thirty years of labour legislation by labour majorities. It is all very interesting. The meat-freezing establishment was a repetition of a Chicago plant on a smaller but not less fragrant scale, and the after excursion by river was a very pleasant contrast. The Premier's wife and several ladies were on board and made up an agreeable party. In the evening I heard Oscar Asche in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and the rendering was excellent. The shrew's part was, I thought, a little overdone, but then happily I have had little experience with that type of womanhood.

APRIL 3.—Arrived in Bundabergo at 8 a.m. and breakfasted at the Grand Hotel. This is a centre of the sugar cane industry in Queensland, which practically produces all the sugar grown in Australia. We rode on tram cars through miles upon miles of cane fields of varying excellence, but in the main of higher than

average grade. The wet weather this season has been especially favourable to growth. The yield of cane will be twenty to forty tons to the acre, standing now six to ten feet high, covering hundreds upon hundreds of acres, as does our wheat in the west—but of course limited greatly. This all has to be cut with knives by hand work, and so during the cutting period requires a small army of men. When cut the cane is carried on trams to the crushing mill, often a distance of 25 miles, where it is turned into raw sugar—which again goes to the refineries. The field once planted grows for three years and yields well; it will go on yielding for twelve years, but deteriorates after three years. Three, four or more shoots come up from each root, and a crop is cut every year as a rule. It is a fine industry but has its troubles here as regards cost of production by white labour exclusively. We visited two large sections, the second in motors in the afternoon. Saw a very fine tropical garden *en route* and had tea. Everybody drinks afternoon tea here, and the habit is even more inveterate than in England.

APRIL 4.—We arrived at Rockhampton about four o'clock this afternoon after eight hours railroad travel, through a not very interesting country. It was sparsely timbered and grass covered and excellent for cattle, which are seen everywhere and constitute the chief product of this part of Queensland. Rockhampton is a nice little town with wide streets—wooden buildings chiefly, much the same in appearance as one of our newer western towns. A good-sized river (tidal) runs beside it to the seaport, which is distant 20 to 25 miles—only small vessels coming this far. Likewise, it is hot—a moist steaming heat which just makes one feel like doing as little as possible and resting the balance of the time. At the Criterion we found one of the best hotels we have struck since coming to Australia—clean and well found. After a wash up and dinner we went to the Town Council Chambers where a wine supper was given in our honour, presided over by the Mayor and attended by about fifty or sixty of the principal citizens. The usual welcomes were tendered and the members of the Commission responded.

APRIL 5.—We took train for Mount Morgan at 9.15. This is about twenty miles distant and is the famous mine which has made a record for Australia. One ascends nearly a thousand feet to reach it, the main climb being about a mile or so at the end. Here one finds at the summit of the hill country, picturesquely scattered in valleys and glades, a city of nearly 10,000 souls—all fed physically by the Mount Morgan mine. The mine was acquired by the Morgans about 1840 for a trifle. Since then it has paid about forty-five to fifty million dollars in dividends, and is still

worked vigorously. The whole top of the main mountain has been dug off and a crater-like bowl dug out below the rim for hundreds of feet, and now they are working by tunnels 900 feet below the top. It began by being a gold mine only and very rich at that, but it has gradually changed into a copper mine, bearing good gold values as well, in proportions of two of gold to three of copper in values. One of the Morgans was our guide and host, and we were most kindly treated and taken care of. Hot as it was I did the whole upper works of the mine but did not go into the interior. We had lunch at Mr. Morgan's mine house, and came away at 6 p.m. A very interesting and pleasant day it proved.

APRIL 6.—In the afternoon the Mayor and a party of ladies and gentlemen organized a trip to the Botanic Gardens. They are very good, and representative of Queensland and other tropical and sub-tropical countries. I had a refreshing drink of cocoanut milk taken from the ripe nuts of the trees in the garden. The crotons were most beautiful in their colouring as well as healthy growth. All varieties of palm trees are shown. The sausage tree of large growth bears a woody fruit like an immense bologna sausage which weighs up to 5 or 6 lbs. and these hang down from long, woody strings. The Banyans are fine also. The varieties of fern, orchid and tropical flowers were almost bewildering. We reached our hotel at 6.30 after a pleasant afternoon. The English portion of our Commission was thrown into utter confusion at supper owing to impossibility of getting any drinks. A law in force here allows drinks to be furnished at meals from only 12 to 1.30 on Sundays. Mr. Lorimer, our Scotch representative, summoned the waiter and ordered a whiskey and soda. "Can't get it on Sunday, sir." "Can't get a whiskey and soda? Then bring me a bottle of lager." "Sorry, sir, but not allowed to sell lager, either." "No lager! absurd! then can I have some ginger ale?" "Very sorry, sir, but the bar is closed and cannot be opened to get the ginger ale." "Good heavens! then bring me some iced water." Answer, "There ain't no ice, sir." You should have seen the look on Mr. Lorimer's face—it would have made the fortune of a kodaker could he have snapped him just then.

The variety and volume of insect life which manifests itself as soon as the lights are on, would give you matter for remark if you were at this spot. About a million different kinds of beetles, flies, bugs, moths, grasshoppers and suchlike run over the pavement or floors, climb, fly, drop and dart in every direction. Poor Mrs. Tatlow, our sole lady traveller, had the fight of her life to keep above the flowing tide that crept and flew from all quarters. The flying foxes snapped and snarled half the night long in the mango trees by the hotel. They fly and feed by night and hang

head downwards from tree branches in the day. They are a vile destructive horde of pests.

Brisbane, APRIL 9.—We finished evidence here—had lunch with members of the government at 1 p.m. and dined with the Governor, Sir William McGregor, in the evening. The day was wet, steamy and disagreeable. Mr. Evelyn Wrench, who you will remember passed through Canada as organizer of Overseas Clubs, called on me in Brisbane. He and his sister have been travelling ever since, and are going to South Africa after doing Australia. He is an enthusiast in Imperial work, and is employed by Earl Grey and a number of English friends to do this work.

Toowoomba, APRIL 11.—The weather was not good this morning, but some of us went on an auto run into the country to see the fine farms of the Downs. I saw several orange orchards with the fruit just beginning to turn, and they looked very nice. This district is pretty closely settled and includes a lot of Germans, all doing well. I saw two Jackass birds or laughing birds, but they were silent at the moment. They belong to the Kingfisher family—measure up to 17" from beak to tail, and utter an odd laughing cry in duet or in chorus. They are tuneful at sunset and sunrise.

Maize, alfalfa, wheat, potatoes and barley are raised here, but mainly it is a dairying country, the cream being sold to the factories which are largely coöperative or managed by the farmers themselves. They realize from 9d. to 10d. per lb. for their butter, and as they own the shares they get the dividends or profits. At noon we picked up the mail train for Newcastle. Our meeting last night was the talk of the town, and as we moved out the cheers of the friends we left behind us rang in our ears. They had been visited by brethren overseas, had talked and been talked to and had received a fresh baptism of the home and Imperial spirit. I am in a minority on this matter of public functions. Most of the Commissioners are in favour of having none, i.e., of going into a city, hearing the evidence of, say, a dozen people, visiting such interests as seem to warrant it, and then going out. In this way the public is not interested and few people know what the Commission is or the great object it has in view. My view is that fully half of our work is to arouse public interest—impress the idea—make the acquaintance of the public, and get them aroused to the importance of our work and animated with the spirit of the Commission. The people think that way, too, and so we shall make some impression on the people in general.

Newcastle, APRIL 11.—This morning we reached Newcastle in time for breakfast, and were met by the Mayor and aldermen. It

is a city of 75,000—old settled and the centre of a great coal industry. It has a good harbour and a fairly large river flows through it, or past it to the sea. After breakfast we were taken for a trip over the harbour and shown the facilities for handling the five million tons of coal exported last year, also the improvements being made and contemplated. At twelve o'clock there was a civic reception at City Hall, the Mayor in his robes, and the old clerk in his wig and gown. It was a replica on a small scale of the receptions of the Governor-General at Ottawa, plus the archaic features, the Mayor, Mayoress and members of the Commission standing on a raised dais and the circulating callers being introduced and shaking hands with each one. Then the mayor delivered an address of welcome and was seconded by six others (fortunately short of speech). Mr. Lorimer replied for the Commissioners. Then we adjourned to the hotel where lunch was served to a company of about fifty, after which the speeches of welcome were developed, and to them I made reply to an appreciative audience. Then we did the city in autos, inspected the industries, had a hurried tea, caught the train at 5.20 p.m. and moved out Sydney-wards to the accompaniment of *loud cheers*.

So we have done Queensland, the north-eastern state of the Commonwealth, and a wonderful sub-temperate, sub-tropical and tropical country it is. It has all the productivity of the tropics, great stretches of grazing, dairying and wool-bearing country, with fine harbours, great resources in coal, copper, tin, gold and gums, but whilst its territory is about 700,000 square miles it has less than that many people. It has, however, nearly 15,000 miles of railway nearly all owned and operated by the government. But the sparseness of its population gives a lonely cast to the whole country, and makes the difficulties of education, family life and social intercourse very great. Labour unions, labour strikes and labour unrest are everywhere. There is no telling today in any industry or occupation whether work will go on tomorrow, or whether a holiday will be taken without notice, or a strike declared equally unadvised. The spirit of labour is bitter towards all capital—the clamour is for more pay, less work and new and further labour laws. We are blessed in Canada in comparison. Just now it seems to be apparent that the limit of labour exaction has been reached, and that a reaction is due. The Federal campaign is on, and I shall have the interesting spectacle of a Commonwealth political contest to add to my other experiences. I shall try to hear some of the better speakers.

Sydney, APRIL 14.—Today we visited the Agricultural College and a farm for immigrant boys and both were very interesting. The day was beautiful and we covered 76 miles in autos. I found

a new patent bottle for preserving fruit and will get some, if possible, for you to try in the autumn. The ostriches were very interesting on the farm and their rearing is proving remunerative. The fruits were interesting, strawberry guava, very delicious, persimmons, oranges, etc. etc. Orange trees are beautiful in flower, in green fruit, or in ripe. Would I like to live in Australia? No, thank you. The climate is fine in many respects, the flowers are always blooming and things are always growing, and to me it would be monotonous. I like the succession of seasons sharply defined, the long rests of nature, the death and resurrection to new life. Perpetual bloom and perpetual sunshine are deadly monotonous. Then the labour tyranny is unconcealed, brutal and absurd; 8,000 miners have struck at Broken Hill, the tramways on which the people depend to bring in food have been put out of business and men, women and children are starving. Why? Because seven men in the tramways company did not wish to join the Union, and so the Union Tramway people struck and the miners struck in sympathy, and hence the trouble. They have now asked the government to take over the Tramways Company and run it (which government can't do) or they will seize it and run it themselves. *What do you think of that?*

The British Empire League have arranged a reception for me here for the 22nd at 8 p.m. My short addresses so far given have made quite an impression and have been quite widely printed. As a rule they have been well reported which is not always the case in Canada. The New Zealand and Australian papers are well edited and very fair in tone.

APRIL 22.—On Saturday a party of us left Sydney for the Blue Mountains and Jenolan caves, the wonderful scenic showland of New South Wales. We lunched at Medlow Bath, an immense hotel kept by a Sydney millionaire, worth an immense amount of money, who has spent lavishly on the hotel and has included a very fine picture gallery. It is in the middle of the Blue Mountains about 3,000 feet above the sea and a stopping place for tourists. In the afternoon we motored over mountain scenery, bold and picturesque, to the caves and found a fairly comfortable hotel. In the evening we visited one of the caves, taking two and a half hours for the trip, and on Sunday morning did another cave of about equal capacity. Both were unique and really magnificent. They are 700 feet below the surface, and consist of chamber after chamber hollowed by filtering water out of high hills and filled with most beautiful stalactites, stalagmites and helictites.

Tonight my meeting came off. It was a reception by the British Empire Club in King's Hall. It was crowded, platform

and body, with people standing at the end and sides. Sir William McMillan presided and I spoke for about an hour. Everybody seemed very much interested. Then tea and coffee and refreshments were served. I shook hands with everybody and had a quite distinct ovation. Ladies predominated, as they do in all public gatherings here.

Melbourne, APRIL 27.—Sir Edgar Vincent, Mr. Garnett and myself left Sydney on Monday night by special train for a three days' tour through the back country of New South Wales, and arrived in Melbourne last night. Have travelled about 1,500 miles and seen a large district of average Australian country. The weather throughout was beautiful, warm as early June in the day and fairly cold at night. We were the guests of the Commissioner of Railways and travelled in great comfort with an observation car, a sleeping car and the Commissioner's dining and parlour car, and lived on board—faring sumptuously every day. We went through the Blue Mountains to the end of the line west at Codoblin, and then zigzagged in and out through the back land till we reached the border of Victoria, when we were met by another special from that state and whirled along to Melbourne. We saw mountainous country running up to 4,000 feet in altitude, broken country in plenty, grazing lands in plenty and wheat lands in fair abundance. The country is rolling for most part, more or less mildly picturesque, and well dowered with pastoral and agricultural potentiality; but it is so lonely, so few people in it, so few homes to be seen outside the village and town aggregations that one's impressions are apt to be less favourable. As regards cattle and sheep the land is held in large allotments, from 20,000 to 100,000 acres for pasture, and on these there are many creatures but few people. Then in the farming areas the farms are larger than our Western farms, running up to thousands of acres each. So this makes for few villages, widely separated homes and consequent loneliness. As settlements increase—but they grow here so slowly, and mixed farming comes more to be the vogue and that too comes slowly—this feature will become less marked, but it will take a long time to even mitigate the drawback, and it will always be more present than with us. We visited Canberra where the Federal Capital is to be built. The site is a beautiful one, but is now only a wide virgin prospect all to be laid out and built in and pushed artificially to the dimensions of a city. It will cost the Federal Government millions upon millions which can be ill spared from the natural development of the country. In all our journey we never met a lake, here and there a dried or muddy stream, and once or twice a river as big as the Humber. The lack of water is Australia's want, and it can never be wholly supplied.

The few rivers they have can at best irrigate but a few millions of her many, many millions of acres, and yet with all this Australia is a very rich country in possibilities, and produces even now exports as large or larger than Canada. Her wool is the great asset and the meat products which produce it are largely by-products.

On Monday my luncheon came off at the Melbourne Club. It was a very *recherché* affair. About 40 guests of the representative men of Melbourne—the menu was good, and the flowers were very beautiful. Dr. J. W. Barrett was my host and spared no pains. We had a pleasant hour at luncheon, and the toasts were the King and the Guest. I made a half-hour speech which they were kind enough to say was very good. We had a half-hour conversation thereafter.

On Tuesday the Commission heard evidence and had luncheon at Government House at 1.15. Lord Denman is very popular—young, unassuming, a good sport and very pleasant-mannered. His wife is a daughter of Lord Cowdray—Sir Weetman Pearson, when I first knew him, and thereby much money sweetens the lot of the Governor-General.

I had an unexpected letter from the Premier in which he virtually bars my undertaking negotiations with Australia on trade preference, the second principal object for which I came, and this after declaration upon declaration made by myself in the House, and with his own assent to an offer, and in line with the constant course of negotiations for 15 years. He says it was never really considered by the Government, and that any arrangement made by me might be embarrassing. Of course I did not intend to make a hard and fast agreement, but I certainly expected to negotiate and, if possible, agree upon a schedule of articles to be submitted without prejudice for the approval or otherwise of both the Governments. He seems to object to even this now, and says they all think the same. If I say to the Australian Government—after notifying them that I was coming out to confer with them—that I am not able to do so, it will make a fool of me, and place Canada in a false position as well. Rob. is certainly an odd Rob. Some one has evidently got his ear and filled him the wrong way. However, as I have already begun I shall go on and finish my conversations with the Government here, and, if possible, arrange a list for preferences subject to approval of the Canadian Government, and the Premier can take it or not as he pleases. I see the W.I. agreement has at last had its third reading, and this marks a good step in advance.

MAY 5.—Sunday morning I took my automobile and with Bowring and Green as guests made a journey of sixty miles in to

Gippsland. It is a scenic portion of Victoria—a large part of it a forest reservation, and the basin for Melbourne's water supply. One climbs gradually to a height of 800 feet through picturesque country—some highly cultivated, with villages here and there and later an unbroken forest. Here are many giant gum trees. We measured one with a diameter of 15 feet, which makes a girth of 46 feet or so. There were many very beautiful mountain views, and the colours of the atmosphere along the mountain spurs varied from deep blue to almost black. We lunched at a very pretty inn called Grantales. On the way we passed through Lilydale where Melba (*née* Mitchell) was born, and near there Coombe College, a quite pretty estate owned and kept up by her and where it is said she intends to retire when her singing days are over. Perhaps she will, but "I hae ma doots" all the same. At the hotel on my return I found a letter sent by hand from Sir John Forrest, Governor of Victoria, asking me to have lunch with him at one o'clock. I could not do that, but went up today and had five o'clock tea and a very pleasant talk with him. Melbourne, you see, has two Governors resident—as here is the seat of the Governor-General of Australia as well as of the State of Victoria. It has its difficulties and anomalies; the near residence of two Governors appointed both by the British Government and accountable both to the same authority in London. If the Governor of Victoria has communication with the Federal Governor who lives just over the way, it must go to the Colonial Secretary in London and be despatched thence to His Honour the Governor of Victoria at Melbourne, a most expeditious method of conducting State business, as you will see.

TUESDAY—Deakin gave evidence before the Commission today on the Imperial Guarantee Board which was interesting as was the examination thereon. I remained in town for the morning on purpose to be present, as a compliment to an old and notable statesman, a former Premier of Australia. His health has partially failed him and he has been obliged to forego candidature and leadership for the Opposition. It is pathetic when a great figure suffers obscurity on account of failing health before stars of lesser magnitude. He has been undoubtedly one of the most distinguished of Australia's public men in character and in gifts of oratory and statesmanship. In the Intercolonial and Imperial conferences he bulked largely and was highly esteemed in England.

MAY 8.—I am just running into Melbourne from my two days' outing in the Irrigation Districts of Victoria. I left on Tuesday noon after hearing evidence in the morning, and went through a varying country to Bendigo. Here I caught up with three other members of the Commission who had left a day earlier to visit

Ballarat. Both these towns you will remember as being noted in the gold boom days and are still fairly good producers of the yellow metal, though in no degree equal to the earlier output. £80,000,000 are said to have been taken out of the former and a large quantity out of Bendigo. Now agriculture is improving both towns and coming to their help as mining diminishes. In Bendigo, before nightfall, I had seen a representative Australian orchard, in which flourished pears, peaches, apricots, oranges and grapes. I called also on Lady Quick, with whom and her husband I travelled during Coronation month in Great Britain, and we had a short talk on politics. Her husband is a candidate and busily at work.

FRIDAY, MAY 9.—The weather was beautifully fine—like a late October day with us—and we were up and away in automobiles by nine o'clock. We took in an irrigated area, where new settlers are being placed on small allotments of from 2 to 50 or 60 acres each. They either dairy, or raise vegetables or fruit, or both. The Government irrigates the area, builds if necessary a neat little house, and gives the settler 31½ years in which to pay off the encumbrance, price of land and house, at a low interest. The merit of this kind of settlement is, that it brings population into closer area and gives opportunities for social, educational and church life. It aids the man with small capital. The neat houses, with flowers almost everywhere, and the proximity of farms with their work going on gave a very homelike and inviting appearance. Most appear to be doing their work of filling their plots with fruit and gardens and alfalfa and some grain, and doing it very well, but now and then the sluggard and slattern were plainly in evidence. After this excursion we took our train to Echuca, where the Mayor and aldermen met us and took us for a drive (in autos) through their little town, its park, between the rivers Murray and Eumprase and thence to the hotel where a luncheon was spread and partaken of. Then followed the usual series of short speeches by the Mayor and from myself and Sir Rider, then by train and automobiles we travelled to Shepperton, passing through an extensive irrigated orchard country. The trees, except the orange, were all out of bearing, having just been stripped; the oranges were in good growth and ripen in a month or two. The trees all as a rule looked healthy and good and the cultivation seemed careful and clean. We visited the plantation of Mr. West, 53 acres, most of which was in trees, and it was a pretty sight. By 6 p.m. we reached Shepperton, where we were to stay for the night. On the way, by train from Echuca we passed a flock of Companion birds, which I was very anxious to see. They are a tall, graceful bird, standing three to four feet in height and weighing thirty pounds or more, and are vigorous fliers. They are a very showy

bird in the ballet line, being extremely fond of dancing, especially about the mating season. At 7 o'clock we sat down to a dinner given by the Mayor and gentlemen of the shire. Some fifty were present and I responded to the toast of the Commission.

Thursday dawned cloudless and again we had a very perfect day, with a cool tone and a cloudless sky. We got away in autos at nine o'clock, and visited three estates or stations which the Government had purchased and intends to cut up into small farms, irrigate and sell them to settlers, as I explained earlier. The day was valuable in showing us the large scheme of irrigation undertaken in this section by water taken from the Goulbourn River into a receiving basin, mostly natural, covering now 13,000 acres, storing it there for irrigating some hundreds of thousands of acres ultimately. This will serve then to maintain 30,000 people or more. At present its population is very sparse. The cultivation will be fruit, dairying and wheat. The trip has been very enjoyable and the weather delightful. It has given us an idea of the capabilities and possibilities of the country. It certainly has a great future in fruit production. The trouble is in wages which are continually going up, and this with strikes and inefficient labour will make it difficult to compete with other countries. In fact the labour trouble meets you everywhere and the unions seem to control or intimidate everybody and everything.

My stay here is rapidly filling up for engagements. Tomorrow I visit the schools in Melbourne. Thursday the University gives me a reception at 4 p.m. Saturday the Commission dines at Dr. Barrett's. Sunday I address the largest Methodist Church's Pleasant Sunday afternoon gathering. Monday a dinner at General Kirkpatrick's. Tuesday Senator Fraser's lunch and a levée at Government House. Friday address Chamber of Commerce. Saturday, the King's Birthday dinner with Governor-General &c. These with conferences with the Australian Ministers tend to prevent lonesomeness.

MAY 10.—I am just safely deposited on board the *Loongaua*—bound for Melbourne from Launceston, Tasmania. I left Melbourne on Friday last on the *Roto-mahana*, an old vessel which 33 years ago was an entrant into these waters as a 15-knot ship. We steered out of the Yarra river in the teeth of a sharp wind, and after a rough passage we passed the Heads in the Tamar river in Tasmania about 10 a.m. next morning. Thereafter there was a beautiful course, winding in and out, along banks or well cultivated land, set out mainly to fruit with some agricultural variation, neat little homes with hills arising behind and many varieties of rolling landscape well flanked by timber. It has the autumn hue, but their foliage does not lend itself to much colouring of leaf.

The fruit is all in and the brown fields alternate with ploughed lands and wheat fields newly planted, and just now in part showing green. So winding along in splendid sunlight we reach Launceston at the head of navigation—beautifully situated, and having a population of 20 to 25 thousand. We were met by the Mayor and Aldermen. As Sir Edgar Vincent is not with us, I am Chairman of the Commission and have to marshal the flock. At the railroad station we found a government car waiting to take us on our journey to Hobart, 133 miles, where we arrived at 9.30 p.m. and put up at the Tasmanian Club. The run down from Launceston was through a pretty rolling country, with blue hills on either side and studded with farms and orchards. It was very like our Eastern provinces and portions of Quebec.

MAY 11.—We left the Club at 9 a.m. in autos—a party of about 30—Sir Elliot Lewis, an ex-Premier of Tasmania, being my host. We skirted the base of Mount Wellington, which rises abruptly behind Hobart, with its great organ pipes bare in the sky—immense prisms or pillars of rugged rock looking like the pipes of a huge organ. Our road ran through the forest and along the gorges, giving us lovely views of Hobart and the valley below—dotted with cottages and small orchards of apple and raspberry and currants, until we reached a height of 1,500—from which we dropped gradually down into the valley of the Huon, a fine sheet of water with quite bold land on each side, the lower part devoted to orchards. These climbed often up into the hills for about half the height. The houses are nicely built and seem most comfortable; they stretch in neighbourly contact along the whole length of the valley. The water course is smooth, fairly broad, and so refreshing after the riverless spaces of the mainland, as they call the big island continent of Australia. Thirty-seven miles up the Huon we boarded a steam tram and went 15 miles into the heart of the Hartz Forest, where the big gum trees are standing and where the Company does its work. Here a giant tree with a butt diameter of 8 feet and a length of 200 feet, was felled with axe and saw. This tree was a thousand years old and yet its life was taken in less than half an hour, and as the hoary veteran lay prone its full length, one could not help feeling that a wrong had been committed and a foul murder done. But so it goes. After having been photoed standing in line on the prostrate form of this venerable personality, we filed silently out from the prone presence that had graced ten centuries of constant growth.

MAY 12.—The Commission opened its session at 9 a.m., and by dint of constant pressure and a very short intermission all the evidence was finished at six o'clock. At 8 p.m. the Town Hall was filled with a distinguished audience of townspeople under the

auspices of the University Club. Sir John Dodds, Acting Governor, presided, and the Government House party gave it their official patronage.

I spoke for an hour and a quarter and the people seemed very appreciative. After the meeting a supper was provided by a number of the Club and a very enjoyable hour spent.

MAY 13.—At 9 a.m. we took autos for a visit about the city and inspected the largest jam factory in the Southern Hemisphere. In it a new machine had lately been installed which takes the tin-cut into the requisite sizes for cans in at one end, and without the touch of a hand fashions the hollow cylinder, solders it, puts the flanges on the ends, affixes the bottom, fills it with jam, stamps on the top, runs the filled can through a rinser, picks it up and places it in the receiving box, whence the labeller grips it and attaches the label. The output is 200 cans per minute and a new machine is to be put in which will make 400 cans per minute.

From the jam factory to the harbour, where we boarded a yacht and made a tour of the magnificent harbour—the finest in the world I believe—and then up the broad river Derwent for 23 miles. The Derwent provides the regatta course for Australian and International races and is a very magnificent tidal river. The country is a narrowish valley, a rising upland and crowning hills all the way up so far as we went. It is well settled, cultivated in orchard and wheat and oats, and the river gave us the most beautiful reflected pictures of inverted hill-side and mountain I ever saw. The Premier of Tasmania and a party of Hobartians accompanied us on the trip, one of the most delightful I ever enjoyed.

I reached Adelaide at 10 o'clock Saturday morning. I read the Hansards you sent me up to April 7th and so have an idea of the course of things. What fool tactics! To cause such strain and trying work—such angry scenes—such parliamentary disorder—and bring Canada into disrepute on a matter of Imperial moment, when all could have been done decently and in order by debating the bill at length in the Commons and then taking care to defeat it in the Senate, as they could easily do by their overwhelming majority. If their object was to kill the Bill that would have done it in an orderly and dignified way, and saved disgrace of parliament, and the necessity for a closure Bill, which is not a pleasing feature of free representative bodies. In this case there was clearly nothing else to be done when once it became evident that obstruction was their policy. But I am sorry it had to be done.

Sunday afternoon I had a 30-mile auto drive through the hill ranges of Mount Lofty which surrounded the city on its landward side. They are not high but beautiful, with valleys and gorges

in which orchard and small market gardening is a feature. The cultivation is good, and the effect of the changing leaves of the peach, apple and sumach trees is very pretty. We saw the Governor's summer residence, and had tea with Prof. Stirling who has one of the most complete tree shrub and flower gardens I ever saw. Adelaide is a fine city, rectangularly laid out and well built on a plain which stretches for miles and miles away to the greater Australian bight. Its greater city population is over 200,000 or $\frac{1}{3}$ of the total population of the State.

MONDAY, MAY 19.—Sir Edgar Vincent, who is staying at Government House, is indisposed so that I am in charge of the Committee as Acting Chairman. We began evidence at 10 a.m.—had a civic reception at the City Hall at 12, at which I spoke for the Committee to a very fine turn-out of prominent citizens. Attended a Ministerial lunch at 1.00 p.m., at which the Governor presided, and again responded, then continued evidence until 5.30 p.m. So we had a stirring beginning.

MAY 20.—Evidence started and continued all day. In the evening I dined with the Governor, a family dinner with myself the only guest. Lady Bosanquet is very interesting; she is a Quebec girl. Her grandfather was Chief Justice Sewell of Quebec. She lived in Halifax and Quebec for some years, her husband being Admiral on the Atlantic Station. There were two daughters present and a very intelligent secretary.

MAY 21.—Evidence was finished at 1 p.m. I then went to the Commonwealth Club luncheon, based on the idea of the Canadian Club, and addressed one of the most intelligent and keen lot of men I have met in Australia. Sir John Downer presided, and I did my best to meet the occasion. They told me I did it very well. Then I went by auto with Government Party to visit the States meat and produce export warehouses at Port Adelaide, and later to the sewage farm. Here all the sewage of Adelaide is disposed of for fertilizing on a thousand-acre farm, and with no very disagreeable accompaniments. The experiment has proved itself thoroughly and pretty well pays its way. In the evening Sir Edgar gave a dinner to the Commission before separation, at which we canvassed future movements. Tomorrow Sinclair (N.Z.) and I go back to Melbourne, Haggard and Garnet (G.B.) sail for home and Lorimer, Tatlow, Sir Alf. Bateman and Cameron of Australia go to West Australia to take evidence, whence they sail for G.B. about 9th June. Sir Edgar and Bowring of Newfoundland sail via Pacific for home on June 2nd and I on June 11th for China and Japan. So finishes the Commission's work in Australia so far as travel and evidence go. On the whole we have done pretty well

considering the immense distances, and have amassed a great store of information. Now comes the rub as to how best to utilize this and the stores to be gathered from all the other Dominions.

Melbourne, MAY 25.—Dr. Barrett came in to tell me that the Fellows of the Royal Colonial Institute in Melbourne hold their first dinner tonight, and invited me to join them. I did so under compact that I was not to be called upon to speak. The dinner was held at the Town Hall and numbered about 60 guests. The Lord Mayor presided. The Governor-General and the State Governors were present. The table was beautifully arranged, and an effective display of roses and autumn leaves made me homesick. The dinner was an elaborate affair and lasted until after eleven o'clock. In the end the Lord Mayor smashed my contract with Dr. Barrett and I gave an impromptu speech which they were good enough to acclaim very heartily.

Saturday was Empire day and Friday as well—Saturday being tacked on for the city school children. Flags flew, school children picnicked, sang songs and saluted the flag, and at night the gardens were illuminated and the hills lighted with beacon fires. *Fine!* Senator Fraser called for me and took me up to his home in Toorak for luncheon. You may remember him, he and his wife were in Ottawa during the 1894 Colonial Conference. They stayed with Sandford Fleming. He was a Nova Scotian by birth—came here 60 years ago—commenced gold digging, then became a building contractor and entered public life. Now he is 82 years old, chipper and active, has three sons and a wealth of worldly possessions. They were very reminiscent of the good time they had in Ottawa and, to recognize that, he insists on giving me a big lunch in the City. It comes off Tuesday next.

MAY 30.—On Friday I was tendered a reception in Trinity College University, by the University Classical Association at 4 p.m. It was largely attended by the University people, and in the midst of it I was coolly informed that I was expected to make an address on the benefits of a classical education! I protested, but with my usual kind-heartedness finally consented and spoke for 25 minutes. The people present became very interested and what I said I had to pick up as I went along. It was a right tight corner to be placed in, but I thought of you and Canada and went ahead.

Monday week I go to Sydney, and on Wednesday sail for Hong Kong by the *Inaba Maru*. I have a cabin to myself, and she is said to be very comfortable. It is all Japanese, you know, so it will be an experience for me in their ways and manners. I stop on the way at Brisbane, Townsville, Thursday Island and Manilla, so there will be something of interest along the route. At Hong

Kong I stay over about three days and visit Canton. Then to Shanghai—two days by steamer—where I shall meet Grigg. Then I go to Nanking, thence to Hankow by boat up the Yanktse-Kiang, then across country to Pekin, Tientsin, Mukden, and so on to Korea and Japan. May all go well. You will be away from Ottawa when this reaches you, and I shall be well on to Japan.

MAY 31.—This is election day in Australia, and Mr. Fisher's Government is challenging its fate. It is supposed generally that the Labour Government will come back as strong as before. It is a day of rain and wind, bad for voting, and will tell in favour of the Government, whose union men will tramp out whilst many of the others will not. Dr. Barrett's dinner came off tonight. There was a very nice lot of men invited to meet me, and after dinner we talked for an hour or more. It rained and blew as I came home and the streets were blocked by election crowds. But the results for the Commonwealth will not be certainly known for some days.

SUNDAY, JUNE 1.—Day fine. I lunched with Prof. Masson and family and with Judge Murray—Administrator of Papua. It was very interesting to glean information at first hand from him as to the prospects and conditions of the people. Oil is possible. Rubber is also a prospective product of great value. But for white men it is a hard country.

MONDAY, JUNE 2.—I saw Mr. Tudor. The unexpected has happened, and the Government stands to be defeated by a narrow majority. This changes the conditions of my negotiations, as no arrangements can be made with what is practically an opposition. The defeat was altogether a surprise to the Government, but if defeated in the Commons they are still in a big majority in the Senate and the majority of the victors will not be more than one or two. You see how that leaves matters. In the evening I dined with Gen. Kirkpatrick—son of our Sir George Kirkpatrick, of Kingston. He married Miss Dennistoun of Peterboro, whose brother I know well. They had an interesting party, and the cards were painted with maple leaves in my honour.

TUESDAY, JUNE 3.—Today Senator Fraser's lunch came off. It was a large and fine affair in the Australian Club—a collection of the strong business and representative men. Mr. Deakin was able to be present, at which I was very much pleased. In reply to the toast I spoke for about twenty-five minutes, and after all the guests passed and thanked me for the speech and bade me *bon voyage* and *au revoir*. On Monday the 5th, had an interview with Tudor and arranged a record of our conferences and our conclusions, which I hope will be useful. He promises the help of himself and party in bringing preference about if the incoming government will go on with it.

FRIDAY, JUNE 6.—I addressed the Chamber of Commerce to-night on inter-Imperial trade. The meeting was at 8 p.m., and consisted of songs and characterizations with the address half-way between. Wines, light refreshments and smoking filled in the interstices. Out of courtesy they postponed smoking until my address was over. I spoke for about an hour and after the vote of thanks I got leave to retire. The gathering was a thoroughly representative one, and certainly an appreciative one.

JUNE 10.—On Saturday I dined with Lord Denman (Governor-General) on the occasion of the King's Birthday dinner and attended the Levée thereafter. It was largely an official dinner and the presentation of the Levée guests was brilliant; the procedure was much like ours at home. The big ballroom was used, and this, of course, is much more capacious and beautiful than ours at Rideau. The dresses were very fine, I am told—creations, in fact—and the wearers had all grades of physique and facial variety. There were many very fine-looking men and women; on the whole they are taller than ours, both sexes, and generally well set up. Arthur Guise is here, just arrived as Private Secretary to the Governor-General. With him is his wife, a daughter of Charlie MacKintosh, formerly a member of Parliament for Ottawa and later Lieutenant-Governor of the North West.

Yesterday was a perfect winter day—a holiday. I got off final correspondence, visited the University and bade good-bye to some of the authorities, and at 4.30 found myself at the railway station bound for Sydney. Deakin and quite a large number of others were there to bid me *au revoir*, and so farewell to Melbourne where I have been splendidly received and leave many friends.

JUNE 15.—I left Sydney on the 11th on board the steamship *Maba Maru* in gales and rough sea. These continued until we neared Brisbane on the 13th, when the weather turned fine and, of course, fairly warm, and has so continued until the present. In Brisbane we stayed twelve hours which I put in in the city. We got off about six in the evening. There is a fairly good list of passengers for this season. Yesterday and today King's weather, with pretty hot moist nights. From Sydney we skirt the North East coast of Australia for hundreds of miles inside of what is known as the Great Barrier Reefs, which run along at a distance of from two or three to seventeen miles out and generally give a calm passage within. Numerous islands are in sight all the time—mostly uninhabited and largely uninhabitable. The line of mainland is fairly high and pushes out in bold headlands and rocky promontories.

We passed a big flash light last night, the only one since Thursday Island, and it looked homelike and gave a sense of

watchfulness. A little island lies off to our left this afternoon—to-morrow we shall skirt Celebes for most of the day—then frequent isles till Manilla is reached.

JUNE 28.—In the China Sea, 9 hours out from Manilla towards Hong Kong. We arrived at Manilla 5 a.m. yesterday and went ashore at 9.30. For two days we had been skirting the Philippines—Mindanao, Negros, Palan and Luzon—in the main a rugged coast with broken, hilly outlines covered almost entirely with dense forest growth. Here and there a lowland with a little, but very little, cultivation. Mindanao is the largest island and under military administration, the inhabitants being Moros, Mohammedans, a savage and warlike lot. There has been much fighting, and only a few days ago a determined battle was waged. Of course the Moros were defeated, but there were quite a number of U.S. soldiers killed and wounded. The U.S. keep about 20,000 troops in the Philippines—2,000 U.S. and the remainder Philipinos and other nationals who have been trained under their new masters. Uncle Sam pays a big bill for the luxury of holding the islands, and he is not liked by any of the natives. He has accomplished much in sanitary matters—in public works, and in education he seems to be going to work along good lines. There are now 9,000 school teachers at work, all Philippine-trained for the work, and 800 U.S. teachers. The natives are now taught English from the beginning and not by way of their own language, which was the method first adopted. The Philipinos take quickly to education, and are now being taught practical work rather than mere scholastic work. They learn quickly and are bright and smart. Manilla Bay is large—surrounded mostly by long breakwaters—and opens into the Pasey river, a small stream which gives but a narrow entrance into the city. We went up in a launch; the day was very hot. I had letters to two prominent firms and had a short conversation with each.

Manilla is quaint, of course—the old walled city being almost as it was in the Spanish time, though the public buildings have changed masters and occupiers. It has 300,000 inhabitants, mostly Philipinos, and these live in part in rather good houses built in common Eastern style, but mostly in thatch-roofed shacks propped upon bamboo supports several feet above the ground. Most of the house is open by a casement or a section in the roof. Life is an out-of-door or open matter—furniture is not abundant, but children cover the earth. I never saw so many kids in my life in the same time as I saw yesterday, and 4/5 I should say were girls. Most had something on of the cheapest coloured kind, but legs, arms and upper surface were bare and brown. The eyes were as black and bright as possible, and the general appearance showed

quickness and alertness. The women wear a coloured skirt which has fairly ample proportions, and wide, loose blouse sleeves attached to a less voluminous body piece. The feet are bare for the mass, with the toes stuck in a small sandal consisting of a toe piece and sole attached. They have a peculiar gait induced by the necessity of sliding the foot ahead so as to keep the toes in the cap. The better class have more elaborate sandals with stockings, of course, long skirts and enormous armed blouses of lace or muslin, coloured. The two-wheeled carriage is the favourite mode of conveyance, and everybody seems to ride, i.e., everybody that is anybody. I did the rounds on the Main street car lines; then lunched at Clarks, a good meal after 12 days ship fare—after that a hurried look at the shops where prices are high, but the show very good. We took an automobile for six and went out into the country and up into the hills for 20 miles to the mountain resort Antipolo. We saw the rice fields and the cultivation of grasses, a few bananas and some corn, and the multitudinous habitations of the natives all filled with children. This is a land where there is little to do and lots of time to do it in, where the native lives on a bounteous nature, and chickens which outnumber even the children. Leisure everywhere and all seem to enjoy it. The young men are natty, bright, and a bit jaunty and saucy in appearance, those that are educated and in service. All the street-car conductors are young Phillipinos and do their work very well. The chief beast of burden is the Carabel—a slate-coloured ox or cow with great flat horns lying flat on the shoulders. One is a team; a rope to the horns and a whip does the guiding and they appear to do very faithful work. The pony is well set up and in good condition, and does the carriage work well. In the afternoon we did the parks and the McKinley barracks, where Uncle Sam has about 300 acres of high ground near the bay and has lots of room and numerous barracks. At 4.30 visited Bilibid—the big prison—3,000 prisoners—and saw them paraded for supper. It was a good parade but a rather sad sight. I went to the big, new hotel—the Manilla, which is certainly a fine one—beautifully situated in Imita Park and on the bay front. In the evening I saw at the Grand Opera House Edison's speaking films—a most wonderful thing. The personages shown are, of course, exact reproductions of the actual men and women. They sing, speak, play instruments, engage in games and talks, every motion is recorded, laughter, tears, animals appear and you see the dogs and hear them bark and all this can be recorded, put away and reproduced a hundred years hence so that the future generations can with reference to present living people hear and see the celebrated singers, actors, speakers, just as though they were

living, as though we now could sit a hall or theatre and see and hear Ole Bull playing the great actors and speakers of the past acting and speaking in actual personality.

China, JULY 1.—Just now I am sailing down the Pearl River from Canton to Hong Kong. We came through from Manilla with the usual calm weather, the humidity being excessive but the breeze helped to temper it. On Monday morning at 5 o'clock the hills of Hong Kong were sighted. I was on deck at 5.30 determined to see the approach, and it was well worth the effort. The approach is through a multitude of hills about 100 to 500 or 800 feet high, peaked and rounded, bare of trees but green to the tops, and threading in and through there is very picturesque. Later we get into the nearer waters which are alive with Chinese boats, the junk and the more graceful sampan. We pass the fortifications and soon face the harbour, filled with shipping, and see Mount Victoria rising 1,800 feet at its back. The wharves and quays and dock yards merge into the large offices, commercial and other buildings, at the base of the hill and then all up the side there are large buildings on the windings of the face of the hill which is wooded to the top. All vessels anchor in the harbour and the passengers are taken off in launches. Each incoming boat is surrounded by Chinese boats, and the din and noise is lively—everyone shouting and yelling in Chinese. They have things to sell, or come to see Chinese on board, or want to take passengers off, and lots of them swarm on to the boats with their wares, etc. I put my baggage in charge of the launch for the Hong Kong Hotel, and went myself with the same, so had no trouble.

The Governor offered me the hospitalities of the Lodge during my stay, but as I was already installed at the Hotel and my stay so short I decided to remain outside the Lodge. Hong Kong is an interesting place—the Island is a British Colony—population 325,000—mostly Chinese, and is a free port. It is very strongly fortified and the centre of British Power in the East. The English portion is built up to and on the peak for greater coolness, and the Chinese are about the base of the mountain. So here is my first introduction to China. One sees no horses or carts or wagons on the streets—now and then an automobile. There is a very good tram car system with a forward compartment for the white, first class, while the Chinese take chiefly second and third class. This serves to separate the classes practically, though there is no compulsion. The haulage is done by human labour—the Chinese men and women. They carry on their shoulders with a bamboo rod about eight feet long baskets attached to each end, they drag and push drays with big loads through the streets, and move passengers in the chair and the ricksha. The chair is cane or other body with

Got a fair breakfast at 8 a.m. and enjoyed the ride throughout. It had rained in the morning early and there were occasional showers, so there was no dust and a fresh cooling breeze. The country is very pleasing—low hills rising in every direction—no trees and green to the tops. At their bases valleys lie large and small, and over these every foot is under cultivation—mostly rice, with the alternation of colours from the white-gold ripened field to the deepest of green where the new rice is having its growth. All this is trenched and watered. Little narrow raised paths beaten by thousands of feet for centuries wind here and there and serve as roads for the human and his co-worker, the cow, which helps to till his fields with plough and harrow. The plough is a primitive contrivance which the holder can pick up and carry anywhere, and the cow drags it through the mud saturated with water and in which cow and human wade up to the knees. The harrow is an upright iron comb which is similarly dragged, and the hoe and rake of the cultivator completes the process of fining the mud pulp and getting it ready for the transplanting of the young seedling, which is all done by handling and setting each separate one. The seed bed is small, most carefully made, and the seed sown in the water covering of the bed. These patient human workers carry dirt, manure and water for the higher trenches in pails and baskets attached to the ends of the bamboo rods slung over the shoulders, and as one passes along they dot the whole landscape with their Merry Widow hats, working, working, working. I saw them trooping out of their little villages—they all live in villages, or towns—to their day's work in scores and hundreds, women and men, mostly seeming jolly and happy, larking and laughing and jabbering to "beat the band". Rivers and lakes and water in one form or other abounded. On the hills little excavations, shaped like a huge sitting bath-pan, often built in with brick or stone, are found. These are the temples of the local gods which watch over the prosperity and production of the fields, and here and there one sees the cemeteries, little tuft hillocks covering a low hill with the small tablets or urns. The villages are built close house to house with the streets or spaces barely wide enough to let men pass, mostly one low story, of mud, brick, or brick burnt. Ducks, hens, pigs and all such small fry seem to have common ownership with the humans, and the cows lie or stand close around the paternal door. There were few trees and no orchards, or vines. As we neared Canton, the trees were more numerous, kitchen and garden farming became a feature, and clumps of fruit trees, mangoes and larches. At 11 a.m. we arrived at station, and a guide that I had engaged in Hong Kong through the C.P.R. people met me with chair and four men for me, chair and two

men for himself, and we started to do Canton. I can't write you about it, but altogether it was a wonderful trip. There are 2,500,000 people in Canton enclosed in a wall eight miles around, 30 feet thick and 20 to 40 feet high, with no horses or wagons, no tramcars, no sewage, and until very lately no water supply (even now it is only rudimentary). Here is a hive of human industry, lining streets from 4 to 10 ft. wide, living in their workshops, open to the streets, making and selling in their working homes every variety of fabric, from the plainest of wood-ware to the finest of ivory, silver, lacquer, silk, etc., and primitive machinery handwork, everywhere. Few dogs, cats; babies, children, men, women, half nude, sweating, jabbering, carrying, jostling, buying, selling, making, eating, shopping—2½ millions of people. The squalid apology for homes and home life; the ceaseless work, work, work, the state of promiscuity and publicity and utter lack of privacy; the pale, podgy, anaemic, sore-covered children, the skinny, hard-driven aged, or unfortunate; the dirt and filth of food and living, and yet withal the huge production from the labour expended, and the fine products resulting; the old temples dilapidated, uncared for, the neglected gods and priests' abodes, the blind, the beggars that out-Lazarus Lazarus, who beg for alms and curse you when you decline; all impress one with the influence of the long past, the problem of the present and the query of the future of this wonderful mass that seethes and festers and wriggles and writhes along the slow road that will ultimately lead to freedom and power that will astonish the world. Six hours I chaired it in and out through the narrow packed passageways, jostling, shouting crowds of half naked humanity working, staggering along under windows, shouting their wares, having an hour for tiffin from half-past one to 2.30, then at it again till boat time at 5 p.m. For three hours I had the benefit of seeing the river life and the scenery of the Pearl River on the way back from Canton, then dinner, and shortly after retired to rest and had a splendid sleep, waking up at seven o'clock in Hong Kong. No one can form the least idea of Canton, the typical Chinese city and Metropolis of South China, without seeing it. I shall tell you all about it when I get home.

JULY 7.—I sent you a long letter by the *Empress of Japan* on Saturday last. That boat, as others, did not come to the city, but stopped at Woosung, 15 miles down the river Wangapo, which is the real ocean receiving and despatching point for freight and passengers. The muddy colour of the waters discharged by this river is discernible for 70 or 80 miles down, and from Woosung up the channel has been deepened and is bordered on both sides by low-lying delta cultivated in great part and built up with mercantile and industrial constructions. There is not a hill to relieve the

eye. At the landing in Shanghai I found Grigg arrayed in white and otherwise much as I had seen him in February last. The C.P.R. agent had a carriage for me and my baggage and we were speedily transferred to the Astor House. Later I called on the British Consul and thereafter lunched with the Mgr. of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank—the most influential financial concern hereabouts. His wife and companion, and half a dozen prominent gentlemen were present and we had a two hours' agreeable tiffin.

Today, Monday, I arranged my itinerary via the River Yangtse-Kiang, four days to Hangkow, thence by rail 630 miles to Peking; then 600 miles to Mukden and on to Fusan, where I cross the Yulu river into Korea from the southern end of which I sail to Shimono—Siki and Japan. It will be a strenuous and somewhat hazardous trip, as the Chinese factions are fighting in the sections I pass through, but I shall be careful and hope not to be kidnapped by the brigands. China is by no means settled, but I have a Canadian passport and if trouble comes will invoke the terrors of Colonel Sam Hughes and so pass triumphantly through. Also, I have a double pith helmet wherewith to defy the rays of the Chinese sol.

Chopsticks and rice are cheap, and clothes are a negligible expense—to the Chinese—but the "foreign devil" has to have a long purse to aviate the Orient. However, "ricksha" rides are only 10c. for a moderate distance. There are no chairs in Shanghai, the city being built on a dead level. The "rick" and the wheelbarrow take the passengers. They have some good streets in the settlement, and fine buildings to many. Along the river front stretches the Bund—a fine, long avenue built up with big houses on one side, bordered by a narrow park on the other and then the river. Here, too, are carriages galore, autos and picturesque Sikh police and Chinese ladies and gentlemen ad lib. I have seen more small-footed ladies here than before or elsewhere, but no pigtails. The arrangement for Government here is peculiar. There is an area called the settlement—ruled by the council of consuls, with final appeal to the foreign Diplomatic body at Peking. As a result, there is a good tramway system, good street system, a water supply and clean sewage, but no other sewage equipment by water. The British come first among foreigners, Japs next, Germans, French, U.S., some Belgians, all totalling not more than 12,000 or so and some 700,000 Chinese. It is well governed on the whole and a great industrial and commercial centre.

I went to dinner with Mr. Stephen, Manager of the Shanghai Bank, and met a half dozen of the municipal men, and very interesting I found them. Some had spent 30 years in China, and to get their views and anticipations was a privilege as

regards this wonderful nation. They were also eager to know about Canada and I held forth modestly, of course, and answered their queries. Shanghai strikes me most favourably of the Chinese towns so far visited. It is a vast business centre. The Yang-tse drains the middle interior of China for over twelve hundred miles, is at places seven miles in width, and at Hong Kong, 600 miles from its mouth, is a mile wide; down its surface comes the surplus of a mighty expanse of country and a dense population, and up it, of course, are carried the supplies of foreign and other origin intended for its interior consumption. British shipping holds the major part of the trade so far, but the Japs are pressing in most aggressively and making themselves strong in this region of China, as they are doing equally in the north and to a lesser extent in the south. The river is ruddily muddy from its source to 90 miles beyond its mouth. The land is low for the first 250 miles—green as far as the eye can reach with cultures of rice, bamboo, some wheat, tea and millet and, of course, garden truck. Large willows everywhere abound, which give a pretty park-like look to the landscape, and there are numberless water courses—canals and inlets running in from the river on both sides. The fields are dotted with men and women at work in their broad hats, their blue smocks and with the bamboo rods with pails and baskets attached. It is one continuous series of habitations bunched here and there with villages, towns and cities. The farmers' and fishermen's homes (?) are so miserable in the main—now and then a burnt brick, but mainly mud, baked clay or mud thatched with bamboo or straw or grass; small, often open at both ends and sides—free to pigs, hens and other members of the ménage, and with small pretensions to any privacy or comforts of a home as we know it. They are mere shelters, and swarm with humanity. The first article of the Chinese religion or cult is to have much posterity so that there may be many ancestors, and to this end the wife, or the concubine, and the minor ones are made to contribute. The struggle for existence, the fight for food is the bottom factor in the Chinese problem—330,000,000 to be fed and multiplying rapidly. Were it not for rebellions, famines, floods, and plagues, and the daily insistent pressure of disease and death the situation would speedily become intolerable. In the Taiping rebellion 100,000,000 were slaughtered, and a flood or a famine takes off millions every now and then. In so well arranged a city as Shanghai 85% of the children in 1908 died—and there was no special cause. The above will centre your mind on the real problem of China, viz., how to decrease its reproduction of humanity, or to provide for them outside of China, as the country itself, even though thoroughly utilized, would not long suffice to maintain the mass and its increment. So

all day long I sailed on past the boiling busy millions, in as beautiful a stretch of country as one could wish to see. The river is filled with boats—mostly sail—which gives an animated appearance not seen with us. On each of these you will see from 4 to a dozen people, i.e., on the smaller ones—men and women, though fewer women than one sees at Canton and Hong Kong—the patched sails bent to the wind and the souls busy at work helping along. A pagoda on some distant hill looms up against the sky—here and there a joss house, on a little islet or a cliff jutting out into the river—a few fortifications which a Colt's revolver might knock to pieces—but everywhere the cultivated field, the green stretches of rice, and the river edgings of bamboo with the bamboo fishing nets suspended apparently off every farm where a patient Chinaman or woman fishes, fishes, fishes, working the net from a bamboo-covered sun shelter.

JULY 10.—Some passengers came on board yesterday morning at Nanking and among them a missionary and his family, consisting of wife and three daughters, a male and female Chinese servant with luggage. He has been 21 years in China—stationed halfway between Nanking and Peking and in the Presbyterian service. As soon as it was decently possible I began to ask him questions, and added very considerably to my store—scanty at best—of information. He thinks that progress has been made, but the difficulties have been, and remain, so great, that it is hard to know when a Chinaman has been made over (he has so many motives for assuming an attitude), but that the educative work beginning in the schools is the most hopeful. There is less native antagonism now and the proselyte has not the same trials to meet from his countrymen. But the inherent characteristics of thousands of years and the impossibility of the transient teacher fully understanding the inner thought and motives make new teachings hard to graft on, and fair judgment as to their ultimate efficiency is difficult to reach. He thinks the Revolution so far has helped missions, partly because many of the young Republicans have had Christian teaching in Missionary Schools and partly because the young Republicans have knowledge tendencies, discourage the old standards and distrust the old time Sacred Symbols. If, however, the Republicans get a set-back the reaction may make it no better or even worse for mission work than before.

The family is on its way to a mountain summer resort much frequented by missionaries and teachers from various Chinese ports.

As one ascends the river the scenery becomes lovelier, the mountains rising on each side—but very high—green with grass and low verdure to the top, and picturesque in shape and outline. The cultivation astonishes one. It is really garden culture, small

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the history of the world, from the beginning of time to the present day. The author discusses the various stages of human development, from the earliest forms of life to the modern era. He also touches upon the different civilizations and cultures that have shaped the world as we know it today.

The second part of the book is a detailed account of the various events and movements that have shaped the world. This includes the rise and fall of empires, the discovery of new lands, and the development of science and technology. The author provides a comprehensive overview of the world's history, from the ancient world to the modern era. He also discusses the impact of these events on the world as a whole, and how they have shaped the world we live in today.

The third part of the book is a collection of essays and articles that provide a more in-depth look at various aspects of world history. These include the history of art, literature, and science. The author also discusses the impact of these fields on the world, and how they have shaped the world we live in today. This part of the book is a valuable resource for anyone interested in the history of the world.

built up with boulevards and docks, etc. This work, as is usual, has been done by the foreign concessions, of which there are here four, English, French, German and Japanese. The side streets in the concessions are also well built, and the business carried on is large and increasing.

I watched with interest the unloading of an immense spar from one of the big vessels in port. It was done entirely by man handling—some hundreds of Chinese ranged themselves along the spar from butt to top, their bamboo shoulder sticks in hand. Ropes were passed under the spar and attached at each end to the short bamboo sticks which lay upon the bent shoulders of the men on each side. When each couple had been so harnessed the hundreds of couples straightened to the word of command, the immense spar was raised a few inches from the ground and to the lilt of a monstrous clank the dusky hundreds moved along and the mighty burden was borne from the ship on to the dock and away through the crooked streets to its destination. No machine help, no help of brute beast—it was all done by human muscle—why either, when humanity is so numerous and so cheap?

At 9 p.m. I started with two boys and three rickshas for the station; after some trouble got my baggage and myself in my compartment and settled down for the night, and found the accomodation very good. Saturday I had one long interesting day riding through a closely cultivated tract of country 600 miles in length, with toilers everywhere. As we went north there was a little more fruit, millet took the place of rice, and now and then a few goats, sheep and some cattle were seen. The human animal showed a little more tendency to utilize the dumb brute, and jackasses and a few horses were in evidence. Some semblance of roads was seen, and an occasional cart or wagon drawn by a combination of cow, jackass and horse. A good deal of brick and tile-making is developed also. The peach and prune are grown, and what is called an apple, about the size of a small plum, with rosy colour and no taste. A red plum, bitterish of flavour, is grown in small quantities. Beans and millet are the prevailing crops, and the country waves with them as far as the eye can reach. One sees more nudity, in children especially, and in half-grown boys. The physique of the men improves, and some of the women have kindly and intelligent faces. The beggar with his servile obeisances, his and her sharp high-pitched whine and the outstretched hand or saucer, besieges the trains, the little army of foot salesmen with food and fruits, the sight of which would give you a colic. We crossed the Yellow River by one of the largest bridges I have passed, and just now with more sand than water in the wide river bed.

Sunday morning at six I woke, passing still through cultivated country, and at 8.35 entered Pekin and drove per ricksha to the Wagons-Lits hotel, which is comfortable. After breakfast I get the papers and bring my world knowledge up to date as well as possible, getting a *Times* of June 20th (the mail comes from Berlin to Pekin via Siberia in 13 days), and various other papers. Cables are daily posted as to big events, and they tell the story of Balkan decimation and Bulgaria's hard luck. Perhaps it is best to let them fight to a finish and exhaust themselves, if only Europe keeps out of it, as I hope she will. I see Australia has a new government and that Washington is still wrestling with the tariff bill. I find nothing special about Canada. In the late afternoon I visited the Temple of Heaven in company with a Toronto man and his wife—the Toronto man being an Englishman and his wife from Brockville. The temple is a wonderful thing, with its wealth of marble and glazed tiling, blue and green, the secret of the preparation of which has been lost. The marble porticos and balustrades and pillars are finely carved, the dragon being everywhere in evidence. The spacious grounds have some fine trees but otherwise are delivered over to weeds, and weeds are growing out of the roof tilings. The Central Temple is a wonderful structure. But all is neglected, uncared for, and used simply to exhibit to foreigners and collect the fees therefor which, though not large in the individual case, do, by virtue of the number of gates and doors each with its expectant attendants, abstract quite a contribution before one is through.

I had an interview with Dr. Wu Ting-Fang—who is one of the prominent revolutionists or republicans, though a man of 72. He has been Minister to the United States and it is said wishes to go thither again if only he can be raised to the rank of Ambassador. He has a fine mansion in Shanghai and has other assets, all derived from *Squeeze*.

Monday I called early at the British Legation and found Mr. Alston in charge. I met him in London. So I lunched there at 1 o'clock and met a number of the Staff. Then one of the young attachés took me in charge, and I went to see the new Chinese Parliament then in session. The seating room of the Commons is like that of the Methodist Dominion Church in Ottawa—except that the galleries are less extensive, and differently seated. The members have desks, six in a set, like a school division. At first the top hat and frock coat were adopted by the representatives as *de rigueur*; hot weather and the reaction of the ancient has led to their abandonment, and the delegates are now sensibly clothed in their long silk nightgowns. I saw one lone pigtail appended to the neck of a legislator—sole survivor of once universal adornment.

Never, I suppose, was an old-time hallowed custom of dress so suddenly and completely discarded as was the Chinese pigtail, which was immolated on the newly erected altar of the revolution. The great majority of the nearly 600 Members are apparently young, but Chinamen between 25 and 50 are very deceptive in that respect. When a Member wishes to speak he goes to the raised tribune just in front of the Speaker and orates. To me it was like the squawking of a water fowl—explosive and harsh. I heard four speeches and they had such an effect upon me that I pleaded business elsewhere—or, in the vulgar tongue, I had had enough. The Session was very orderly. In the half hour I was there they passed resolutions, apparently unanimously, to impeach four Ministers and then, to make sure work, another to impeach the whole Ministry *en masse*. These representatives, after three months' session, have not passed a single Bill, have not settled more than two or three sections of the multitudinous new Constitutions, but they have fought "like blazes" over personal and trivial matters, and finally voted themselves \$6,000 each as a yearly solatium for their self-denying efforts. Fancy, for most of these men who have been living on two or three hundred a year! Poor China! She has no religion—no patriotism, no public honesty, no national financial system, no public credit, no republic and no monarchy. If she does not develop a strong dictator soon, she will, in a short time, have no national existence that can be self-respecting or real. Russia, Japan, Germany are all crouching on her door-step ready to eat her up by instalments, and her real friends—Great Britain and the United States—are hardly justified in going to war for her if she will not help herself. Young China, a mere fraction of it, is conceited—half educated in a hurried Western course in America or Japan, thoroughly corrupt, and helpless to manage a civilization 2,000 years old and made up of 350,000,000 people widely diversified and distributed. I sympathize with the Chinese mass, patient, lovable, diligent and frugal, and with backs bent to the burden every day in the year for twelve hours each day. If only they could have good, honest government with peace assured they would be the happiest and soon grow to be the most powerful people on the globe. Today there are risings and fightings, conspirators within and greedy powerful neighbours without and between the two—*what?*

After visiting the Assembly I went up on the wall by one of the principal gates, and had a very good view of the Forbidden City with its temples and palaces. What infinite labour has been put into walls in China! The great wall is stupendous in size and length, and takes its course over mountains and all difficulties of chasm, valley and river. Then every city in China, nearly, has its

great protecting wall, towns and villages also, and all this has been done by the patient millions of toilers. They are built mostly of brick, of great thickness and height, with innumerable gates and towers of costly construction. Then in many parts of China each house of any pretension has its wall of brick, or stones, or mud enclosing its particular domain for dwelling and garden purposes, built for protection against marauding individuals or bands.

A pleasant incident varied my day and well illustrates the wide orbit of world wandering in this age of unrest. When I was a boy in New Brunswick there was another boy in the settlement adjoining mine, with whom I was acquainted. He became a doctor, and when I ran my first election in King's County he supported me and we were thereafter firm friends. He raised his family partly to adult age and suddenly died. His daughter married a Naval Officer in Halifax, who now is an attaché of the British Legation here. She had never seen me, but, of course, knew me from the home talk of her parents. She is the very daughter of her father, and has a boy the image of that father, dimples and all, and so it was very interesting to talk over old days and people in which we had a common interest. In the evening I dined with Alston at the Legation and met quite a number of the diplomats, the German among them, and was impressed with the intelligence and aggressiveness of the two German attachés who were there, dreaming of world conquest, glimpses of which I gathered from their conversation and queries as we sauntered home to my hotel in company under the pale moon of a Pekinese sky.

Sir John Jordan, the doyen of the Diplomatic Corps here, is in England at present. The Legations have very good quarters here. The British has kept all the distinctive features of the Chinese houses they acquired, and they are really very interesting and beautiful. But the U. S. and German pulled the native structures to pieces, and put up modern buildings stuffed full of *modern* furniture. There are almost as many Legations as there are nations. Each has its own Post Office, not trusting the Chinese P. O., and together the Diplomatic Body exercise quite wide powers and do much that China should herself do if she were only strong and honest in government.

Leaving for Mukden I found the accommodations better than any so far met with on Chinese railroads. It was a through express, with compartments ranged along an open corridor. I had a compartment to myself, with toilet arrangements, electric lights, and fans, and this time towels for the individual. The country was much the same as before described, but more broken as we passed into Manchuria, with wheat fields in evidence and

corn everywhere. One of Uncle Sam's globe trotters volunteered the statement that this had Kansas and Iowa "beat all holler" for corn, and indeed there appeared to be no end of it, all cultivated as in a garden. Here, however, there is evidence of a betterment in the peasantry, an improved class of houses often appearing, and a greater use of the donkey and horse in cultivating the corn, and for burden bearing. But still the great majority of fields are man-cultivated. The wheat does not look so heavy and full as our better fields. Nearly all is hand cut, and threshed with a clumsy kind of flail on the outdoor earthen threshing floors, and winnowed by the wind. At Shan Wai Kan we passed through the great wall of China which begins a few miles eastward therefrom and at this point crosses a high mountain range, massive, tower-dotted and enduring, and thence on and on westerly till its 1,500 miles stretch to and end on the far interior heights that limit Chinese territory to the west. We pass many river courses now nearly dry, or wet sand, but which in flood times are rushing torrents and often deadly destructive. We had the Tutu of Manchuria, the Governor of the province, with us most of the day, and so were diverted by a succession of soldiers' parades and bands playing and presentations of arms at every station passed. The Tutu never left his car to return the salutes or say a word to the soldiers. He was a fairly old man with straggling grey moustache and strong black eyes. He was accompanied by a large retinue of sleek and slim aides, secretaries. At 8 p.m. we reached Mukden and went to the Yamato Hotel where we had to wait until 11.30 for rooms to be vacated by guests who were taking the through Siberian route for Europe. Is it not wonderful that one can go from Pekin to London in 12 days by this route? When it is put in first-class shape it will be possible to do it in 10 days. Mukden in the Japanese railway concession, is a scene of great activity, with large buildings for trade being constructed on modern lines, parks laid out and wide streets laid down. There is little population so far therein. All this refers to the portion controlled by the Japanese in respect to the Southern Manchurian Railway. They propose to bring the business here, if possible, from the old city, three miles distant and with which it has a horse tramway connection. Here was the seat of the Manchus, who for three hundred years ruled China prior to the Republic. It is as dirty and ill-favoured as most Chinese towns, but with wider streets, such as they are. The Imperial Palace and the Tombs of the Emperors are the show parts. I did the former this morning, the 17th, and saw some wonderful pottery and porcelain, stacks upon stacks of it, and some remarkable specimens of gold investures worn by the former Emperors. The contrast shows strongly between the Japs and

Chinese; the clean, active, modern and the dirty, plodding, antiquity-burdened old timer. The Japs have come to Manchuria ostensibly to guard their railroad interests, really to stay, and they will be adding slice to slice rather than giving up any.

JULY 20.—I have just boarded the steamer *Kosen-Maru* at Fusan, the southern port of Korea, for Shimonisaki, 120 miles distant in Japan. It takes ten hours to cover the distance, so by seven o'clock tomorrow morning I hope to be in Japan proper. I have had two full and very interesting days, and have not suffered more from the heat than I would at home. On Friday the Japanese Consul in Mukden called to tell me that the Japanese Government had wired the Korean Government to make my stay in Seoul as agreeable as possible, and inquiring when I should reach that city.

At 2.40, Friday, I left Mukden, and my journey lay through Manchuria to the River Yalu which separates that province from Korea. This province with Mongolia was formerly Chinese. Russia proposed to gobble both and take Korea as an entremets—which design was prevented by the Jap-Russo War. The Treaty of Portsmouth which resulted returned both these provinces to China as to sovereignty, and arranged for the open door in both, and for certain railway concessions to both Japan and Russia. The Japs in the war took the then existing railroad from Korea to Mukden, have practically rebuilt it and made a first-class railroad of it, and have large concessions along its route to be developed for railroad purposes. Finally, the whole is to be restored to China and she is then to pay Japan for the cost of improvements. But a year or two ago Japan and Russia made a new treaty which practically divides the sphere of influence, giving Russia Mongolia and Japan Manchuria respectively as spheres. With China weak and irresolute and almost bankrupt it means that these two neighbours hope to convert these spheres of influence into permanent possessions, and defy China. So Japan is developing Manchurian interests on a large and vigorous scale and Japanese are pouring steadily thereinto. I mention the above so that you may see my point of view. If I am correct, the Japs will open their emigration currents northward into Korea and Manchuria where they can find homes for many, many millions, and will care less about their people coming to Canada or the United States. This will help to solve the Japanese immigration problem for us.

The country from Mukden to Korea is broken and hilly, with valleys numberless and extensive, lying about the foothills. Here not an inch of soil is left to waste—every spot where a hoe can be worked is tilled, and the hill sides often to the top of elevations of three hundred feet or more. The diligent workers seem like huge snails clinging to the sides of the hills, planting terrace after

terrace and incline after incline with corn or beans and millet and here and there a patch of wheat. In the valleys are rice and corn. The houses are poorer than in any part I have seen. Mere mud huts, small, one storey only and straw thatched. But here the winters are severe, and the suffering from cold must be intense. It is a revelation to see how other nations live as well as "other people". But all along you see the driving force of Japan. Japs are coming in—they build neat little houses of wood or brick—the yards are clean and flowers growing and the children neatly dressed, the women small and picturesque in their dainty Japanese costumes.

Some large coal-mining industries were passed, and tile and earthen pipe and brick making are carried on. We reached Yalu at 9 p.m. and crossed this fine large river over a great iron bridge into Korea. Next morning I awoke well into Korea about 6 o'clock and took observations there after till we reached Seoul at 10.35. Surely one is in another land! The physical features are softer—no trees on the hills, just as in China. Here the natives have shorn off the forests to keep themselves from freezing, and have forgotten to replant. The country is broken with many valleys, and the available soil is tilled to the limit—rice and corn at first with beans, and later rice and beans almost exclusively. But you see no more Chinamen; the Korean has appeared on the scene. The blue breeches and blouse have been changed for white garments—the prevailing colour, and the big straw hat like an inverted and drooping bath pan covers the wearer to the shoulders; the straw coat, often of two stories or flounces hooks on somewhere well up under the hat and falls to the middle of the lean legs. The effect in the fields when they work standing on the feet but with the body bent parallel to the earth from the hips to the head, and the hands digging in the rice clumps is certainly picturesque.

The houses are the poorest of the poor, mostly thatch roof with low mud walls and an opening in the side. No yards of any size—no gardens—no flowers to be seen. The floor is of earth, and they sleep on straw spread on the floor; no beds, no furniture. In the winter they heat the house by keeping fires going beneath the earthen floor, which is said to be quite effective. The cow and the ox are the only animals used for burden and tilling alone—milk and butter are not used and sheep are unknown. Now and then one sees some pigs and a goat or two. The whole result is picturesque and pleasing, with the green tilth everywhere and the quaint costumes and the strange figures. But now the Japanese are filtering in quietly but quickly and the contrast is vivid. Order, cleanliness and vigour characterize the newcomers. Whether the example will be contagious or not remains to be seen. The Korean

does not take willingly to hard work, he has of course an aversion more or less keen to the conquering newcomer, and perhaps the Japanese have not proved the most considerate over-lords. They are evolving order and progress and cleanliness, however.

Seoul, JULY 19.—At Seoul I was met at the station by the Chief of Police, who looked after my modest embarkation and safe transit to the Sontag Hotel, the best in the city. I went in an auto—the only one in the city, I believe. I found the Hotel very comfortable. The Inspector sent up one of his men to act as interpreter, and we at once set out to see the Palaces. Two are open to visitors, the third where the father of the present Korean Prince lives is not. Nor is the second where the dethroned Prince lives open except by permission. This was obtained for me and I was accompanied by the Prince's Secretary through the Palace park and gardens. When the Japanese took over Korea an allowance of 1,500,000 yen yearly was made to keep the Korean reigning family, and this Palace was set apart for the Prince and his household. It is situated in a spacious park—with deer and the "Aigrette" Heron as the animal attractions—a museum, in which there are some fine collections of valuables from the old Buddhist Temples and tombs, any number of images and figures of Gods, chiefly buddhas—with ancient armour and accoutrements, porcelain, etc., etc. The Prince spends his days here, chiefly playing billiards—attending to the supervision of the park and gardens and other quiet pleasures. The reception rooms in the Palace are a mixture of native and European style and furnishing. I had tea in Korean style, and altogether the visit was interesting. The interpreter was chiefly noted for the English he did not know, but the Secretary spoke French and we got along very well.

After tiffin the Secretary of the Governor-General took me in charge, showed me the old Palace, where the old Korean Emperor and Empress lived and where the death tragedy, you will remember, took place. This Palace is at present uninhabited, but it is the intention of the Japanese Government to preserve it. It is very old, and in style of architecture well worth preserving. Other places of note (there are not many) were visited, and a very interesting institution—which aims at preserving and improving the Korean crafts and handiwork. Here various processes in silk, porcelain, silver and wood work were being carried on as of old, with some added improvements designed to facilitate but not to replace the old arts. Many things were being made for the Japanese Emperor's household, which is one way the Japs are taking to encourage Korean development.

The Governor's Secretary kept me busy until 6 p.m., and my comings and goings to and from the hotel in the Governor's Coach

and livery were events for the coolies and others. Next morning I was driven to the station in style and left in a special car, accompanied by the Manager of the railroad *en route* for Fusan. The day's journey was pleasant, and as the Manager spoke good English I gathered a deal of information. The same aspects of cultivation and life were in evidence until we reached Fusan in the evening, and I was escorted baggage and person to the steamer which was to take me to Japan proper.

Japan, MONDAY 21ST.—This morning the boat brought me in to Shimonosiki, on Japanese territory. I was met here by M. Najima, who is to be my guide through Japan in place of M. Yada, who was prevented by illness. The Mayor and Chief of Police met me at the landing, and welcomed me in the name of the city. Then rickshas were taken, and headed by the above gentlemen we proceeded to an ancient and very celebrated temple and inspected its shrine, tombs and mementos. Then went to a tea house and was submitted to the exacting customs of the place. I had to take off my boots and put on the Japanese slipper. Fortunately, my stockings were whole! Two Japanese ladies brought tea and confectious and with much ceremony and sundry bowings presented the same. In this house the Treaty of 1895 between China and Japan was made and signed, and Li-Hung-Chang was the Chinese plenipotentiary. The march was then taken up to the station where we took train for Myajimi, one of the three great sights of Japan. We arrived at 2.30, crossed by launch to the island and put up at the Hotel. Then with a guide we did the big Shinto Temple—corridors and shrines—and saw the priests celebrating part of a festival. The Torri are peculiar and massive, and there are immense floor spaces. This was the last day of the festival, and a great array of fisher folk were in evidence—a healthy, well-set-up, sturdy lot they seemed. We did the park, which is very beautiful, the pines and maples being of dense and of large growth and covering the mountain to its very top.

Tuesday we were up and away by small steamer at 6 o'clock to make a trip on the "Inland Sea" which lies between and among the many islands and constitutes Japan's second wonder. It was certainly a beautiful stretch of hill country, cultivated or wooded to the tips, and with islands thrown in as in the Thousand Islands, but higher and mountain-like. Some of the passage-ways were particularly beautiful, and here and there a temple perched half way up a mountain bore record to the religious history of centuries.

We reached Onomichi at 2 p.m. and climbed the 600 steps to the old and wonderful Buddhist temple there. The view therefrom is supremely beautiful. Here we saw also the wonderful pine

tree trained along parallel with the ground at a height of about 8 feet, and a distance of 60 feet each way from the central trunk—it will go on growing, I suppose, for centuries. From Onomichi we took train for Kobe, where I submitted gracefully to my first interview by Japanese newspapermen, but did not answer all their questions. They were a keenly interrogative lot. At 10.30 the Mayor and Chamber of Commerce presented me with an address of welcome and a beautiful dark lacquered box, as a remembrance of Kobe. Thereafter we took our train to Kyoto—having a special car—where I was met and welcomed by the Mayor, the City Secretary. Mr. Murai had placed his villa at my service; his manager met me with an auto, and I was quickly installed in the luxurious quarters of one of the three richest Japanese in this country.

JULY 26.—I am sitting in a beautiful room in Mr. Murai's villa in Kyoto looking out upon the mountains and the dense large pines which cover them, and some of the old-time temples which dot them here and there, and of which in this city there are a great number, very interesting in themselves as structures and in their history.

Kyoto is beautiful for situation, surrounded by a three-quarter circle of low mountains which are all densely covered with pines of different kinds, with cherry and maple on the lower portions. The plain sweeps away towards the south-west. From Kobe up the population is dense and the cultivation good—chiefly rice, with beans, wheat and tea as well. The tea plant grows on higher ground and plants bear crops for hundreds of years. The temples are numerous and one has to select some distinctive and most noted ones. Kyoto was the old capital of Japan, and for a long period the abode of the Mikado. The Imperial palaces remain and are well kept up. One has to have a special permission obtained through one's Ambassador in order to see them. In my case the Japanese Government had sent the orders, and I passed some hours in viewing the two palaces. They were very interesting indeed—a vast succession of corridors and rooms off therefrom, all beautifully covered with matting and decorated on wood or paper or silk by the master painters of Japan and mostly of older dates. Simplicity, absolute cleanliness and delicacy of decoration were the characteristics. I saw all the grades from kitchen to study, reception and tea, audience and altar rooms. The temples took several hours on different days, and I was officially received in them as notice had been given. Tea and sacred cakes—of which last I am bringing home samples in little baskets given me as souvenirs—were served. I attended a Japanese theatre one evening and saw a tragic play enacted. Tragedies seem popular with the Japs. Then I had two excursions into the country—one to Lake Biwa,

where a celebrated old temple was visited, and on to Arishyamaya and the Hodzu rapids, which we passed through on a small boat. The scenery on this last is very beautiful, and I have secured a worked representation of the portion which is most beautiful. I visited the Commercial Museum and the largest porcelain manufactory in Japan, and saw all the steps in the production. Altogether I have had a very pleasant stay here, and Kyoto is certainly an interesting city. It combines many elements, human and natural, religious and commercial, has great beauty and great age with the background of myth, story and heroic history.

JULY 27.—I left Kyoto this morning. Mr. and Mrs. Murai came in from Tokyo early, and so I met and breakfasted with my hosts, who were very pleasant and friendly. They do not speak English, so all conversation had to be made through an interpreter. Mr. M. is short, young (comparatively), fat, and laughs all the time. He is very wealthy and well connected. He has one child, a daughter, married lately to a son of one of the Japanese cabinet, runs a bank with several branches, and made his money mostly out of tobacco. He and Mrs. Murai passed through Canada a few years ago and they enjoyed the trip very much. I signed my autograph in his album directly underneath that of Mr. Bryce, who is at present in Japan, and wrote an appreciation of Kyoto and the villa which he said would always remain with him as a precious memento. He gave me a very warm invitation to again occupy the villa when I next visited Japan. Thanks, but I shall not again see the villa. It is a delightful home, situated up the mountain a short distance and in the midst of the pines and maples. It is a large mansion, done by Japanese workmen under a foreign architect, and is most beautifully finished and furnished. It has English rooms, French rooms, a Chinese room, and the upper flat is purely Japanese and is the most to be desired part of the villa. He proposes to build another and larger villa a little further up the hill in the course of a year or two, and I told him that if he dismantled the present one, I should be glad to receive the Japanese apartments for my part, at which he laughed from the top of his head to the soles of his feet.

Sunday I spent at Nara, where I arrived at 11 a.m., and found a very good hotel run by the Government. Here are very celebrated temples and the giant bronze representation of Buddha in the vast temple built to enclose it. There are wonderful groves of cedar and long avenues of same, and over 3,000 stone lanterns, also flocks of deer which are as tame as cats and come up to eat out of your hand. The day was very hot, but we had the Mayor call for us at 3 p.m. and spent the later and cooler part of the day

under his guidance.

Monday, I left early for Nagoya where one of the finest of the old feudal castles was inspected. It is in a good state of preservation, wall and moat surrounded, and has some fine old decorations. I then visited a Cloisonné factory and saw the delicate processes of this work. In the evening went out of town an hour by electric [car] to the river and saw some cormorant fishing. We had a boat decorated with lanterns and took our lunch—dinner on board. The sight was picturesque, there being many boat parties and much music. The fishing boat carries huge braziers in which wood is kept burning for lights. The flare attracts the fish and also illuminates the waters, and the cormorants which are attached to small cords held by the fishermen dive for the fish, catch and swallow them. By some apparatus they, the fish, are only allowed to go a certain way down the cormorant's throat and are then disgorged forcibly under manipulation of the fishermen. It was twelve midnight when I got back to the hotel, pretty well tired.

JULY 29.—We got out of Nagoya at 6.30 a.m. *en route* for Myanoshita, in the mountains, when it was proposed to have a day's rest where it would be cool and quiet. On the way we picked up Mr. Yada, who is to accompany me for the remainder of the trip. We autoed up from the last station on the railroad through the mountains to a very picturesque spot . . . feet above the sea, shut in on all sides by high green-clad peaks. The hotel was good and the proprietors were cultivated people, Madame Ko Tamaguchi speaking four languages well and being a very charming woman. Here Mr. and Mrs. Bryce joined us, and several pleasant conversations were had with them. The ex-Secretary of State is very active, and he and his wife take long daily tramps amid the mountains and lakes and seem to thoroughly enjoy themselves in a wholesome and simple way. The coolness and quiet of this retreat were very grateful after the heat and hurry of the past week.

JULY 31.—Arrived at Tokio about noon and put up at the Imperial Hotel. Tokio has well on to 200,000 people, and is the great political centre of Japan and also an immense industrial factor. In the afternoon I was taken for a motor ride around the palace grounds, and the park (Nenyo Park), and visited the big Departmental Store and the noted Lacquer Warehouse. In the evening I took a ricksha ride through the denser portions of the city and saw the crowded streets, the thronging masses, the strange signs and the multi-coloured lights. An odd part was the side-walk shops along certain streets, where sellers of all kinds

of wares set up their tables and display their wares on the side-walks just outside the permanent stores and shops. At twelve o'clock or later these all disappear and the side-walks next morning are normal.

FRIDAY, AUG. 1.—The *pièce de résistance* today was the official luncheon given by Baron Makino, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in my honour. It took place in the Emperor's Park, given for the purpose by His Majesty, and was held beneath a long tent open at both sides; the decorations within and the beauties of the park without tended to give a unique touch to the whole affair. The day was fine and not too hot, frock coats the rule, and the company was thoroughly representative. I sat by the right of Baron M., and he proved a most agreeable table companion. He speaks good English and I was much impressed with him. He was frank in speech, and in questioning me as to Canadian matters was quick in getting at the heart of the subject under discussion. He was much interested in our grain handling system and general lines of production. After lunch we strolled in groups through the park, seeing the conservatories and the Zoological collection, and separated after a very pleasant two hours. Before the lunch I was received by the Baron in a large compartment and the guests were all introduced. Earlier I called at the British Embassy and had a conversation with Lord Kilmarnock, the Secretary. At 6.30 went to the Imperial Theatre and remained until the close at 10.30. There were four plays, two being humorous, and altogether it was interesting for one night. The theatre was filled.

SATURDAY, AUG. 2.—Was given over to a dinner and visit to the Experimental Farm about 10 miles out. I went somewhat hurriedly through the establishment, which is on a small scale as to space, but pretty thorough in point of experimental work. The vegetable kingdom is most in evidence, the animal kingdom confined to a very few experiments. There is quite an elaborate plant for testing the influence of electricity on vegetation. Analysis of soils is very thorough, and soil maps to cover all the arable areas of Japan are being made. Effects of factory fumes are tested, germination as effected by water, etc. Coming back to the city I passed through the celebrated cherry avenue, a raised driveway 10 miles long, bordered with cherry trees on each side, which must be a perfect splendour in blossom time. In the evening I was dined by the Chamber of Commerce and the financial men. The dinner was at the Nibonbashi Club and in European style. Baron presided and after the dinner made a speech of welcome which was translated by an interpreter, to which I replied, my reply being translated and quite warmly received. It chanced that the Festival of Fireworks fell on this evening. It is yearly held

and is commemorative of the opening of the river and has an antiquity of some 200 years. All the river boats are adorned with lanterns and equipped with fireworks, and pass up and down the river in parallel files, whilst pleasure boats on water and the streets and buildings along the shore are resplendent with illuminations and fireworks decorations. The streets, the open spaces and the bridges are thronged with dense humanity. The exhibition opens at 5 p.m. and lasts till about 11 p.m. We viewed it from the Club Rooms, so in seeing and in talk the evening passed very pleasantly.

AUG. 5.—On Sunday morning I left Tokio for Nikko, with Mr. Yada as guide and conductor. The ride by car was pleasant, and we reached our goal about noon and settled down in the hotel, which was a very good one. In the afternoon we did the Temple and tomb of Tyenasu, both of which are impressive. These old Buddhists must have been great lovers of nature, for they certainly have made choice selections for the sites of their temples. The cedars of Nikko are the finest I have seen, and the great avenues which run through them as approaches to the shrines are stately and beautiful beyond description. In one of the inner temples I was treated to the ceremonial saké cup by the priests. There were prostrations and walking to and fro, and later the presentation of the saké in little shallow saucers and accompanied with much bowing. I bowed my best and gravest in return, and at the end the cups were presented to me as a memento. The temples here are well kept up and are decorated profusely with old carvings of grotesque figures outside, whilst paintings of the masters decorate the interior rooms in profusion. The dignity and the antiquity of Nikko impress one very strongly. On Monday I took motor for a few miles, then ricksha to Lake Chinzinji, 7 miles distant, zigzagging up the mountains till a height of 4,300 feet above the sea was reached. At the lake Sir Cunningham Green's boat met me, and conveyed me to the bungalow of the British Ambassador, where I had tiffin and enjoyed three hours conversation with Sir C. and family, all of whom were charmingly hospitable and friendly. Then back to the shore of the lake and two hours of ricksha riding brought me safely to the hotel. The day was fine and the trip very interesting. Chinzinji Lake is the termination of ways, and so very quiet and restful. It is the vacation paradise for the Diplomatic representatives of the Powers who have embassies in Tokio. Sunday was given over to seeing the shops and quaint village of Nikko. Here the Emperor has a palace, and they were working on the arch which is erected to welcome him tomorrow when he and the Empress arrive. In the afternoon I left for Yokohama, where I arrived at 9.28 p.m. and

was met by W. T. Payne, who is to be my host whilst I am in the city. He is the representative of the C.P.R. in Yokohama.

WEDNESDAY, 6TH was a fine day. I looked a little about Yokohama, lunched at Payne's with some 15 gentlemen of the city, and motored up to Tokio, arriving at about six. Went thence to foreign office, called on Baron Makino and left cards, drove to the house of a Japanese gentleman and was very courteously shown over the interior and gardens. It is new, beautifully built and has costly treasures of art in every room. Each room is decorated with paintings of the old masters, and all is so simple and tasteful. M—— is rich and has a passion for collecting and really built this house to contain his treasures. Then we went to the Mitsui tea house built and owned by the powerful Mitsui family, where the dinner given by the Vice-Minister was held. There was a large company. The dinner was Japanese but served at a long table, and the guests had chairs. I was offered a knife and fork but disdained to take any such advantage, so I managed the chopsticks and we had great fun. There were three or four courses and each course consisted of 3 or 4 different dishes. The saké is first partaken of, then soup and two varieties of condiment, then fish in several conditions with vegetable preparations ad lib, then meat with its accompaniments, and then rice and after fruits and tea. I found no difficulty in making a good meal and we had good fun out of the thing too. Then we adjourned to a large tea room with an extension, and dancing and music became the order. The older Geishas handled the instruments and sang the sentiment of the piece, which the dancers portrayed by their art. The dresses were beautiful, the dancing artistic but to me lifeless and without much meaning that I could glean. The figures and the motions, the fan and silk banner, parasol and other movements were graceful and picturesque, but there was no attempt to enlighten the onlookers as to the sentiment of the piece by smiles or change of facial expression in any way. The four dances might have been given on a church platform so far as proprieties were concerned. By enquiring I found that so far as they were understood by the Japanese present the dances depicted some phase of seasons, or bit of heroic history, or feature of family or individual life. The music was simple and monotonous, four or five instruments only were used, of which the samisan and flute and the drum were mainly relied upon. The singing was a low chant—monotone or concerted—both utterly uninteresting. Finally, the musical performers were homely to a degree and the dancers did not appeal to me on the score of good looks. The party broke up at 10 o'clock, having lasted 3½ hours in all. We went back to Yokohama by

motor and were in bed by 12 o'clock. Each guest carried away a box of something or other as a memento of the occasion.

THURSDAY, 7TH was another full day; a lunch with a Montreal gentleman, Mr. Higginbotham, who is resident here, attended by about 14 others and splendidly put on—a toast and short reply. We went by rail to Tokio, and at 6.30 had dinner given by the tea guilds of Japan. This was, I believe, never done before for a foreigner. Representative tea growers and merchants from various parts of Japan—all in Japanese costume—the dinner Japanese throughout, and in Japanese manner. There were about 40 present in a spacious tea room beautifully matted, adorned with flowers in Japanese style—not in heaps, but small graceful distributions. All sides of the tea room were open to the air and about it was the green of a wide lawn and gardens. In front of the principal guest was a broken column of crystal clear ice with flowers frozen therein for coolness and beauty. The first half hour was given over to introductions, tea drinking (all in tiny cups) and smoking, pipes or cigarettes, then the curtain in front was raised and four dances given by Geishas. The singing was better than before and the dancing more lively. One dance represented the bleaching of silk or something in the country, and was danced by country maids in appropriate costumes, the various operations of washing and drying and spreading and finally waving in the air being prettily done. Another typified the change of seasons and the flowers appropriate, and the other two were typical of festivals in city and country. After the dancing dinner was served and was more elaborate than the one before described. I stuck to my chopsticks and assisted by the waiters I made a first-rate dinner. After dinner there were three more dances, one pretty, one of the flags—Japanese and Canadian—done with a lightness and verve which quite relieved the monotony of the others. The song had a lilt that fitted the dancing and the harmony was perfect. Then at 10 p.m. a speech and a reply, both translated, and the final adieus to Tokio and the friends made there, and back to Yokohama by train.

FRIDAY, 8.—The 179th—and final day—was devoted to packing, a little shopping, a farewell luncheon and embarkation. Several Japanese and English people came to see me off and at 6 p.m. ropes were loosed and I was afloat—good-bye to the East—a long good-bye.

So ends my long trip begun on February 8th from Ottawa. It has been one of constant movement, change upon change—almost unremitting work either of business or travel and of intense interest. The tropic beauty of Honolulu, the transformed Fijis, the

incomparable climate, and great prosperity of New Zealand with its agricultural developments and compressed beauty of scenery—the wide spaces of Australia, lovely in their small population, full of resources and possibilities, the dense habitation of its cities and their commercial and industrial activities, the experiments in legislation, much of which is still to be tested by successive standards, the northern territory problem, the universal call for more people and the small accretion by manipulation and natural increase, ... of its schools, the developments of its people, the developments of irrigation, the great-heartedness and hospitality of its people, the patriotism and imperialism everywhere discernible, all have interested and charmed, caused thought, admiration, or prompted critical dissent. The contrasts with Canada have been notable and bi-lateral, but the general effect has been to induce consideration and re-consideration, weighing and measuring, satisfaction and non-content in varying degrees. Taken all in all, Canada has the advantage in elements and conditions of sturdy permanent nation-building, but under wise policies the future of Australia will show wonderful development and expansion. Then a fleeting look in at the Phillipines and Uncle Sam's work there, and the conditions. His work is cut out for him, but he has attacked the problem with vigour and accomplished much in machinery of development and regeneration. But will the Philippine ever be regenerated, according to western ideas? Is he capable of it, and can he ever be attached to the U. S. as a virtually co-operating factor? Perhaps. In any case the U. S. has assumed a huge, expensive, ungrateful and unnecessary task, fraught with great responsibility, grave contingencies.

Then China—hoary with age—a vast body of 350,000,000 humans, dense-planted, uncemented—steeped in a culture of centuries that has permeated the very fibre of the people, cursed with an official infection which is practically inoffensive to public conscience, if not sanctioned thereby; patient, unremitting, efficient in a toil unparalleled in the world, of mighty resources, and with a national character the features of which evoke your sympathy and command your respect. China unopened, unorganized, ungoverned, unawakened, yet, to the man, to the thought and work of the world, unremitting and yet subsisting and compact after all the shocks of the war, absorbing its conquerors, one after another; China the prey of ambitious and unscrupulous neighbours whom its own disorganization and corruption invite to devour it piecemeal—with its lack of religion and its decaying unreverenced temples and deities, and yet its strong attachments to worship of ancestors, its simple superstitions, its devotion to learning, its lack of artistic perceptions, its squalor and nakedness, its negation

of home comforts, its devastations of plague, pestilence, famine and even slaughters, its lack of sanitary sense, its awful tribute of unnecessary deaths—its fascinating past, its impossible present, its horrible future as to itself and as to the world of whose population it forms more than a quarter—what will the unfolding future disclose? Whatever happens in the solution of its problem, it is certain that the result will be quite as important to the world as to itself.

Then Korea, with its antiquity, the sleepy hollow of the world, with its picturesque humanity, its careless unprogressive population, infused with the restless aggressive vitality of its new rulers—what will emerge from the melting pot?

And Japan—beautiful as a dream—a hive of brown people with a background of centuries of stirring and heroic self-contained existence. Suddenly infused with the transforming spirit of the west—a first-class fighting power, afire with the transforming commercial and political and social zeal. But at heart is Japan transformed? If the old religions are dying out, what is substituted therefor? Will their intense patriotism and race consciousness suffice for a creed? If in some cases, and they are comparatively few, the new dress is put on, how far are the old habits of thought and action different at base? Adaptations and additions are made, but the old substance is little changed. The old agriculture remains and the system of life built about it. The old artistic genius and ideals remain, though for foreign taste the ideals and the execution may change for the worse. The help of the outsiders is welcomed and paid for till it can be dispensed with, then its teachings are used to best and oust the foreigner. The national ideals and the ardent love of ancestor and country show no hint of change. The Oriental remains oriental, the Japanese remains Japanese, yet gradually will the introduction of industrial science and methods change the order and tendency of Japanese activities, and re-act on his mental and social equipment. The methods of Government will inevitably feel the effect of awakening democracy and probably not for the better, and the wise conservatism of yesterday will have less influence tomorrow. But 60 million of people largely rural and agricultural will change slowly, and centuried custom will recede slowly, and the ultimate results will be attained gradually; but here is a great massive aggressive people, instinct with purpose, patient and effective in work, animated with inspiring ambitions and situated favourably for their execution. The world and its people must heed and reckon with them.

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